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The Basic Rules For Book Reviews

— By Kenneth Rockwell —

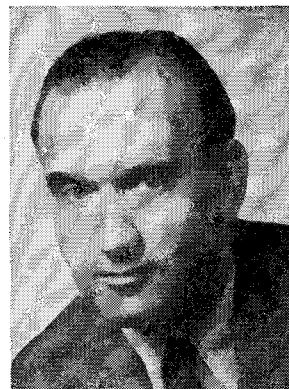
The Times Herald Book Editor

What is a book review? Few amateur reviewers seem to know, although they read reviews more than frequently. We meet an intelligent and bookish person and he asks us to let him do a review. What happens? ... Everything bad.

We send him a novel. He reads it carefully and writes six pages of solid typescript. Five of these are devoted to a detailed account of the plot. After reading the amateur's account of the plot, no one could possibly want to read the book he is discussing.

Next, the would-be reviewer gives his supposed audience a long account of the author's life. With few exceptions, who cares what the author may have done? Readers of reviews are interested in books, not in private lives. The book page is not even remotely related to the movie magazines.

The amateur manages to misspell the author's name, to forget about publishers. Release dates and prices mean nothing to him. He may love unprintable four letter words. His political leanings are questionable. They come out in his writing.



Rockwell

We sit down and try patiently to edit one of these manuscripts when it arrives at our desk. We send the author no more books. He has violated every rule of the game. We keep on trying, however, for the next amateur that comes along may be an excellent reviewer.

Rules of the Game

The Daily Times Herald has definite ideas as to what constitutes a review. Those rules have been followed from the first publication of "Book News."

First. A book review should be written by the most competent critic in the field. Often our reviewers know more about the subject under discussion than the author of the book.

Second. Reviews must be brief. The purpose of a review is to give a prospective reader a

reasoned judgment on the merits of the work, not to tell him all about it.

Third. A review is not a critique. It is meant for popular consumption, not for scholars. It must be intelligent without being esoteric. It must be readable and informative. It must briefly evaluate the book with which it deals.

Editor's Policy

These are the primary rules which govern the book reviews printed in The Daily Times Herald. They were laid down by editors before our time. They are being followed today.

The Daily Times Herald "Book News" aims at informing and pleasing readers, not writers. Almost anyone can read a book; few people can write one of value. The potential reader wants to know what books are worth reading, which ones he will like. We give him that information in a style and a spirit he can enjoy.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

South Africa

ON MAY 26, 70 per cent of the voting population of the Union of South Africa went to the polls and defeated General Smuts and his United Party. They voted into office the Herenigde Nasionale Party under the leadership of 74-year-old Dr. Daniel François Malan, former Predikant of the Dutch Reformed Church and Minister of the Interior in the Hertzog cabinet.

The Nationalists won this election on the racial issue, aided by the aggravations of the high cost of living, of shortages, and of controls. But those irritants were secondary. The "black peril" was the bogey of the election campaign, and the chief decision before the voter was whether to approve total segregation or to concede that the non-European might, in the course of time, become a part of European civilization.

There is no doubt that the status of the native is a burning issue in South Africa and that the solution of the problem is essential to the well-being and stability of the country. There are 7,725,809 natives and 282,539 Asiatics who are politically non-existent in a country of only 2,335,460 Europeans.

The reservations set aside for native occupation are eroded and inadequate for their support. Driven by hunger and poverty the natives, in increasing numbers, have poured into the cities and towns, looking for work. Housing in the locations set aside for native residence in the towns is utterly deficient by any standards, crime has increased, discontent has mounted, and the European consequently feels, and quite often is, unsafe.

At this time there is little agitation among the natives for political equality. What the native

wants — and now — is economic and educational opportunity. The European wants his labor, and also security from the lawlessness bred by the crowded and miserable state in which most natives live. The United Party proposed the gradual extension of such democratic rights as economic and educational opportunity to non-Europeans, and recognized that political equality might come in time to those equipped to handle it. The Nationalists offered *Apartheid* — separation of the two cultures — and the country accepted it.

This means that no natives are to live permanently in urban areas. Those now there, the whole 2,000,000 of them, presumably are to be sent back to the reserves, from which the state will recruit labor and allocate it to mines, factories, and white farms. Further, according to reports, criticism of this native policy will be "checked" as "foreign to the nation."

Only the Herrenvolk vote

For the Asiatics in the Union, Nationalist Party policy points to repatriation to India as fast as possible and, until that happy day, segregation, both social and political. In 1946 the Indians in Natal were for the first time given the opportunity to vote, but only on a communal roll and only for European representatives. But even this was too much for the Nationalists and for many non-Nationalists as well. The Nationalists fought the bill for the limited franchise bitterly, and have since agitated for the extension of this Indian segregation to the Cape Province. Now the party is in a position to put its Indian policy into effect.

The colored people in the Cape are also on the communal roll, but the Nationalists propose to re-



The Atlantic Report on South Africa



move these half-castes from it and to segregate them as well. The "white supremacy" racial policies of the Nationalist Party also extend to the Jews, of whom there are many. They are influential throughout business and in the mining industry, which is the bulwark of South African economy.

Eric Louw, now Minister of Economic Development and Mines, is a rabid anti-Semite. Dr. Malan once introduced into Parliament a bill to bar Jews of any nationality from living in the Union. During the election campaign he favored recognition of the Jewish position in Palestine (conceivably so that he could advocate the return of Jews to their "home") and made the statement that, should the Nationalist Party win, the property rights of Jews would be "protected." Respect for other rights was not mentioned.

Afrikaner Broederbond

The implications of this election, however, extend further than the race problem, and the average South African may find that he has more than he bargained for in throwing in his lot with the Nationalist Party on color policy. The policies of the extreme rightist, nationalistic group in the Cabinet may lead to an isolationist foreign policy and to efforts to promote, at the expense of the English-speaking South African, a dominant position for the *ware* Afrikaner — defined as one who "thinks with his blood" and does not speak English or fraternize with the English-speaking.

Before the election, the political correspondent of the Rand's leading daily pointed out that a victory for the Nationalist Party would mean that South Africa would be ruled by the Afrikaner Broederbond. The composition of the Cabinet formed by Dr. Malan supports this view. The Broederbond, a small, secret Afrikaner organization set up on the cell system, was described by the late Prime Minister Hertzog as a "state within a state." As long ago as 1935 he warned the country against its machinations, as has General Smuts since that time.

Bond membership emphasizes quality, not quantity; lawyers, professors, ministers, and other members of the professions dominate. An Executive Secretariat of three rules the Bond, and the administration is in the hands of the Executive Committee and the General Council. Members may not apply for admission to the Bond. They are nominated by existing members and must be accepted unanimously. If a member withdraws, he is black-listed and victimized by every possible means.

Broeders are "responsible only to God" and they are pledged to infiltrate *ware* Afrikaners into influential positions.

It is reported from South Africa that more than 60 of the 93 candidates which the Nationalist Party put up in the election are members of the Broederbond. As 79 of their candidates won their seats, most of the Nationalist members of Parliament must be Bond members. There is no member of the Cabinet who is reported not to be a member of the Bond, and the English-speaking population is not represented. This fact alone is significant and may be understood as a statement of policy.

The extent to which the Nationalists can carry out Bond policies will depend on the strength of the Opposition. The Nationalist Party has a bare majority of four votes, but that is sufficient to carry a motion. The strength of public opinion and the pressure of outside events and influences may be the factors which will temper Nationalist extremists. It has been pointed out that once in the saddle, the Nationalists could always increase the electoral load against the towns, United Party strongholds, so as to ensure themselves a permanent majority. Any such attempt would bear watching.

South African Republic?

Since the party was formed, the Nationalists have agitated for a "Christian Socialist" Republic and a break with the British Crown. This issue was soft-pedaled during the campaign, in an effort to win the Englishman's vote on the color issue without alarming him about the Commonwealth status of the Union. Since becoming Prime Minister, Dr. Malan has stated that the Union would not pull out of the Commonwealth.

The Nationalists have made no secret of the fact that they are opposed to any involvement in Empire defense. But Dr. Malan has said that, opposed to Russia, South Africa "will not remain neutral or plead for neutrality. Our sympathy will be on the side of the anti-Communist countries and, if it is sought and is practicable, our active support as well." "Active support" was not defined.

The anti-British policies and past actions of the Nationalist Party and its leaders must shake British confidence in the Union's Commonwealth position. A vigorous Afrikaner development in South Africa would widen the rift between the British and Dutch elements of the population, would increase race tension, and would undermine the stability of the country.



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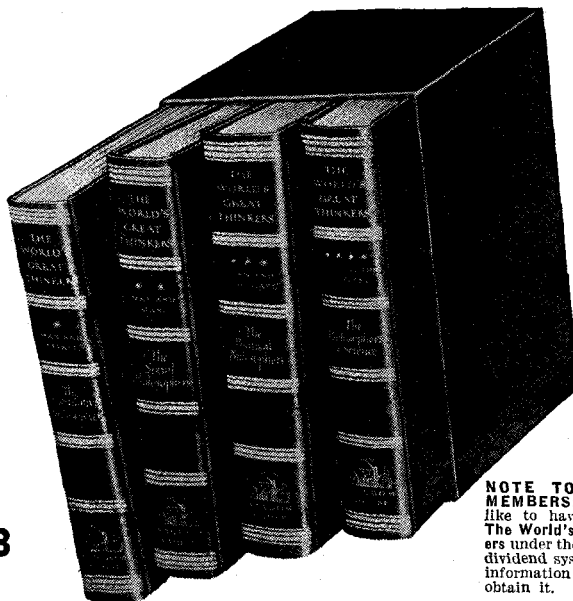
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Washington

THE unsuccessful House effort to gut the Marshall Plan left a picture of the instability of our government machinery in the minds of foreigners. There was a shock in Europe when the House Appropriations Committee, acting within the letter but outside the spirit of its powers, tried to upset the considered judgment of Congress. The United States, in Mr. Churchill's words, is situated on the very summit of the world. If responsibility goes with power, stability has become a desideratum in America, in the world's as well as America's interest. In no department is this truer than in government.

The irresponsible assault on the Marshall Plan has revived interest in changes in our governmental system. Some go to the extent of advocating a parliamentary system for America, or something close to it. Representative Herter has come up with the suggestion, formerly associated with Representative Kefauver, that Cabinet officers should be authorized to appear before Congress. This in itself would not fix responsibility, but it would promote responsibility if, as Mr. Herter adds, Congress, after hearing the Cabinet member, should be empowered to give advisory opinions.

But less drastic changes could make a repetition of Representative Taber's action impossible. The La Follette-Monroney Committee, which was responsible for the reorganization of Congress at the Seventy-ninth Congress, proposed majority policy committees in both the House and the Senate. The Senate created such a committee. But in the House, where Speaker Rayburn then held the reins, the members would have none of it. Rayburn did not want control wrested out of his hands.

Joe Martin succeeded Sam Rayburn as the czar of the House. He exercises the same iron hand through his own power and the power of his lieutenants: Majority Leader Charles Halleck, Leo Allen of the Rules Committee, and John Taber of the Appropriations Committee. If a majority policy committee had been on the job, it is inconceivable that the slash would have occurred. General policy on the Marshall Plan would have been ironed out in advance, and the committees would have conformed to it. In these circumstances it was ironi-

cal to find Rayburn pleading with his colleagues to save the Marshall Plan.

New chairmen needed

A change in the chairmanships of the committees is also desirable. There the seniority rule prevails, so that the men best qualified are often prevented from coming to the top, and seniors have an undue influence. Senator Arthur Capper, at eighty-three, was in the habit of napping through the sessions of the important Agriculture and Forestry Committee which he headed. He will not run for re-election, though the decision was due only to plain talking from his fellow Kansans.

In the House, Harold Knutson of Ways and Means and Clare Hoffman of Expenditures owe their positions to seniority. Certainly Senator Wiley would not be next in line to Senator Vandenberg on the Foreign Affairs Committee if authority in international affairs were our first criterion. If John Taber had not taken the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee as his right, it is doubtful whether the Committee would have sought to hamstring the Marshall Plan. It has been suggested that the Committee on Committees should select the chairmen as well as the members of the standing committees.

Some said it was a good thing that the lines were drawn between nationalist and internationalist *before* the Republican Convention. It was said — but not till after the cuts had been restored and the crippling amendments abandoned — that the warning that America is not a miraculous pitcher was salutary in Europe. For the Taber revolt was in part due to resentment against European non-coöperation.

Europe's bumper crop

One of the objections of the Taber group to appropriating the full sum of the Marshall Plan was that food prospects are excellent. The fact is that the prospects are only 1 per cent higher than the estimate of last December on which the Marshall budget was based. But, aside from that, Europe has to make up the huge deficits of the last two years. Even with the gains and with the food allot-

ments under the Marshall Plan, the per capita amount of grain available to Europeans will be only 89 per cent of the pre-war amount, taking into account the interim increase in population.

Good crops are the hope of Europe. Europeans will put to productive use the time that they used to spend in hunting for food for their families. It may be that this year Russia will compete in supplying Europe. At any rate, she has had bumper harvests, and will probably make up the deficiency in satellite areas. She still has to do something for the countries which stayed out of the Marshall Plan at her behest, notably Finland and Czechoslovakia.

The food picture has certainly changed radically. However, there is no possibility of a world wheat surplus, though, with normal conditions returning, the Administration ought to be considering the marginal lands that should be retired from cultivation. The profligacy in our use of land and mineral and forest resources is alarming the conservationists. Those who think the United States escaped devastation during the war should ponder the depletion of soil and mines that the effort entailed.

Reciprocal trade treaties

Is the one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act out of line with the new world policy based on the Economic Coöperation Administration? The question is producing much argument. Those who feel that it is inconsistent with ECA assume that the Tariff Commission has been given the dominant position in agreement-making as in tariff-making. That, they argue, would clearly be retrogressive, in view of the traditional operation of the Tariff Commission.

Under the present arrangement the President, on announcing the intention of negotiating an agreement, transmits a list of the tariff items to be considered to the Tariff Commission. Hearings are then held and a time limit is given. Recommendations must be based on the effect of the contemplated tariff on the entire industry, not on a producer. The State Department may now negotiate only within an area marked out in advance by the Tariff Commission. Under the old system the Committee for Reciprocity Information, composed of representatives of interested executive departments (including the Tariff Commission), made the study and held the hearings, preparatory to negotiations by the State Department.

Whether the new system is a real handicap will clearly depend upon the Tariff Commission. In any event Congress will next year have to reconsider the whole matter in connection with the new International Trade Organization. And for the next twelve months, tariff-making will be academic while Europe is struggling with shortages and recovery.

Controls for inflation

The Eightieth Congress has done nothing about inflation. On the contrary, the fires have been stoked, and some of the indexes are causing mis-



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The Atlantic Report on Washington



givings, for they continue to show an upward trend in the cost of living at the rate of 8 per cent a year. In the last six months, after controls on installment buying lapsed, nearly a billion and a half dollars more of installment credit has been pumped into the system. This kind of credit is now at an all-time high. Savings are being increasingly tapped, also, for necessary expenditures.

Whether the tax remission provided by this Congress was inflationary or the reverse is an argument that still goes on among the pundits. But the ayes, looking at the stock market, seem to have it. And the Federal Reserve authorities are numbered among them, for they have ordered an increase in the reserve requirements of the member banks, though they cannot counter the Treasury's easy money policy. If goods were keeping pace with money output, there would be no inflation, but the rising cost of living shows they are not.

Defense: our readiness potential

The debate on national defense has left the layman confused. Unification has been proved to be bogus. The quest for a "balance" among air, sea, and land forces is a struggle among conflicting interests. Success under the present arrangement will go to the arm with the most powerful lobby.

The rivalry of the armed services should not fool the general public. The atomic bomb is even more dreadful than it was at Hiroshima. A new weapon which may be just as effective is bacteriological. Outside the inner circle nobody can make any comparison. This much can be said: bacteriological warfare and the atom bomb combine to make the offensive so triumphant that the defensive can probably never catch up. This situation puts the United States in the status of a frontier nation. Till peace reigns in the hearts of men, the country must be prepared for war, and emphasis must be on what the military call readiness potential.

Vinson and the Supreme Court

It is clear that Chief Justice Vinson has not assuaged the testiness with which justices of the Supreme Court treat each other in private and public. The Jackson versus Black quarrel persists. Their spleen is not disguised from the public. One of the sharpest castigations to be heard from a justice came from Justice Jackson's lips on the majority's "far-fetched" stand in behalf of an "abuse" of the right of habeas corpus. The justice who is generally in Jackson's company is Justice Frankfurter. He is perhaps the most learned in the law, but expresses himself with the same vehemence.

They were both caustic at the expense of the Black wing of the Court, which succeeded, in the fair name of free speech, in upholding loud-speakers in public parks. "Only a few weeks ago," Justice Jackson said, "we held that the Constitution prohibits a state or municipality from using tax-supported property to aid religious groups to spread their faith. Today we say it compels them to let it be used for that purpose."

At a quasi-public meeting Justice Frankfurter went so far as to comment pointedly on the impropriety of justices entertaining political ambitions. This was a reference to the Douglas "boom." Justice Frankfurter, of course, was right, for the Supreme Court is constantly on the most delicate ground, as, for instance, in the race covenant case, in which the justices must be above the reproach of politiking. Perhaps the most glaring difficulty came into the open when Justice Frankfurter rebuked government counsel from the bench and had to be silenced by the Chief Justice.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital as delegates trooped back from the Republican Convention in Philadelphia was that the Dewey-Warren team put up the strongest bid for the nomination. The Dewey of 1948 is a vast improvement upon the Dewey of 1944. He is forward-looking and mature, and is no longer the thin-skinned hopeful who writhed under the taunts of F.D.R. and the ribbings of newspapermen.

It is taken for granted that the White House, if the Republican ticket wins, will be the hub of an efficient Executive and a smooth-running party machine. Reorganization of the Executive branch can be expected if Dewey and Warren are elected. The New Yorker has already promised to replace spoilsmen with men fitted for executive jobs.

Little is known about appointments. In Washington one man is regarded as a sure choice — John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State. But Mr. Dewey seems to have ideas of his own on foreign affairs. On the morrow of the nomination he spoke critically of the niggardly aid that the Truman administration has given to China, as if he intended to reorient foreign-aid policy towards the Pacific. It is a question whether Dulles would agree with such an orientation. He favors a Western Union in Europe, and is hand in glove with Senator Vandenberg in seeking to perpetuate a bipartisan foreign policy based on European reconstruction under the Marshall Plan.

The Far East

CHINA'S Communists continue to be the top exponents of the dual technique of close strategic liaison with Russia and an offsetting tactical freedom within their national field of operation. During the past year they have gained formidably in territory, population (they now claim 160,000,000), economic resources, and military power. The Communists estimate that it may be three to five years before they are victorious all over China. Moreover, the victory they anticipate is one in which they will have to allow for important non-Communist economic interests and social groups.

In the Marxist manner, they prescribe minute differentiations between classes, class conflicts, and class alliances. Party workers are told to make the poor peasants the backbone of their movement, but sternly warned not to antagonize more prosperous peasants. Maltreatment of "middle" peasants is condemned as "anti-Marxist and ultra-leftist." A reason for this warning appears in the admission that at least 30 and perhaps 40 per cent of the Communist-led troops are from "middle" rather than "poor" peasant families.

Private enterprise in production is rewarded. The rule is laid down that the land of a man who does not work the land himself may be confiscated; but even if he is a wealthy man, that part of his income from the land which he has reinvested in mining or manufacture must not be confiscated. Farmers who have become rich through their own hard work and good management must be treated very gingerly. Only that part of their land which is above the average holding of "middle" peasants can be taken for distribution to the landless, and then only with their consent.

New line-up for China's anti-Communists

The Chinese government is not coming apart in face of the formidable Communist expansion, but its component elements are regrouping themselves. The outlines of three groups are now distinguishable. First, there is the hard core of the Kuomintang which refuses any compromise and relies entirely on American help. This hard core is made up of generals and politicians whose entire careers have been in the Kuomintang. Allied with them are

business interests which have gone into politics, and bureaucrats who have made money out of government monopolies. Within this group many fortunes have been made by manipulating American aid both in money and goods.

Wealthy landlords from the "rice bowl" areas of the lower Yangtze and Hunan province complete the hard core. They belong to the families which have been cracking down on peasant risings ever since the Taiping rebellion a century ago. From their families come many of the officers of the Kuomintang; and from the families of the mutinous peasants under them comes an amazingly large percentage of the top leadership among the Chinese Reds, including Mao Tze-tung himself.

Opposed to the hard core is a group of Kuomintang veterans who, believing that neither side can win the civil war outright, have withdrawn to Hong Kong. They hope eventually to return to power through a coalition deal with the Communists. They count on an opportunity to pick up some of Nanking's territories and take over some of Nanking's troops after the Kuomintang falls and before the Communists can gather in all the spoils.

In touch with the Hong Kong group and nominally allied with the Nanking hard core, but not fully committed to either, is a loose alliance of war lords. Having troops and territories of their own, they are able to bargain with the Kuomintang now, and hope to be able to dicker with the Reds later. They are represented in the government by the Vice-President, Li Tsung-jen. As the former war lord of Kwangsi province he is the contact man who may later be able to line up dissatisfied war lords in South and Southwest China.

The immediate strength of the group rests on the Moslem war lords of the Northwest and on Fu Tso-yi, war lord of the Inner Mongolian frontier, whose troops are in actual fighting contact with the Communists. No Red propaganda has been able to shake the Moslem troops, who are bound to the families of their chieftains by clannish loyalty. As for Fu Tso-yi, his political support comes from a prosperous yeoman class of farmers along the Inner



THE ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

At the war's end the *Atlantic* believed that a special incentive should be held out to short-story writers, both to those who were coming out of uniform and to those of older years who were then finding the freedom and the impulse to write. In January, 1946, we began to publish in each issue what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that special prizes would be awarded at the end of each six months for those two stories which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which were also interested in advancing the work of new writers, joined us in this enterprise.

Over the months we have published 42 *Atlantic* "Firsts," including the work of Tom Heggen, Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, Godfrey Blunden, and John Mayo Goss. Nine *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections of 1946, 1947, and 1948, edited by Herschel Brickell. Seven *Atlantic* "Firsts" have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, of 1946, 1947, and 1948, edited by Martha Foley. More than a dozen novels by these same authors have been printed or are now in press.

The Awards will continue through 1948, and in the December issue the *Atlantic* editors, as in the past, will announce two prizes, the first of \$750, the second of \$250, for those "Firsts" judged to be the most distinctive in the field. MGM's affiliation with the *Atlantic* "Firsts" terminated in June, 1948.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run from 2000 to 20,000 words. The words "*Atlantic First*" should appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts



The Atlantic Report on the Far East



Mongolian frontier. Theirs is the self-made prosperity of frontier pioneers. They are hardened by bandit wars and land-grabbing forays against the Mongols, and they do not hire mercenaries, but send their sons into the army. Such troops can stand up to the Communist mixture of propaganda and warfare, but they will fight the Communists only to defend their own interests. If concessions are made to these interests, they can make a deal with the Communists.

The U.S. gambles on the Kuomintang

American policy has clung to the theory of a shrinking periphery in China. Both the Army and the State Department believe that the Communists will continue to gain until the Kuomintang is hemmed into a base territory around Canton. They hope, however, that as the Kuomintang loses provinces, it will be forced to carry out reforms advocated by American advisers. It should then, according to the theory, become an efficient instrument of American policy, and might even become capable of recovering territory from the Reds.

This theory should at least be insured against two contingencies. The first is that the minimum reforms we want might be carried out either by the Kuomintang dissidents or by the semi-independent war lords before they are carried out by the hard core of the Kuomintang. Either or both of these groups might then join in a coalition government with the Communists before we can negotiate through our own nominees. The second contingency is that it is still possible for Chiang Kai-shek to abandon his extreme rightists, offer the Communists the best terms, and offer them first.

Japan gambles on American support

The "new" American policies of rebuilding Japan as the workshop of the Far East and supporting South Korea against an increasingly red-hued North Korea are not really new. They are expedients forced on us by the failure of China to evolve either a stable and united government or an expanding market. Because the Japanese are now convinced that we have to use them, they are growing bolder in trying to get aid on their own terms.

Japanese industrialists feel confident that eventually America will have to liquidate Japan's inflation. They are therefore holding back on the recapitalization of production. Instead, they are speculating in existing commodities, raw material stockpiles, and surplus machinery. Japan still has bigger war stocks of machine tools than its industry could use even if fully rehabilitated. The Japanese

now hope to escape surrendering these machine tools as reparations and to be able to sell them in exchange for raw materials.

The fact is that American policy alone cannot make Japan a workshop without the consent of the countries which have the raw materials that Japan needs. These countries would rather obtain American capital for the industrial plant needed to process their own raw materials than see their raw materials converge with a flow of American dollars into Japan.

The political reaction to the proposed revival of Japanese industry has been especially violent in the Philippines. Iron ores, including high-grade ores, are now available in the Philippines to replace Japan's former sources of supply in Manchuria and North China; but there is a strong nationalistic demand that industry should be brought to the Philippine ores, instead of allowing the ores to feed the industry of still deeply feared country.

Chinese capitalists complain

In China, it is notable that the resistance to the industrial revival of Japan is led by the *Ta Kung Pao*. This paper, the biggest and most independent in China, was founded by North China industrialists. It is hostile to the Chinese government's trend toward industrial monopolies presided over by bureaucrats in government departments, and prescribes untrammelled free enterprise as the right way to revive China economically. Since free enterprise can never become independent in China in competition with a Japanese industry which America supports for political reasons, the *Ta Kung Pao's* capitalist editors are driven to criticisms of America which often sound as if they had been received by direct wire from Moscow.

Chinese capitalists and Filipino would-be capitalists fear that Japan, deprived of its territorial empire in Northeast Asia, will try to create an economic empire by the infiltration of South China and Southeast Asia. In their eyes, there is a parallel between what Germany did after the First World War and what Japan might try to do now. Deprived of colonies after 1918, Germany turned to the economic domination of Eastern Europe and the Balkans. In this region, the German policy was to retard the development of industries using raw materials needed by Germany's own industry, and it was the control of these raw materials that enabled Germany to convert from disarmament to swift rearmament. Southeast Asia fears a similar economic infiltration by Japan.



Europe

GERMANY is still the unknown quantity in the perplexing equation of European recovery. This fact has been inescapable since late June, when, with the grudging and uneasy approval of the French Assembly, the Six-Power Pact united the Western Allies behind a political program for the Western zones of the occupied Reich.

To what extent will the Germans themselves cooperate in creating a new Western German government and in making it work? Will doubts about the continuing firmness of American policy, accentuated by the turmoil of the election campaign in the United States, play into the hands of the German Communist minority? Will these political uncertainties beyond the Atlantic fortify renascent German nationalism? Does not the plan sponsored by the AMG and backed by the five members of the Brussels Alliance open the doors to the increasingly vocal Nazi elements in the Western zones?

By filling key industrial positions with unregenerate German cartelists, while easing all official pressure against the persisting concentrations of industrial power in Western Germany, does not Allied policy threaten to alienate the powerful German trade-unions? If that occurs, what will happen to production schedules? To social peace?

Can the Germans take over?

Reports suggest that these questions are far from speculative. In England the *Manchester Guardian* warns that a study of the Central German Economic Commission should put the West on guard against undue optimism. The Commission, instituted as a preliminary to the creation of a political government for the Western zones, represents the Allies' first major experiment in handing large Bizonal responsibilities over to the Germans. Its function is to guide, unify, and restore economic forces within the area, to provide the foundations for a central provisional political regime.

The indictment drawn by the *Guardian* charges that the Commission has failed to develop a proper sense of responsibility among the Germans who have served on its committees; that its members deal only perfunctorily with their tasks and quit

entirely four days out of every seven in order to flee from an uncongenial pseudo capital — though their work concerns the well-being of close to 45,000,000 people. There is no kind of popular support or enthusiasm behind this pilot organ of the future German state. The average German knows nothing about this administration. He has not been consulted about its organization and he has not elected its members by direct vote.

More caustic is the onslaught of the *New Statesman* on the attitude of the Germans and the policies of the Allies. This British Labor weekly sees, in the system instituted by the United States and Great Britain in Western Germany, "a revival of all the vices and none of the virtues of bourgeois capitalism. Honest profit-taking has been rendered impossible and every incentive to put either industrial or agricultural production on the open market has been systematically removed. . . . Vast fortunes are amassed by a few factory owners and property owners, while the majority live in grinding poverty. There has been no land reform, no decision on the future of heavy industry, and no attempt to confiscate ill-gotten gains acquired either during or after the Hitler regime."

These criticisms are typical of views held by the political right, left, and center in Britain. The conservative London *Economist* is as sharp in its criticism as its Liberal and Labor colleagues. In France and the Netherlands, socialist, moderate, and conservative organs, with far less sympathy than some of the British display toward the Germans, present the same findings. All these reports show how difficult it will be to develop a central government for Western Germany.

Danubian conference

The problems of Danubian commerce touch almost every dispute between Russia and the Western powers. The proposal for an Allied conference on the Danube offers an opportunity to make a new effort toward adjusting their differences. Implicit in the matter of traffic on the greatest of Europe's inland waterways, for instance, is the question of Trieste — the natural trade outlet for Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia to the



The Atlantic Report on Europe



Adriatic. Involved also is the future of Austria — whose attendance at the conference Russia has at last conceded, albeit with restrictions. Ructions in Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Berlin do not alter these hard facts.

Probably the most important point about the conference, however, is that it will be concerned with the flow of trade between Eastern and Western Europe over this waterway. This has direct bearing upon the prospects for the European Recovery Program and the economic future of both Eastern and Western Germany.

The Danube conference presents the finest opening diplomacy has had since the deadlock of the great powers began in 1946. Russia and her satellites, after the experiences of the past year, are keenly conscious of the part which a revival of trade with Western Europe can play in speeding up the industrial expansion they sorely need. Since their many conferences on the aid program began last summer, the sixteen ERP states also appreciate the importance to themselves of Eastern European materials and markets.

Danubia today is a closed preserve. Pledges in treaties subscribed to by all the Big Four powers last year provide for the eventual opening of the great traffic artery of Southern Europe for general European commerce free of discrimination, under common rules governing navigation. Here is a problem that reasonable concessions can solve. Unreasonable pursuit of fixed ideas will injure every nation concerned without altering the present setup of power throughout the area concerned.

Customs union for Europe?

Preoccupation with the creation of a German central government and with the opening of the Danube conference has not weakened European interest in arguments about a customs union and a European federation. Yet neither of these is in the cards for the discernible future. These projects are important rather as manifestations of the will to coöperate than as evidence that a United States of Europe is in the offing.

In the realm of economic coöperation, the hesitancy of the European states about development of a customs union shows how the wind is blowing. The Benelux countries — Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg — by their coöperative pact have provided a rallying point around which most champions of a customs union gather, both in America and Europe.

These three governments themselves, however, display great caution on the subject. Their leaders point out that their own coalition is in an experimental stage; that it is still facing grave difficulties despite the fact that the three member states have many things in common culturally, economically, and geographically. Economic union they do not expect, even under these favorable circumstances, until 1950 at the earliest. All three are feeling their way circumspectly toward greater coördination of tax policies, common tariff standards, and other coöperative objectives.

Both Belgium and the Netherlands have begun to encounter strong domestic opposition in this matter. Belgian farmers fear the productive capacity of Dutch agriculture. Belgian brewers are alarmed over prospective price difficulties. The Dutch program for expanding industrialization is being eyed askance by some in Belgium, Europe's most intensively industrialized nation, where concern about domestic markets is apparent. These difficulties are by no means insuperable. Nevertheless, they are a warning against undue speed in forming a European customs union.

Political realities persist

The truth is that the old witch of sovereignty hagrides this question still, just as it does the proposal for a federated Europe. Britain illustrates the point most clearly. A customs union would be, of course, primarily economic; but Britain's relationship with her overseas Empire and her Commonwealth partners immediately qualifies her approach to such a plan for Western Europe. Economics, unfortunately, involves politics in the long run. And politics involves sovereignty in a very short run thereafter. A customs union would require substantial unity of financial policies; but Britain has the sterling area to think about.

The idea of a federated Europe runs into similar difficulties in the realm of political realities. The American Union, European critics point out, is not a suitable model, nor yet a valid precedent. The United States evolved from a homogeneous people having common experience of political principle and common traditions, cultural and social. Also, it is based upon a careful division of power and authority between the member states and the central government, under a written constitution. How could such a constitution be framed for a union of states differing in language, in cultural traditions, in customs and race groupings? Who would write such a constitution? Without it, how could a federated Europe exist?

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

WALLACE'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER REPLIES TO GARDNER JACKSON

It's not often that the press gives us an opportunity to answer character assassinations of Henry Wallace in the same issue. I greatly appreciate the courtesy extended to me by the *Atlantic Monthly* to reply so promptly to Gardner ("Pat") Jackson's article.

Paul Appleby, when he was Mr. Wallace's Under Secretary of Agriculture, told Jackson, "You spend all your life throwing bricks but you never laid a brick in your life." Once again "Pat" is throwing bricks — viciously, irresponsibly.

Item. — Jackson says Lew Frank, Jr., was a "Peace Mobilizer till Hitler moved against Russia." This is false; Frank was an ardent interventionist in 1939–1941.

Item. — Jackson says Clark Foreman and I were "ready to throw Wallace overboard" shortly before the 1944 Democratic Convention. This is a flat misstatement. Both Foreman and I went down the line for Wallace before, during, and after the convention. Furthermore, I did not see President Roosevelt from the time I left the government in November, 1943, until his inauguration in 1945.

Item. — The core of the Jackson attack is a distorted quote from a speech before the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship, November 8, 1942. Wallace actually said: "Some in the United States believe that we have overemphasized what might be called 'political or bill-of-rights democracy.'" Jackson's unfairness is typically reflected in his misinterpretation of this carefully selective quote to support the false charge that Wallace thus advocates "a moderate application of the methods and procedures of authoritarianism or dictatorship." Henry Wallace thoroughly detests dictatorships. He simply doesn't believe that the dissolution of

the Russian dictatorship will result from threats, force, or suicidal war.

Item. — Jackson again uses elliptical treatment to bolster his own misinterpretation of Wallace's philosophy when he cites Wallace's statements at Evansville, Indiana, April 6, 1948. He simply leaves out the lines: "The New Party is the greatest single hope for the maintenance of independent business enterprise, free trade unions and a productive capitalist economy."

Item. — Jackson, strangely or perhaps not so strangely, picks out of the hundreds of contributions to the Wallace campaign those of the "Greek-American Committee for Wallace" and the "Armenian-American Committee." Whether Jackson is being chauvinistic here or simply trying to use the Ku Klux Klan approach to politics, I don't know, but it's certainly reflective of the Thomas Committee approach, just as Jackson refers to Wallace's church supporters as "river Baptists."

The most amazing charges Jackson makes are those that center on Wallace and the problems of racial and religious discrimination. No man in public life has fought so consistently or sacrificed more to fight discrimination. At the Democratic Convention on July 20, 1944, Henry Wallace told the delegates: —

"The future belongs to those who go down the line unswervingly for the liberal principle of both political democracy and economic democracy, regardless of race, color and religion. In a political, economic and educational sense there must be no inferior races. The poll tax must go. Equal educational opportunities must come. The future must bring equal wages for equal work, regardless of sex or race."

No one recognizes better than Henry Wallace the weaknesses of the entire New

Deal administration on some basic issues.

I think the matter can be best summed up by a conversation I had with Wallace a few months ago. We had been talking about the courses that it was sometimes necessary to pursue in the Department of Agriculture when long-term programs were temporarily sacrificed to the political exigencies of the moment.

"Do you remember how you and Rex Tugwell, Will Alexander, and the boys used to come in at times with blueprints for programs which the country really needed, and how we had to pare them down, make them 'practical' because of the attitude of Congress? The New Deal was certainly a broad coalition. We made many advances. But we sometimes had to compromise for gains. Today these liberals who want to play along with the machines and the Southern reactionaries can only compromise to lose, not gain. Our biggest mistake wasn't those compromises: it was failing to build political machinery to defeat the old reactionary gang."

Wallace's grasp of political realities was best summed up in his comments to me about the situation in Illinois, where Paul Douglas is the Democratic candidate for the Senate. Douglas had a reputation as a liberal — one which Wallace himself commented on favorably before learning that Douglas was engaging in violent attacks on the New Party in Illinois and on major planks of the Wallace program. Opponents, playing on the Douglas pre-war record rather than his recent stands on present-day issues, have tried to make capital out of the Progressive Party's opposition to Douglas.

Wallace pointed up the very heart of it all when we were talking about the Douglas matter. "Beanie," he said, "we

can't deal with lesser evils. That, after all, is the reason we have formed a new party. What is more — our liberal friends shouldn't be criticizing: they should be jubilant that our forces have already broken the power of the old Democratic machine in Chicago. Bill Miller and the boys out there have done a truly historic job months ahead of the election. It's precisely what Douglas himself was calling for a dozen years ago. If Paul Douglas were still a progressive he would have been in the middle of the fight. But instead I am afraid he has become a political opportunist, sacrificing his principles on both foreign and domestic policy in an effort to be elected. The progressives in Illinois won't stand for this kind of political opportunism and I stand firmly behind their position."

Last month, in discussing the question of civil rights with a Portland, Oregon, audience, Wallace made some pointed remarks about the need for a new party: —

"I think back to my days in Washington when I knew — when I knew and when I said — that we had a major responsibility to extend and protect civil rights. I made a lot of speeches on the subject. I took some effective and some very ineffective actions to help the cause of civil rights. I would look at something like the poll tax and say, 'Democracy is based on free elections. The poll tax stops free elections. The poll tax must go.' It was a clear, simple argument. I reasoned it out — and said it with complete conviction.

"Today, after again traveling through the South, I recognize more than ever what the poll tax means. I know that it is not enough to say, 'The poll tax must go.' I know that we must fight it with everything we have. I know that we must organize. I know that we must mobilize all our strength to speak the language politicians understand — the language of votes. That's a major reason for the New Party. It just isn't enough, and it isn't effective, to be a liberal spokesman in an old party that is run and ruled by bigots and reactionaries both North and South, who want to keep the evil, hateful practices of segregation.

"The independent course we have traveled in the past months — the course we have traveled in building a new people's party — has done more to advance civil rights than all the speeches of all the liberals in the old parties for years past."

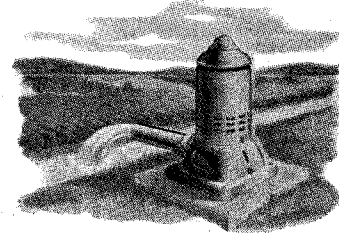
It would be absurd for anyone to deny that racial discrimination did not exist throughout the government during the New Deal. There were many officials who did nothing about it. Wallace, as Jackson well knows, was constantly working not



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only to eliminate discrimination in government but to broaden and expand government programs which served a large portion of our Negro population. It is significant but understandable that Jackson would say nothing about the program of the **Farm Security Administration**, which was created to give assistance to low-income farm owners, tenants, sharecroppers, and farm laborers and which was constantly under fire because of its efforts to help this segment of our farm population without regard to the color line. I had the responsibility, under Wallace's direction, of administering this program in spite of constant threats and intimidation which came largely from the Southern Congressmen and leaders of the **Farm Bureau** and other powerful farm groups. Henry Wallace backed this program to the limit, even when Congress threatened to withhold appropriations from other agencies of the **Department of Agriculture**. This was the test under fire. Wallace did not retreat.

Wallace's decision to strike out as an independent candidate and to build a new party was not made in haste.

In 1942 Wallace had stirred the hearts and hopes of men and women everywhere in his "Price of Free World Victory" speech. He spoke clearly the objectives for which the people were fighting and dying. In 1946 he saw these objectives then being undermined by the **Wall Street-military team** which moved in after **Roosevelt's death**. He saw **President Truman** embrace **Churchill's Fulton, Missouri**, provocations to world disunity. He saw **Herbert Hoover** welcomed back at the **White House** by **F.D.R.'s successor**. Wallace still believed in the wartime goals towards which **Roosevelt** had consistently worked. He wrote a letter to **President Truman**, outlining the dangers of a get-tough foreign policy. That letter was a plea to return to the policies of **Franklin Roosevelt** — policies which were capable, like the **New Deal** policies, of leading to progressive advances toward **One World**. He still had hope that he could fight the financial-military combine within the government and the **Democratic Party**.

In September, 1946, he went to the **White House** with a speech he was to give at a meeting I had helped arrange in **New York**. He went over his new plea for a practical policy with the **President**. They covered it line by line, and the **President** approved the speech in its entirety.

One week later he was forced to resign, because **Jimmy Byrnes** and the real powers in the **Administration** disapproved. But Wallace still felt that he could work in the **Democratic Party**. He campaigned for progressive Democrats for Congress.

When Wallace saw the defeated **Democratic Party** begin to smear liberals with a red label, he barnstormed the country in an effort to build a resistance movement within the **Democratic Party**. But the **Democratic Party** continued to swing so far to the right it became almost indistinguishable from the **Republican Party**. Democrats joined Republicans in passing loyalty orders, killing price controls, and passing the **Taft-Hartley Act**.

Wallace also saw the get-tough policy coming to bitter fruition. The **Truman Doctrine** was proclaimed; more and more aid was being sent to back reactionary monarchies, the corrupt government of **Chiang, fascists**, and cartel interests; armaments programs were expanded, and production for peace was delayed.

All these factors led Wallace to the conclusion that "we must break clean."

Wallace's position in July, 1946, and July, 1948, is precisely the same. It is his belief that peacetime coöperation between the **United States** and **Russia** is every bit as practical as wartime coöperation. He maintains that there is no issue between the two which force can settle, nor any difficulty which cannot be settled by peaceful negotiation. He demonstrates that we are sacrificing our own basic freedoms, our fundamental principles, our living standards, and our hopes for the future by continuing the cold war. He opposes the program of guns instead of butter, tanks instead of plows, military missions instead of medical missions.

The treatment accorded Wallace's **Open Letter to Stalin** certainly bears out his contention. Although the **Russian press** criticized many of its provisions, **Stalin** considered it a reasonable basis for discussion. This is, I feel, evidence of the **Russians' sincere desire for peace**. The **Truman administration**, on the other hand, after renegeing on **Ambassador Bedell Smith's note to Molotov**, again told the world we would not confer with **Russia**. Wallace's challenge to **Secretary Marshall**, **Senator Connally**, and **Senator Vandenberg** to debate him on the bipartisan foreign policy went unanswered.

He has consistently had the forthrightness to point out that the international political movements of consequence to Americans are not one — communist — but three: communist, clerical, and capitalist. He hasn't forgotten the lessons of the **Spanish war**. He knows that ideas aren't fought with guns. He speaks of **William James's "replacing power of the higher affection,"** and proposes policies which will build a democratic atmosphere in the world in which ideas can truly compete. He fights for a strong **United Nations** leading to world government.

The silence in Washington tends to confirm Wallace's contention that the cold war is really directed not at Russia, but at democracy — at home and abroad. His "liberal" critics may shut their eyes to our intervention in Greece and China; they may stretch the humanitarian aspects of the European Recovery Plan to cover the ruthlessness with which we are gathering up markets and industrial shares in Europe at the same time that we pressure its governments toward the right. But they can scarcely ignore the ominous revival of reaction and the drift toward an American brand of fascism.

We cannot forever avert a disastrous depression by buttressing reactionary capitalism with prodigal arms expenditures here or abroad. Wallace believes American capitalism can survive only as progressive capitalism; that American capitalism has "an untapped vitality which can keep us prosperous for generations" if we curb monopoly, bolster independent business, and plan as carefully for peace as we do for war.

Wallace thinks it evident that millions of Americans, including American Communists, are opposed to war. He will not repudiate any support which comes to him in the interests of peace. He refuses to help spread a red smokescreen behind which American reactionaries are attacking our democratic institutions. He will not help whip up a war spirit against Russia. It is his opinion that those who think it is impossible to live in a world which includes Communists must accept the inevitability of war; he does not.

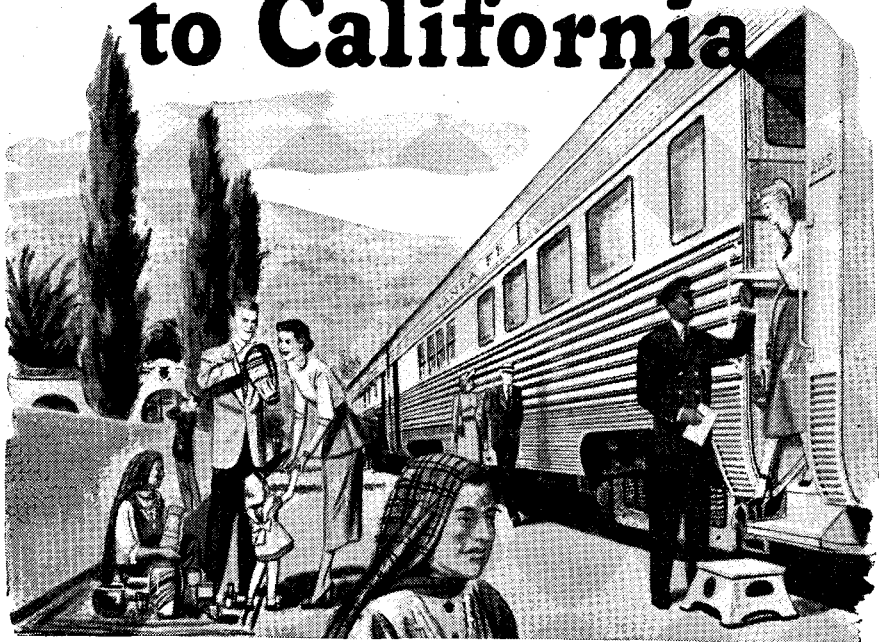
Wallace's goal is simply to create a better America for everyone, not just for the privileged few. He advocates price control, repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, support for labor's demand that it be paid higher wages out of the current record-making industrial profits, a dollar minimum wage, outlawing of racial discrimination, immediate and long-range housing programs, control of our rivers, a world food granary, an expanded Social Security program with increased benefits, a national health insurance act, strengthening the coöperatives, and similar steps.

He is increasing the public demand for such measures, and at the same time he is slowing the drift toward war and an American brand of fascism. He is giving confidence to millions of heretofore isolated Americans who openly and silently are with him. He lives by the pledge of his 1942 speech: —

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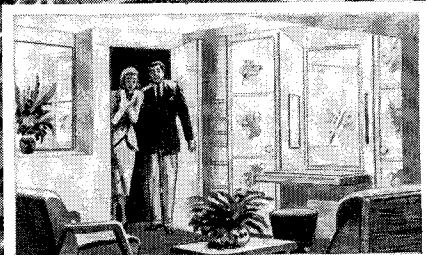
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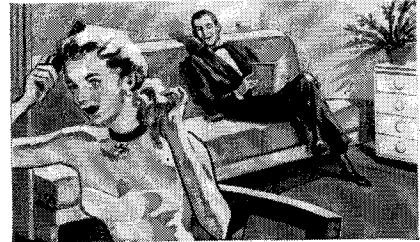
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Historian and editor who has been at the head of the Princeton University Library since 1940, JULIAN P. BOYD is a Southerner whose firm conviction it is that Americans have enough strength of mind to resist subversive doctrine when they see it in print. His avocation for the next decade is to edit in some fifty volumes the definitive edition of Thomas Jefferson's papers, a work to be published by the Princeton University Press under a grant of \$200,000 from the New York Times Company. Mr. Boyd has written several historical works, among them a volume on the evolution of the text of the Declaration of Independence.

SUBVERSIVE OF WHAT?

by JULIAN P. BOYD

IN 1813 a native of France by the name of Regnault de Bécourt published a book entitled *Sur la Création du Monde, ou Système d'Organisation Primitive*. He and his book would have been forgotten long since if he had not written a letter to the one person in America who, more than any other, was in the habit of buying, reading, and appraising the literature of the past and present — Thomas Jefferson. The title of the forthcoming work intrigued Jefferson. A book on the creation of the world seemed to the great scholar-statesman at Monticello to give promise of being either a geological or an astronomical treatise. He thereupon subscribed for the work, received it in due course, and authorized payment of the two dollars that the book cost.

Authorization of payment involved another Frenchman, a well-known bookseller of Philadelphia by the name of Nicholas Dufief, an ardent bibliophile who had been selling books to Jefferson for more than a decade. Dufief promptly paid Bécourt the two dollars. The transaction was apparently at an end, save only for the fact that Jefferson could not avoid being disappointed in so trivial a work as that of Bécourt, which turned out to be neither a geological nor an astronomical work, but merely an infantile attack on the system of philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton.

But this simple book purchase was very far from

being at an end. A few months after Dufief had paid Bécourt the two dollars, the Philadelphia constabulary visited the bookshop and hailed him into court on the charge of vending subversive if not blasphemous literature. Whereupon Dufief in great anxiety and distress appealed to Jefferson, urging him to set the minions of the law right by informing them that he, Dufief, had not actually sold the book but had merely acted as Jefferson's agent in a financial transaction.

Jefferson of course immediately complied with the urgent request of the bookseller. He stated the facts succinctly and accurately, no doubt satisfying both Dufief and the Philadelphia magistrates. But while this may have been enough for Mr. Dufief, who was interested only in keeping out of the toils of the law, or for the Philadelphia magistrates, who were determined only to safeguard American institutions, it was very far from being enough to satisfy the author of the American philosophy of government.

Jefferson thereupon stated in his own incomparable way the true nature of the issue involved. The issue, as he presented it, was one that made the fact of Dufief's arrest a trivial and irrelevant circumstance. It was an issue as great as the cause of America itself, involving one of the fundamental precepts upon which the philosophy of Jefferson and of his country rested. It was the same issue,

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indeed, that had earlier called forth the unforgettable declaration that now stands carved upon one of the three great monuments of our national capital: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." It was the issue to which Jefferson devoted his entire life, invariably upholding the oath he had taken in defense of free inquiry.

"I really am mortified," he declared in his letter to Dufief, "to be told that, in the *United States of America*, a fact like this can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry too, as an offense against religion: that a question about the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate. Is this then our freedom of religion? And are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold, and what we may buy? And who is thus to dogmatize religious opinions for our citizens? Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched? Is a priest to be our inquisitor? Or shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read, and what we must believe?"

"It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not; and blasphemy against religion to suppose it cannot stand a test of truth and reason. If M. de Bécourt's book be false in its facts, disprove them; if false in its reasoning, refute it. But, for God's sake, let us freely hear both sides, if we choose. I know little of its contents, having barely glanced over here and there a passage and over the table of contents. From this the Newtonian philosophy seemed the chief object of attack, the issue of which might be trusted to the strength of the two combatants; Newton certainly not needing the auxiliary arm of the government, and still less the holy author of our religion as to what in it concerns him. I thought the work would be very innocent and one which might be confided to the reason of any man; not likely to be much read, if let alone, but if persecuted it will be generally read. Every man in the United States will think it a duty to buy a copy, in vindication of his right to buy, and to read what he pleases. . . .

"But," Jefferson concluded, "it is impossible that the laws of Pennsylvania, which set us the first example of the wholesome and happy effects of religious freedom, can permit these inquisitorial functions to be proposed to their courts. Under them you are surely safe."

Impossible? Dufief was safe, for he had a stalwart champion and the generation that had fought for the great cause of American liberties in the Revolution was still on the scene, still determined to admit no failure of the proposition to which they had dedicated their lives and sacred honor. That proposition was grounded upon the belief that man was innately good rather than evil; that he was endowed by nature with certain indefeasible rights; that, if the yoke of tyranny in every form were re-

moved, man's natural reason and humane instincts would lead him to prefer justice to injustice, equality to privilege, independence of mind to servile obedience to authority, rational judgments to superstition, ignorance, and bigotry; and that, finally, in order to achieve this end and to give mankind full freedom to pursue this course and to govern himself in accordance with its high ideals, it was absolutely essential that every man should have free access to knowledge, unopposed by any barriers that might be erected by any authority.

This was not a new ideal or a new faith. It was what Milton called "the good old cause" and its lineage could be traced through many countries and many ages. But old as it was as an ideal, no government in history had adopted it as a philosophy until Jefferson and his compatriots brought forth a union indissolubly linked with the cause of liberty.

This philosophy sustained and informed all of Jefferson's private thinking and public acts. But he was too much a realist not to know that mankind had a peculiar susceptibility to folly, superstition, and the easy and comfortable inclination of yielding obedience to authority. He believed mankind capable of progress, but only if men were free to know their rights and privileges. The people must be free to form their own opinions and to exercise their native reason untrammelled by authority.

Jefferson's devotion to the Union and his belief in the people required courage as well as faith. For the issue of liberty versus authority arbitrarily exercised was one that he was obliged to face in the arena of practical politics. In 1798 the party in power, fearful of the threat of foreign ideas and their subversive tendencies, enacted the Alien and Sedition Acts which made it a criminal offense for "brawlers against government" to voice opinions considered dangerous or revolutionary.

Jefferson declared these acts to be as palpably unconstitutional in their infringement of the right of free speech as if Congress had ordered the citizens of the United States to bow down and worship a golden calf. More, he brought forth the Virginia-Kentucky Resolutions, a weapon that he used reluctantly and with caution, for the doctrine of nullification on which these resolutions rested pointed straight toward disunion. But, he must have reasoned, since liberty and the Union were one cause, of what value was the Union if its powers were used to destroy those liberties guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights?

Fortunately, the ultimate recourse to disunion was not necessary. The verdict of the people whose rights Jefferson was defending was an overwhelming verdict. In 1800 those who had attempted to suppress dissent were dispossessed of their offices and their legislative authority. Aiming their blows directly at Jefferson and his supposedly dangerous following, the Federalists succeeded only in com-

mitting political suicide and in elevating their most conspicuous enemy to the chief magistracy. A self-confident nation, inspired by the steadfast faith of one who had not separated himself by fear or distrust from the bulk of his countrymen, had taken heart from his example.

Jefferson recognized the implications of this verdict in his First Inaugural. Many, he knew, had doubted the permanence of the Union and had questioned the ability of the nation to survive such a political revolution as it had just experienced. "I know indeed," he declared, "that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. . . . I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth." It was strongest, Jefferson meant, in its reliance upon a great ideal lying in the hearts and minds of its people, without which armies and economic power and even constitutions would be valueless.

Nowhere in American annals has this spirit of tolerance of dissent received a more transcendent expression than in these words from Jefferson's great First Inaugural: "*If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.*"

2

THE discoveries of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have made it philosophically and historically impossible for us to cling to the absolutes that Jefferson accepted as self-evident. There are no absolutes in the twentieth century — at least we think there are none — and the concept of natural law is no longer accepted as fixed and unchallengeable. Yet, even though we think ourselves justified in discarding as untenable the basic assumption upon which the Jeffersonian philosophy rested, the gravest question that we can ask ourselves is whether we are justified in discarding the system along with its premises. Do we dare discard the rights of man along with the concept of natural law?

The least we can do in attempting to answer this grave question, reaching to the roots of all organized society and its institutions, is to know what it is that we propose to do if we discard both the premise and the conclusion. The least we can do if we engage now in what Jefferson would have regarded as a palpable violation of individual rights of opinion and conscience is to be conscious of what we are doing and to do it with a full realization of the consequences that may flow from our actions. Have we done this much?

Have we consciously and deliberately come to the conclusion that Jefferson's tolerance of subversive ideas and of disloyal dissent can no longer be justi-

fied? If so, on what grounds have we reached that conclusion? Are we doing it in the name of liberty if not of natural law? If so, what kind of liberty? Jefferson would scarcely have understood our use of the term liberty if in its name we attempt to control the way in which men speak or the thoughts which they express or the intellectual investigations which they undertake. He would have called it tyranny and he would have fought it with every resource at his command.

Let us return to Dufief, the bookseller who was anxious to keep out of jail. Jefferson, you will recall, felt that Dufief had nothing to fear under the liberal laws of Pennsylvania. He felt that it was impossible that in the United States of America, founded upon confidence in man's reason and ability to choose the truth, a citizen could be denied the right to purchase a book because of its ideas or arguments, however erroneous, or that a bookseller could be haled before the magistrates because he had sold such a book. But is it impossible for us?

It is not only not impossible or improbable but is indeed an actual and sickening fact. Today, at this moment, both civil and criminal causes are being tried in the city in which Dufief lived. These causes arise largely because of the instigation of an ecclesiastical hierarchy and also of some of those who are supposed to be the direct heirs of that Reformation which established the right of men to judge for themselves in matters of conscience. At this instigation police officers arrested booksellers and seized not one book but two thousand, without compensation, because in the opinion of these self-appointed censors some books were subversive of morals or institutions or were dangerous for other men to read.

The seizure of books, some of them used in college instruction, is only one incident in a mounting demand for conformity. The House of Representatives passed by an overwhelming majority a bill which would have made Thomas Jefferson liable to imprisonment and fine if he had voiced the opinion in the First Inaugural that I have just quoted — a bill establishing so firmly the dangerous principle of "guilt by association" that it may limit the right to publish books because of the author's politics or because of the political views expressed.

The preamble of this so-called Subversive Activities Control Act declares its justification to be that of protecting American institutions and the nation itself from infiltration by those who would establish a totalitarian dictatorship. How can we justify so far-reaching a piece of legislation except on the fundamental assumption that the people cannot be trusted to distinguish truth and error?

This bill was sponsored by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Though it pays lip service to the First Amendment, it is comparable only to the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, acts which Thomas Jefferson regarded as so subversive,

so destructive of everything that the American Union stood for, that he was driven along the pathway toward disunion in his attempt to defeat so gross a violation of individual right.

But this bill and its sponsoring committee are only the larger symptoms of a disease that is epidemic throughout the country. The public press, the great instrument for the protection of our liberties which Jefferson preferred to government itself, has shamefully acquiesced. Not only acquiesced; but, shaken by the fear of a common foe, distrustful of the ability of the people to distinguish between right and wrong, has actually helped to produce the hysteria that would compel uniformity.

Editors have approved tacitly or explicitly the withdrawal of textbooks and the expulsion of teachers whose ideas do not conform to the established economic or political views; they have aided in compelling educators, school boards, trustees, and others to yield to the pressures of unofficial groups that object to dissenting opinion in the realm of economics, politics, or religion. They have committed the ultimate disloyalty to their trust by attempting to command loyalty, overlooking the simple fact that loyalty cannot be commanded but can only be deserved. Educators, editors, librarians, even those scholars who hold, or at least have the responsibility of defending, the last citadel of civil rights, have all but capitulated to the wave of fear and distrust that is now sweeping over us. Too many have acted the part of Dufief, putting themselves first; too few the part of Jefferson, defending his country's principles at all costs.

3

JUST where will this demand for conformity, for unquestioning loyalty, lead? Thomas Jefferson, for one, was certain that it would not lead to human enlightenment, to progress, or to the fullest expressions of reason, justice, and equity toward which our nation directed its early course.

"I join you therefore," he wrote to one of his young protégés after the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts, "in branding as cowardly the idea that the human mind is incapable of further advances. This is precisely the doctrine that the present despots of the earth are inculcating, and their friends are re-echoing: and applying especially to religion and politics; that it is not probable anything better will be discovered than what was known to our fathers. We are to look backward then and not forward for the improvement of science, and to find it amidst feudal barbarisms and the fires of Spitalfields. But thank heaven the American mind is already too much opened, to listen to these impostures; and while the art of printing is left to us, science can never be retrograde; what is once acquired of real knowledge can never be lost."

But to what advantage, we may ask Jeffer-

son, is the art of printing if what is printed must conform to the established pattern? Of what value is the vaunted public press or our institutions of higher learning, dedicated to the progress of the mind in all fields, when the trustees of the University of Wyoming appoint a committee to examine textbooks for "subversive" material? Of what value is our professed ideal of free education, of the untrammelled pursuit of knowledge, when we acquiesce in the action of the Newark Board of Education which removed certain periodicals from school libraries? What precisely do we mean by liberty as we contemplate the magnates of Hollywood who, in trembling haste, toss sacrifices to a clamoring committee of Congress and beat their breasts in loud protestation of their innocence of a charge that none but the Un-American Activities Committee could bring against them with a straight face — the charge that they employ revolutionists to prepare their mediocre art?

These are only a few specific incidents and they are taken at random. Every day's news adds to the list and the most thoughtful educators are becoming increasingly concerned with this growing threat to a basic concept of American institutions. It is not without significance that large numbers of professors in our institutions of higher learning have signed petition after petition throughout the country, protesting against the proposed Act of Congress sponsored by the Committee on Un-American Activities. Their petitions have uniformly condemned both the bill and the activities of the committee itself as being subversive of the ideals for which this country has traditionally stood. I think such testimonials cannot be dismissed as the statements of paid hirelings of a foreign totalitarianism. These men have fought Milton's "good old cause" on too many fronts and they have sacrificed too much in the cause of education to be charged with such a calumny. Nor can they be dismissed as theorists, visionaries, and crackpots, unrealistic in their views and out of touch with the world of affairs: for these are the men — some of them at least — who formed the chief reliance of this nation in the scientific knowledge which shortened World War II and brought success to American arms.

Responsible heads of the public press who point in commendation to the Committee on Un-American Activities in its shameless pillorying of American citizens and in its flagrant disregard of rights and liberties are either ignorant of the nature and the extent of the protest that is beginning to swell or they value suppression more than they value our freedom or they are deliberately misleading their public. In any event, history has proved time and again that the cause they espouse is a shameful and a futile cause. They lack the vision and the courage that led Jefferson in the infancy of our nation to defy any threat in the realm of ideas, not by suppression but by tolerance. They have little faith

and in its place they offer what Jefferson declared to be an insult to the American citizenry — the insult of saying in effect that Americans cannot be trusted to read or to understand or to discriminate. They fear a foreign ideology, unaware of the fact that here at home the liberty that they profess to cherish is in danger of being done to death in the house of friends and with their aid.

I do not impugn the motives of those legislators, editors, educators, and others who have adopted this mistaken course. I do not doubt their devotion to this nation. I do not question their loyalty to the high ideals of a free press. But I do affirm that the methods they have supported in this present issue put them on the side of the enemies of the "good old cause" of Milton and of Jefferson. Those who have adopted this course of compulsory loyalty, though they might disagree with me on everything else, would I think join me in saying that Thomas Jefferson, more than any other single American, can rightfully be regarded as the great spokesman for our ideals and our liberties.

4

ALL this, it may very properly be said, is beside the point. Jefferson's agricultural economy, for this nation at least, is a thing of the past, however realistic his philosophy may have been for such an economy at the time he lived. The twentieth century is a century of science and industry and technological power. Under such circumstances, is it not likely that Jefferson would have changed his views, would have given up his eternal values and absolutes as we have given them up, would have recognized the necessity of opposing evil to the utmost limits, however much an individual here and there might suffer?

I think it is undoubtedly true that Jefferson, always a realist and a man of practical statesmanship, would have viewed our problems in the light of our knowledge. Since he was a relativist in a world of absolutes, he would probably be more so in a relativistic world. Though he knew history as few in his generation did, he looked to it for perspective, not for dogmatic authority. He would very likely have regarded it as cowardly of us to look to him as our sole guidance. The earth, he declared, belongs to the living. "Can one generation bind another and all others in succession forever?" he asked. "I think not. The Creator has made the earth for the living not the dead. . . . A generation may bind itself as long as its majority continues in life; when that has disappeared, another majority is in place, holds all the rights and powers their predecessors once held and may change their laws and institutions to suit themselves. Nothing then is unchangeable but the inherent and inalienable rights of man." But he also declared that justice is the fundamental law of society and that "the

majority, oppressing an individual, is guilty of a crime, abuses its strength, and by acting on the law of the strongest breaks up the foundations of society."

It may be that today, because we have achieved such an excess of power and knowledge beyond our ability to manage, we cannot afford the tolerance and the free flow and interchange and clash of ideas that he advocated. I do not think so. At least, if this is so, the alternative evil to which we must turn in our dilemma is worse than the evil from which we fly, simply because of the vast power now in our hands. But even if this were true, let us be honest. Let us not exercise this power of the majority to suppress the rights of individuals and call it the honored name by which our liberties have come down to us. Let us not call it a free republic whose principles we deny while we commit acts that desecrate its name. Let us frankly, solemnly, and with a full realization of what we are doing and what consequences we may draw from our actions, admit that we no longer believe in the ideals that made us great.

I for one do not fear the outcome. The verdict in the twentieth century will, I believe, be what it was in 1800 and what it was in the Age of the Reformation. I believe with Jefferson that "in every country where man is free to think and speak, differences of opinion will arise from differences of perception, and the imperfection of reason; that these differences when permitted, as in this happy country, to purify themselves by free discussion, are but as passing clouds overspreading our land transiently and leaving our horizon more bright and serene."

But I believe also that we cannot wait complacently on the calm assumption that this will come about through acquiescence or through temporary yielding to pressures of authority or through letting the storm spend itself. It will come about only when, as Jefferson said, "to preserve the freedom of the human mind and freedom of the press every spirit should be ready to devote itself to martyrdom; for as long as we may think as we will and speak as we think, the condition of man will proceed in improvement."

The alternative that he implied was obvious: deny this freedom, acquiesce in this abridgment of our liberties — and the promise of improvement of the human race would diminish or cease. If, then, the power that we have achieved in the twentieth century, which is nothing less than the power of planetary destruction, is so great as to deny us the rights that have been achieved over the centuries, let us frankly acknowledge that the price of this denial is the loss of our promise of moral and intellectual improvement. It is a price so fearfully exacting as to make man's future one of mere existence and not of destiny. It is a price that mankind has steadfastly refused to pay.



This autumn SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY begins his twenty-fifth year as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra — in time and in performance an incomparable record. To his genius as an interpreter of music, he has added the gifts of a great teacher. When he came to this country from Europe, he brought with him the hope of founding an American center of music, a place where young musicians could forgather for stimulus and instruction, and where music lovers could listen in the relaxation of their holidays. The Berkshire Festival, where he is at present conducting the Boston Symphony, is this dream come alive.

INTERPRETING MUSIC

by SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

1

THE realm of interpretation in music, and especially the realm of conducting, is still very young, when we think that Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, who appeared about the same time as the leading conductors of their epoch, were, indeed, the first conductor-interpreters. In fact, they founded a new school. I believe that Wagner was the very first conductor who turned his back to the audience when leading an orchestra. Before him, the conductors stood *à trois quarts* facing the public. You may well imagine what little influence a conductor could have on the orchestra, standing with his back to the musicians. But, as I said, at that time the art of interpretation in conducting was not known. The conductors were mostly “time-beaters” who did not even trouble to rehearse, letting the concertmaster rehearse in their stead. Hence originated the word “concertmaster.” The performance consisted in playing in time, without any consideration of details or perfection. If there was in the orchestra a virtuoso player, and if he had a solo passage to play, he performed his musical phrase with the utmost individuality, disregarding the whole conception of the work, its general meaning or line.

Wagner and Mendelssohn created a real revolution in the sphere of conducting. They no longer “beat time”; they built up the musical phrase. Yet this, of course, was far from the modern art of conducting. The geniuses of Wagner and Mendelssohn were totally opposite: Wagner was essentially romantic, Mendelssohn essentially constructive. I would say that Mendelssohn’s art of conducting is nearer to our day than the art of Wagner, because Mendelssohn’s approach to musical compositions is more abstract than Wagner’s approach. I would remark that in their time almost

the entire young generation followed Wagner, not Mendelssohn, because Wagner reflected his epoch immeasurably more than did Mendelssohn. Which of the two was right? We cannot say.

Here we actually come to the problems of interpretation. Before the First World War, interpretative art was strongly influenced by the romantic school. That is, the interpreter regarded a musical composition as an artist-painter would regard a landscape: to him it is an “aspect of nature.” He takes that “aspect of nature” and reflects it as he sees, feels, and understands it. Therefore, one and the same landscape in the hands of two artists will have different reflections. Also the form of one and the same object will be given different lights and shadings.

In all ages, artists were prophets of either the rise or downfall of a culture. In the pre-war period, leading artists introduced decadence into art before it manifested itself in the social and political life of the post-war period. Decadence in musical interpretation in some countries grew to such proportions that not only were the lights and shadings distorted, but the form itself was lost. At the same time, artists in other countries, also instinctively foreseeing that decline, attempted to straighten the distorted line of classical art.

We have a great deal of evidence, however, that musical performers have a right to interpret compositions freely. They hold that right from the composer. Take Bach, for example. In his works we very often find no nuances. Does it mean that Bach intended to have his compositions played without nuances? Positively no. The great Bach leaves that freedom to the performer. Take the classical concertos by Mozart and Beethoven: we find that cadenzas are very rarely written by the

composer, who leaves the freedom of improvisation to the performer. In Wagner's scores, after *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, we find no exact indication of tempi. Wagner omitted it intentionally, and says in his book on the art of conducting that it is unnecessary to mark the exact tempo, because a talented conductor will find the right tempo anyway, and the untalented conductor will never grasp the tempo even if it is printed in the score. For that reason, Wagner marks his tempi in a general way, such as: *Bewegt*, *Mässig bewegt*, slower, faster, and so on.

I recall a personal experience with the most outstanding contemporary composer, Jean Sibelius. When I studied his Fourth Symphony for a performance here, I found that the tempo of the last ninety-eight bars of the scherzo was marked twice as slow as the preceding tempo — and was one that I could neither feel nor understand. I wrote to Sibelius asking for an explanation, thinking that it was a possible misprint and saying I did not feel that tempo. And Sibelius answered: "The right tempo is the one that the artist feels." Where is, after all, the truth of interpretation, and how can an artist justify that truth?

2

PERSONALLY, I believe that a composer, when creating a work, transfuses it not only with his musical power, but also with the entire meaning of his life — the essence of his being. That is why we can and we must find a "central line" in the creation of every composer. What is the central line of a composer? It is the meaning of his life and ideals, which he brings to us through the medium of his music.

With Bach, the central line is religion. Bach came to glorify God. And we find in his entire life his praise of God, exaltation of heaven and divinity. Haydn's line is joyfulness, humor, which he wants to share with others. We feel it in every symphony, in every minuetto and allegro. Mozart gives us pure tonal harmony, absolute purity of musical form. If we analyze his creative work, we will find how free Mozart was of any outward influence: he believed in music for the sake of music, sound for sound, beauty for beauty. Let us take Beethoven. His central line is transcendentality: he reflects universal emotion in music. When Beethoven grieves, he grieves with the world; when Beethoven is joyful, it is universal joy; when he feels a tragedy, it is a world tragedy. We can well say that the central line of Beethoven's art is the unifying element of universality. I shall not overburden you by enumerating other composers. But I cannot go by an outstanding figure in musical art — Wagner. The central line of Wagner's art is love and devotion, which we can trace in all his creative work: the love and devotion of Senta in *The Flying Dutch-*

man; of Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*; of King Marke to Isolde; of Isolde and Kurwenal to Tristan. And so, we can find in the work of each master a central line expressed in sound.

Here emerges the truth of interpretative art. When the artist-interpreter is able to perceive the inner meaning, the central line, of a composition, he will find in himself the right and illuminating emotion to perform it. It may not be difficult to trace externally the central line, because there exists a vast literature of the life and activity of every composer, especially those belonging to history. It is not difficult for a musician to analyze a score externally, to determine its form, its melodic and harmonic plan, and entire structure. But this only takes us halfway; this is only the surface part of the central line, which will give us no true understanding of the depth and emotion of this or the other work or composer. The most important part is that which can neither be read nor learned; it rests in the interpreter himself, in his own emotions, depth, and feeling.

Today we often hear "musical authorities" declare, when discussing a performance, "Let music speak for itself." That up-to-date motto is dangerous, because it paves the way for mediocre performers to come and accurately play over a composition from beginning to end, claiming that they "let the music speak for itself." That argument is also not correct because a talented artist, no matter how accurately he follows the markings in the score, renders the composition through his own prism, his own perception of the score, his own temperament and emotion. And the deeper the emotion of the interpreter, the greater and more vivid the performance.

A perfect interpretation may have two different aspects, equally faithful to the score of the composer. One may be called mechanically perfect, the other organically perfect. The first gives the beauty of mathematical balance, symmetry, and clarity; the second is the indivisible, living, pulsating *élan vital* of the composition. One aims to present a beautified surface or reflection of the composition. In the other, the composition — its central idea — lives as a reality. One may be compared to a perfectly symmetrical building; the other to a great Gothic cathedral, with its partly asymmetrical yet organic order of unity. One is always enjoyable, pleasant and delightful, but remains, like a beautiful scene, external to the listener. The other takes and carries him with the *élan vital* of the work, merges him with the reality of the central meaning, makes him co-live and co-experience the *élan vital* of the composition. Like a mystic experience, the organic interpretation puts the listener in direct touch with the absolute reality hidden in the great work.

Approaching further the question of orchestral performance, I must say that at no time has the standard of musical performance been set as high as

it is in America today. This is not a mere statement: facts speak for themselves. In Europe, even in the best of the old days, the symphony orchestras had not nearly the same possibilities that we have here. Nor was there the same intensity of work and interest. I shall take, for example, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, one of the oldest in Europe. How many concerts did that orchestra give in the course of one season under the leadership of a great conductor? In its most brilliant period, the Berlin Philharmonic gave ten concerts with Nikisch conducting. The remaining concerts were led by different and indifferent conductors. Yet that was the foremost orchestra of the time. A strikingly interesting period of the musical life of Vienna, which may well be termed "heroic," is the period when Gustav Mahler was at the head of the Vienna Opera Orchestra. That same orchestra gave also symphony concerts and was then called "The Philharmonic." However, it was, in the first place, an opera orchestra, the concerts came in between; there were perhaps eight or ten symphony concerts in a season, also conducted by various conductors. The possibilities in America are infinitely better, and give a new idea of orchestral performances.

It is a mistake to think that musical life in America develops only because of America's wealth. This is wrong. Musical life in this country grows because there is the need for music. That need for music today has an explanation: men seek an outlet for their best and deeper emotions, and they find it in music. For music is the recovered word of true feeling, liberated from the banality, hypocrisy, and cruelty of life. Music is to help the souls of men. It is the pure language, regenerating, like the mountain air.

3

IN the presence of her lofty mission, music of our time makes an increased demand upon the high moral standing of the musician, his integrity and complete devotion to his art.

How far has the musician progressed on this ascending path? What is his actual standing in the life and society of our day? By way of an answer, let us examine and question the past. In less than two centuries, the standing of the musician has undergone a remarkable evolution through three distinctive periods.

The first period finds the musician in the inconspicuous place of an "entertainer," a member of the staff and at the service of some princely European court. It was not unusual, for example, to read notices asking for a valet or a steward who would also be a good accompanist. It is interesting to note that despite these circumstances, the musician of that period manifested an astounding spiritual independence, a profound individuality, and exceptional creative powers, for this was the epoch of such

inimitable masters and geniuses as Haydn and Mozart, and partly covered the time of Beethoven.

The second period extends into the post-romantic era, when the musician finds himself wrapped in a cloak of exclusiveness and adorned with a halo of the privileged; he becomes *l'enfant gâté* of his society, which takes pleasure in his eccentricities, his long hair, and allows him to break accepted and conventional rules. The artist, however, was soon to realize the artifice of his position and to detect the condescending attitude of society toward him. He was eager to free himself of such travesty and to claim recognition on equal grounds with society.

Now we have entered a third stage — a period which was pointed out to us by great artists who were also great men. It seems only yesterday that we had among us Paderewski, the musician-patriot, statesman, and aristocrat of the spirit. We still have with us — though not among us — Albert Schweitzer, the musician philosopher, scientist, and humanitarian, who has set a singular example for mankind. The advent of such men announces a new era in music, an era where outer perfection, brought to a definite point of attainment, does not suffice; where a new dimension is sought — the infinite fourth dimension which rests with and within us.

This elevated concept asks for a new spiritual strength, for an increased concentration and penetration into the innermost strata of self.

When a student decides to become a musician, let him first take counsel with himself. Does he possess the true gift and qualifications that give him a right to step upon the stage where thousands of eyes watch him and thousands of hearts beat in anticipation of the message he is to bring through music and his art? Will he, indeed, open the gates of heaven and let the people experience ecstasy — were it for an infinitesimal moment; or will the gates stay closed and heaven remain a promise unfulfilled?

A musician should realize that the new strength of which we speak lies in the coördination and coöperation of all his faculties, both as an artist and as a human being. He should be true to himself on as well as off the stage. He should be clean inside and out.

"Strive for true humanity," says Goethe. "Become yourself a man who is true to his inner nature, a man whose deed is in tune with his character."

The true artist-man will not submit to circumstances or to passing whims of society; rather, he will conquer circumstance and guide society, not with self-satisfaction but with self-confidence born of a full consciousness and acceptance of his mission and task.

As one chosen by destiny and richly endowed by nature, the artist must have a sense of obligation toward those who are denied these riches. It is for him to repay nature and to offer his gifts to humanity, in all humility of heart, as an act of gratitude for the grace bestowed upon him.



A native of Colorado who entered Amherst with the Class of 1918, GARDNER JACKSON started what he calls his checkered career, after getting out of the Army in the First World War, as a bond salesman. Then came newspaper work in Denver, Boston, and Washington and his passionate defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. Mr. Jackson was Assistant Consumers' Counsel for the AAA (1933-1935); Washington representative for the Southern Tenant Farmers Union (1935-1936); legislative representative for John L. Lewis (1936-1940); special assistant to the Secretary and the Under Secretary of Agriculture (1941-1942); co-organizer of Food for Freedom, Inc. (1943-1944); assistant to the president and board of the National Farmers Union (1945-1947).

HENRY WALLACE: A DIVIDED MIND

by GARDNER JACKSON

1

LESS than a year after Henry A. Wallace was appointed Secretary of Agriculture one of his principal ghost writers told me he felt uncomfortable collaborating with the new Secretary. "He's unlike anyone with whom I've worked before," said this writer, who had been in the Department of Agriculture several years before Wallace took it over. "He gives me an eerie feeling that he really isn't listening when I talk with him. He may be listening with his brain, but certainly not with his guts. He doesn't seem to know how to have a belly-laugh — least of all at himself. He gives me a strong impression of considering himself a man of destiny, a person answering calls the rest of us don't hear."

These remarks of the ghost writer throw light on Wallace's decision to embark upon his present campaign. Wallace obviously is pursuing what he deems to be his destiny. If this were not so, it is reasonably certain there would have been no Third Party campaign — or New Party campaign, as he and his associates label it.

The central committee of the U.S.A. Communist Party at its October, 1947, meeting could have laid its most devious and high-powered plans for the campaign. It could have been assured of ample supplies of money with which to retain skilled artificers of screen, radio, and print. All would have availed little had the "confused liberal" not seen his destiny along a road paralleling the one charted by the Communist high command. At best a campaign without Wallace — with a less well known figure — would have been such a fizzle the newsprints would have relegated it to a few stickfuls in the back pages.

The campaign, then, is a Wallace-seeking-his-destiny campaign. It is not a Communist Party campaign, despite the closeness with which he has hewn to the Kremlin's Party line and despite the number of Party members and Party-liners manning the machinery of the campaign. Wallace turned a deaf ear to many of his friends and former associates who pleaded with him not to take the step. But their earnest arguments were deflected by the Communist and other voices, both from outside and from within himself, which impel Wallace on.

Sir Willmott Lewis, emeritus Washington correspondent of the London *Times*, may have given a clue to the Wallace enigma in responding to a query on the campaign. "One of my British friends," Sir Willmott remarked, "commenced to declaim on what a singular fellow Wallace is. I quickly interrupted him. 'No, no!' I said. 'You're wrong. The trouble is he's plural.'" Trying to figure out which self of Wallace's plural nature is listening to what call has long been a Washington preoccupation.

Wallace brought to the New Deal cabinet in 1933 a wide and practical agricultural experience in the rich corn-hog state of Iowa. He was steeped in the tradition of his grandfather and father, whose strong character and imaginative thinking helped so much to develop the state. He himself enhanced the family reputation by distinguished experiments in genetics — the best-known being that which resulted in a greatly improved hybrid seed corn. He also had contributed notable thinking on the social and economic problems of farming. Roosevelt had more than ample grounds for selecting Wallace on the basis of his accomplishments alone.

Wallace became a hero and symbol for liberals when they were working in the government with him, when they were projecting their ideas into and through him — and when they were shielding his reputation from the tarnishing effects of his various sorties into the occult typified by the Roerich affair and his fascination with numerology and Navajo Indian medicine men. Only a handful of Wallace's former associates are with him in his present crusade. A majority of the others — though they are as deeply disturbed at the incredible mishandling of American foreign policy by the Truman administration as Wallace — have lost confidence in him.

Their loss of confidence is not based on fear of risking their jobs and salaries if they should go with Wallace — a charge he made publicly when asked why so few of his former colleagues are in his camp. This callous accusation reveals either a complete lack of feeling for past relationships, or the exaltation of martyrdom, which persuades him that every former friend who now opposes him is animated by base motives. I believe it is a combination of both.

2

THE first considerable talk I had with Wallace concerned the fight a number of us in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration were making to keep the price of milk to the consumer within reason while increasing the income of the dairy farmer. The milk industry — National Dairy Products, Inc., its big processing and distributing members and affiliates in the major cities, and leaders of the milk marketing associations supplying those cities — bitterly resisted our efforts to hold margins down. Early in the fall of 1934 the leaders of the industry held a secret meeting in Philadelphia to perfect plans designed to eliminate from the AAA some of us active in the tussle, and to force Wallace out of the secretaryship if he wouldn't go along.

The plan was to supplant Wallace with Chester C. Davis, who was then Administrator and who had perceptibly cooled towards our program. Through a lawyer representing one of the big processors, I learned details of the meeting. I wrote Wallace a personal note apprising him of the designs being laid to get his scalp and the scalps of certain of his lieutenants. The next day he asked me to come to his office. I was at the time Assistant Consumers' Counsel and had violated strict administrative procedure by addressing a note personally to him. He sat silent gazing into the distance while I unfolded my warning.

When I finished he roused himself from his reverie and said, "I don't understand you — you and your friend Justice Brandeis. When you see something you think is wrong, you want to do something about it right away. You want to act quickly. I'm not like that. I'd rather sit under a tree and let the cycle of time help heal the situation." As he said

this he made a circular motion with his right arm. Then he ended the conversation by adding, "I know in Rex [Tugwell] and Chester [Davis] I've got two ill-matched horses in harness together. I may have to let one of them go when we get a bit further down the road. I can't tell now which it will be." Not a word from him evaluating the views of Tugwell and Davis — only a casual observation that he might have to make a political choice between them.

Approximately six months later he had made his decision. A number of us, including Jerome Frank, the AAA General Counsel and an intimate of Tugwell's, were given peremptory dismissal notes by Administrator Davis. Davis did not dare dismiss Tugwell because of the latter's intimacy with Roosevelt. Tugwell was, however, transferred from the Department to head the newly established Resettlement Administration. A legal opinion by Frank supporting enforcement of more equitable distribution of benefit payments to sharecroppers in the cotton South was the pretext Davis used in addition to the milk controversy. Most of us couldn't believe that Wallace had sanctioned the action. Only two days before, he had upheld us in a long-drawn-out struggle with the Administrator over a basic principle: namely, that in all marketing agreements and codes entered into during the economic emergency, with the antitrust laws in abeyance, the government should have the right to examine the books and records of the industry involved.

Late in the day of our dismissal Wallace sent word that he would see two of the people on the dismissal list. Jerome Frank and a member of his legal staff, Alger Hiss, were delegated for the interview. Wallace haltingly greeted them (and, through them, others on the list) as "the best fighters in a good cause" he had ever worked with. But he said that he had to fire them. Frank asked him why he hadn't talked it over with us beforehand as his friends and assistants instead of letting Davis wield the axe — we might not have agreed with his reasoning, but we would at least have seen how he arrived at the judgment. He replied that he just couldn't face us.

Despite this denial of normal human amenities between friends and co-workers — not to mention a sacrifice of principles for political expediency — many of us continued to back Wallace. We had put too much of ourselves into him to let go of him. We rejoiced in his nomination and election to the Vice-Presidency. We did whatever we could to uphold his hand as chairman of the Board of Economic Warfare in the fundamental controversy with the head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Jesse Jones, over procurement and stockpiling policies on critical war materials. The leader of the BEW's side of that explosive fight was not Wallace. It was Milo Perkins, executive director of the BEW, whose vision and courage carried Wallace into actions he himself would not have taken.

Dismissed by Roosevelt from the BEW post — along with Jones — at the climax of that battle, Wallace took on more than ever, in the eyes of many liberals, the aspect of a crusading Galahad. But the machine politicians of the Democratic Party, who gagged when Roosevelt forced Wallace down their throats as Vice-Presidential candidate in the 1940 convention, had by this time determined he was a political liability. With the approach of the 1944 convention it was clear they had persuaded the President of this also.

Nor were the machine politicians the only ones wanting to dump Wallace. It is ironic to recall that a couple of months before the convention C. B. Baldwin, Wallace's present campaign manager, was ready to throw Wallace overboard. Baldwin was then the executive vice-chairman of the National Citizens Political Action Committee. Clark Foreman, Wallace's present campaign treasurer, and others active at top levels of the NCPAC had come to the same conclusion. So had Sidney Hillman and some of his CIO-PAC assistants. Baldwin participated in a conference at the White House with Roosevelt to try to come to agreement on a substitute. Only because CIO President Philip Murray went to bat for Wallace with a crack-down on Hillman, Baldwin, and the others was a serious division of forces behind Wallace averted. Because of Murray's action the demonstration that night at the Chicago 1944 convention came within a hair of nominating Wallace instead of Truman. It was prevented from doing so only by Convention Chairman Samuel D. Jackson's abrupt adjournment of the session.

I talked a number of times with Wallace during that convention. It was there, I believe, that he felt for the first time his developing power as a spellbinder. His speech to the convention was the best political speech he had ever made. He was no longer the diffident, inarticulate geneticist torn between his search for the truths of the natural sciences and his search for personal security in supernaturalism. He was well on the way to becoming a rabble-rouser drinking in the response of the crowd and learning how to elicit that response to satisfy his thirst — a complete metamorphosis of his outward self.

3

THE next significant stage in Wallace's evolution into his present crusade was his acceptance of the consolation prize Roosevelt offered him, the Secretaryship of Commerce. When rumbles began in the Senate against his confirmation, particularly if the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (renamed the Federal Loan Agency) remained in his domain as Secretary, he let it be known in high moral terms, to friend and foe, that he would not take the job unless it included the RFC. That multi-billion-

dollar agency, first established by Herbert Hoover in a vain attempt to prevent the debacle of the speculative banking economy during the last years of his Administration, was in Wallace's mind a potential instrument of major social amelioration and change. In the end, confronted with an adamant Senate, he accepted confirmation to the Commerce post stripped of control over the RFC. He had once again made a moral declaration and abandoned it in the pinch.

Wallace's endorsement of the unbelievable Johannes Steel, radio commentator, for Congress in 1946, plus his praise of Vito Marcantonio as having "the best voting record in the House," caused some of us finally to stop giving Wallace the benefit of the doubt. Steel entered the primaries in the 19th District, New York City, against the Democratic incumbent, Arthur G. Klein, whose voting record, from a liberal point of view, was well above average.

Nothing that happened after he took Steel to his bosom surprised us. His letter to President Truman on the Baruch atomic energy program for the United Nations and his Madison Square Garden speech in September, 1946, might have been anticipated. It was almost inevitable that his atomic energy letter would distort the facts, and that, when confronted by Mr. Baruch and his associates with demonstrable errors, he would agree to revise what he had said and then never do so. And it is significant that he omitted some sentences adverse to Soviet policies and tactics in his Madison Square Garden speech when the booing grew.

Even before the Steel endorsement, there had been a clear tip-off on Wallace's changing frame of mind. In a speech before the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship at Madison Square Garden on November 8, 1942, while he was still Vice-President, he voiced his loss of faith in "political or bill-of-rights democracy." He agreed with those in the United States who believe that we have over-emphasized that type of democracy. "Carried to its extreme form," he declared, "it leads to rugged individualism, exploitation, impractical emphasis on states' rights and even to anarchy." Then he added, "Russia, perceiving some of the abuses of excessive political democracy, has placed strong emphasis on economic democracy. This, carried to an extreme, demands that all power be centered in one man and his bureaucratic helpers. Somewhere there is a practical balance between economic and political democracy."

Despite the qualifications with which he sought to surround this abnegation of faith in "political or bill-of-rights" democracy, it can fairly be interpreted as an announcement by him that in our present stage of evolution the peoples of the world cannot be trusted to carry on their struggle as free men for a better life — that at least a moderate application of the methods and procedures of authoritarianism or dictatorship is required for their

own good. The key to his whole New Party campaign is to be found here.

In many of his campaign speeches he has tried to deny this. One of these speeches — at Evansville, Indiana, April 6, a month after the Czech crisis — reworded his state of mind with special clarity. "Though I detest the whole idea of dictatorships," he declared, "there is a great difference between the fascist dictatorship, which tries to perpetuate itself for its own profit, power, and glory, and the dictatorship in the Soviet Union, which has as its goal an economy of abundance for all its people and the eventual dissolution of the dictatorship. The fascist dictatorship must expand its working area. It must seek new sources of raw materials, new markets for its goods, and new people to exploit. This necessity is not inherent in the dictatorship in Russia. The Russians have no necessity to expand their borders, nor will they for many decades to come, except as external threats and pressures compel them to seek military security."

In that rationalization he closed his eyes to the facts of Russian imperialism. Of more significance, he turned his back on the sameness of the methods and processes of all dictatorships — the brutal destruction of individuals, singly and en masse. He rejected the findings of the best minds of the ages, from Plato to John Dewey, that the means to an end inexorably shape the end, and he slammed the door against those who believe that bloody dictatorship is more evil when clothed in moral protestations than when it asserts itself as naked might.

A number of liberal Senators, both Democratic and Republican, after trying to get behind the veil of Wallace's destiny-yearning while he was presiding over the Senate, reached substantially this opinion about him: that he had made up his mind that governmental collectivism is inevitable throughout the world, including this country and the Western Hemisphere; that the Soviet brand of this "wave of the future" is preferable to other brands; and that he himself is specially designated to ride that wave and channel its course when it rolls across our land. Their opinion is supported, it seems to me, by steadily mounting evidence.

4

FOR some of us who worked with him in years past, the most shocking experience comes in comparing the positions he is taking in this campaign (including those set forth in his campaign book, *Towards World Peace*) with the positions he took in action while in government. A typical example is his fervent and self-righteous outcry, on every campaign occasion, over discrimination against the Negroes and over exploitation of the lowly and downtrodden as exemplified by the sharecroppers. But his record as Secretary of Agriculture on that

score was bad enough to invite the present opposition of Walter White, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and of other Negro leaders.

He didn't really start to redress the gross administration inequities under the AAA Act suffered by the sharecroppers in the South until many months after he had dismissed our group. And that purge was in part because we tried to do something about that distressing situation. Nor did his elevation to the Vice-Presidency seem to encourage him to take a more forthright stand on this issue which is now part of his stock in trade. He literally ran away — physically, down the Senate Office Building corridors — according to members of a delegation who waited three hours for him beyond their appointment time to tell him why they felt that a Negro sharecropper from Virginia, Odell Waller, had been unjustly sentenced to execution for murder. Wallace, as members of the delegation describe the incident, slipped out of his inner office door just as the delegation was leaving the outer office. One of the delegation, Mary McLeod Bethune, noted Negro woman leader, gave chase calling, "Mr. Wallace, this is a great tragedy. We must talk to you." To which the Vice-President, according to members of the delegation, replied over his shoulder, "There's nothing I can do," as he disappeared around the corner. Harassed by the widespread publication of this episode in the Negro press, Wallace has said it didn't happen. But, despite their joint efforts in a personal interview, he and his manager have been unable to persuade Mrs. Bethune to give them a letter denying the occurrence. Nor have any other members of the delegation been found to deny it.

Even more recently — during his Secretaryship of Commerce — Wallace's attitudes and actions on this problem of discrimination aroused the outspoken hostility of Negro organizations and their leaders. He insisted that segregation policies in the National Airport restaurant, under his jurisdiction, could not be changed because it is located across the District of Columbia line in Virginia and is operated by a private concessionaire who sets the policies. Secretary of War Stimson, confronted with the same circumstances as to location and operation, by concession, of the cafeterias in the War Department's Pentagon Building, found no difficulty in establishing a non-segregation policy.

The deep resentment of non-Communist Negroes towards Wallace is shown in the following paragraph from an editorial in the February, 1948, issue of the *Crisis*, monthly publication of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People: —

"Under his secretaryship, the Department of Commerce was more than ordinarily ridden with humiliating separation of workers because of color, and limitation of promotion for the same reason.

While in the latter months of 1947, just before the announcement of his candidacy, Mr. Wallace was railing against segregation and refusing to speak to separated audiences, for five or six years prior to that time he had dodged speaking before conventions of the NAACP, the organization which has had 'no segregation' as its war cry since it was formed. While turning aside NAACP invitations, Mr. Wallace found time to speak several times at Tuskegee, an institution where white and colored guest speakers are sent to separate guest houses."

Admittedly this is a difficult issue but Wallace's glorification of his running mate, Democratic Senator Glen H. Taylor of Idaho, for inviting rough handling and arrest by the Birmingham police, when the Senator tried in May to enter a Negro entrance to an auditorium there, is in contrast with his own performance. Wallace's inadequacy on this issue is not likely to be wiped out by the between-the-lines confession in his California speaking tour, in May, that he hadn't done all he should have done on the problem when he was in government.

A similarly sharp reversal of position is found in his stand on the Equal Rights Amendment advocated by the Woman's Party. For several years prior to his New Party campaign he championed that proposal. I was with him on an inspection of the White Motor Company war plant in Cleveland in the winter of 1943 when he experienced a reaction from the women workers which greatly impressed him and threw him more strongly on the Equal Rights Amendment side.

He was addressing several thousand workers in the plant yard, a large proportion of them women. With gestures from the truck serving as his rostrum, he was describing the outpouring of improved kitchen and household appliances which would come after the war from many of the factories then turning out war materials. He was picturing a new life of leisure for the housewife. "So," he declared, "when you go back into your homes . . ." At that point the women hissed and booed resoundingly. His arm was upraised in gesture when this happened. He kept it there for an instant or two as he shifted his face away from the microphone to look with a stunned expression at the crowd. Then he added, "If you want to," at which the women clapped and cheered. "That means something!" he said with feeling as we rode back in a taxi to the hotel. It was not surprising to note him among the Woman's Party supporters soon after that.

But in his May 8 campaign speech at the Commodore Hotel, New York City, to the founding conference of the New York State Women for Wallace, he again about-faced. After analyzing the economic and legal disabilities of women, and proposing remedial legislation, he declared, "I oppose the so-called Equal Rights Amendment which would destroy all existing legislation for the protection of women."

In several of his speeches he has played upon the evil of the Franco dictatorship in Spain and what he says is this country's encouragement of it through trade and diplomatic relations. During the Spanish civil war, as I came to know well while trying to help Loyalist Ambassador de los Rios, Wallace was the least responsive of the cabinet members who were approached to exercise influence on specific problems in behalf of the Loyalist government, such as arranging the servicing of that government's funds in New York City and the campaign to have the arms embargo lifted. His attitude was in sharp contrast to that of Secretary Morgenthau and Secretary Ickes. Wallace apparently did not then see Franco as the menace he now considers him.

These and numerous other about-faces might be discounted as the ordinary inconsistencies of an ambitious politician. It might be said that when, for example, he bemoaned in one of his Middle West campaign speeches the difficulty of getting the U.S. Agricultural Extension Service to give attention to the needs of the small farmers, he was merely having a to-be-expected politician's black-out of memory regarding his own responsibility for the condition out of which he now seeks to make political capital. In the framework of political exigencies, according to this mode of interpretation, he should not now be held to account for having failed to make a single significant move, as Secretary of Agriculture, to put into effect his early promise that he would divorce the tax-supported Extension Service from actual control, in several major agricultural states, by the American Farm Bureau Federation, a private farm organization representing in those states the big, corporate, absentee-ownership type of farming, the so-called master farmers. Wallace flies back and forth across the country, however, as no ordinary politician but as a candidate fired solely by deep humanitarianism and the desire to spread ideas designed to bring about universal peace and prosperity.

5

THE techniques of his mass meetings at Madison Square Garden and elsewhere are designed to play on people's emotions and cloud their judgment — the single spotlight in the darkened auditorium focused on the lone speaker (the holy leader) surrounded by a battery of microphones on a platform in the center of the vast assemblage rising tier on tier on all sides of it; the organized chants through a loud-speaker system proclaiming the urgency of the need and the self-sacrificing courage of the savior eager to lead humanity to salvation; the spotlight ceremony of lighting the path of the savior when he threads his way among the multitude to and from the platform amid the exulting cheers of his followers. These techniques are a far

cry from the old torchlight parades and other traditional methods employed by Theodore Roosevelt in his 1912 Bull Moose effort to reach the White House and by Senior Bob La Follette in his 1924 campaign. They are borrowed from the Sportpalast in Berlin and the Red Square in Moscow and are modern technology applied to make the individual sink his identity in the herd.

Wallace's speeches, furnished to him primarily by Lew Frank, Jr., a Peace Mobilizer till Hitler moved against Russia; the taut-larynxed manner in which Wallace utters them in his new incarnation as Messiah; and the increasing anxiety of hordes of his listeners combine to make his audiences completely overlook Wallace's reckless distortions and frequent errors.

A typical example was his accusation of Laurence A. Steinhardt, U.S. Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, of having instigated a rightist plot against the Beneš-Masaryk regime which, Wallace asserted, was one of the chief factors causing the Communist coup and Masaryk's death there. Faced with Steinhardt's denial and citation of the fact that he was absent from Czechoslovakia at the time, Wallace refused to retract his palpably false charge and retreated into the weak contention that Steinhardt's earlier expression of hope that Czechoslovakia would reconsider and participate in the Marshall Plan (the ERP) was a deliberate incitation of the rightist revolt against Beneš and Masaryk.

Illuminating the anguish-beclouded state of mind of Wallace's followers is the Gallup poll of April, which showed that 47 per cent of those who professed an intention at that time to vote for Wallace were still supporting the ERP though he had long since denounced it as a scheme of Wall Street.

Wallace has been taking in large sums of money on his speaking trips. The *New York Post* on June 4 carried a report from a correspondent who had covered Wallace's Western trip, estimating that in collections and admissions to his meetings Wallace had brought into his campaign coffers about \$390,000. This was a 25-day trip starting with a Madison Square Garden meeting where he collected \$100,000. In addition to these sources of funds Wallace's campaign has had large contributions ranging from \$1000 to \$5000 from wealthy individuals typified by Mrs. Elinor Gimble. Howard Norton in the *Baltimore Sun* of May 12 reported a contribution of \$10,000 to the campaign from the Greek-American Committee for Wallace; a pledge of \$25,000 from the Armenian-American Committee; and one of \$10,000 from Local 65 of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union CIO. I estimate that between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 will be spent in the Wallace crusade.

No newspaper reporter dealing with the Wallace campaign whom I was able to find in checking the facts for this article gainsays the validity of a considerable portion of Wallace's attack upon the

Truman administration's foreign policy — which is Wallace's only significant appeal for support. Many of these reporters agree with him on his opposition to Universal Military Training. Many of them agree with him on his opposition to reimposition of Selective Service. A sizable proportion of them sympathize with his opposition to the so-called Truman Doctrine in Greece. And not one of them dissents from his shouting to high heaven about the Truman administration's sidestepping the United Nations. But not one of them is for him. They conversationally blast the rough stuff pulled on Baldwin and some of the other Wallace contingent at Evansville, Indiana, the denial of hotel rooms to Wallace and his group because of the Negro singer, Paul Robeson, at Indianapolis, the dismissal of Wallace supporters at Evansville College and elsewhere, and all similarly stupid conduct of superpatriots.

But by the same token, they condemn the provocative exaggeration of Wallace's attacks, his avoidance of direct answers to their questions, and the framed-up stunts by people running his campaign. A little-known example of the latter was the meeting for him of Johns Hopkins University students. The PCA had rented Levering Hall on the campus for a noon meeting for Wallace. That morning posters appeared on trees on the campus proclaiming that the university authorities had withdrawn use of Levering Hall and that the meeting would accordingly be held in an adjoining street. A sound truck blared the same announcement as it cruised along the streets around the campus. The announcement was untrue but it created the type of martyrdom atmosphere Wallace and his promoters desire. In his speech Wallace said he expected to be denied facilities in the West but had not expected it in the East. He thus personally furthered the untruth.

Newspapermen naturally resent Wallace's charge, repeated over and over, that the newspapers print nothing but slander concerning him and his campaign. Almost daily he slurs the conscientious attempts of a majority of them to report the facts accurately and interpret them with sober reflection. Some of those with whom I talked think Wallace has become so habituated to belaboring devils that he now believes they actually exist.

6

OVER one aspect of his present manifestations there is sharp difference of opinion among reporters assigned to his campaign. That is his insistent assertion that he knows only one or two Communists in this country and doesn't know how to identify the American brand of non-card-displaying Communists in general. Some say this is palpably a pose on his part. They point out that he got a thorough education in the functioning of the Communist mind during his trip to Europe in the fall of 1947.

They contend that he simply wants to keep his eyes closed to the nature of the people in large part manning the machinery of his New Party.

Others believe he is so enveloped in what they think now amounts almost to a paranoid fog that he really doesn't recognize Communists or Party-liners when he encounters them. Reporters entertaining this opinion credit him with an unstudied reaction when he said, some weeks after the appointment had been made, that he didn't know former CIO General Counsel Lee Pressman had been selected as secretary of the New Party platform committee. His astonishment on that occasion was, according to this view, merely another piece of evidence proving Wallace has put himself so completely in the hands of others that he doesn't know from day to day what his party decisions and maneuvers are.

As this is written (June), estimates of the vote Wallace is likely to get range from three to ten million. James A. Farley sets the figure at five million. Wallace himself, in confidential discussions with his associates, expresses his hope to get at least four million — thus to equal Senior Bob La Follette's 1924 total. In these discussions he bluntly proclaims his wish that the Republicans take over the White House.

He expects and intends to make his greatest inroads in the Democratic fold. He was really not "playing make-believe" when he said in March that Senator Robert A. Taft was his favorite candidate. He convinced himself that the Democratic Party is in literal fact under Truman a "war party." He really believes that the President is surrounded by advisers and cabinet members who are collaborating with certain industrialists and financiers in a cold-blooded program of war matériel production for the sake of maintaining the lush profit level of the war years. He has come to the astounding conclusion that when the Republicans take over the White House they will be less eager to maintain lush profit levels and will consequently not be a "war party." The implication of his stand is that the Republicans will be able speedily to ease the strain between the Soviet Union and the United States and achieve peace. He hopes for a large Wallace vote partly to help ensure a Republican victory and partly to give him and his following leverage with the victors.

Wallace's following includes no significant organization support other than the PCA, the Communist Party, and the Communist-led CIO unions. The Townsendites, for whose votes he has made a special play, failed at a recent convention in Washington, D.C., to adopt a resolution endorsing him. The bulk of his following is composed of tens of thousands of men and women whose consciences have been outraged by the post-war materialistic fixation

in the United States. He is a symbol for these multitudes whose fears for their sons and daughters are deep and justified in a bitterly divided atomic (and bacterial warfare) world.

True, conditions are rotten-ripe for his use — with the tragic bungling of the Palestine problem and the appalling fiasco of the Soviet-United States exchange of notes in May as his made-to-order examples — and Wallace is trading on them in words and methods calculated to exacerbate the very conditions he professes to want to remedy. Many of these independent voters are so distressed at the performance of the Truman administration, especially in foreign policy, that they are even willing to swallow maneuvers of the New Party which are quite likely to displace liberal members of Congress with reactionary conservatives.

Wallace is apt to get his largest vote among the women, among church people — particularly in rural towns, "the river Baptists," as old-time politicians call them — and among college and university students. He himself thinks he will draw most heavily in the highly industrialized areas, but there are signs he is overoptimistic about this. The polls — typified by that of the *Boston Globe* for Massachusetts — show that Wallace's probable vote has slumped from the 11 per cent he was credited with after he announced his candidacy.

Whether or not the slump is recovered, it is certain he will receive enough of a vote to serve as a portent that Wallace has introduced into this country for the first time the European type of politics. He is not sanguine about a continuation of his New Party after the election. Despite the way in which his Communist-disciplined audiences have regularly emptied their pockets for him and the way in which his wealthy backers have drawn large checks for the cause, he sees little prospect of money after November to keep the New Party going. Moreover, he is sufficiently versed in the realities of political parties to recognize that patronage is essential to hold them together. What is more likely is the development of a genuine third party movement out of the political wreckage Wallace is doing so much to create — a movement broadly based in the labor unions and not just in the Communist-led unions; a movement such as is envisioned in a resolution adopted at its spring meeting by the board of the United Automobile Workers under the guidance of Walter Reuther.

So, as many of the former associates and friends of Wallace sadly watch him immolate himself in the present crusade, they at least have the consolation of knowing that he is unwittingly preparing the ground for a political growth more in keeping with the "bill-of-rights" concept of democracy than the one he is so bitterly trying to nourish.

(A reply to Mr. Jackson by Mr. C. B. Baldwin, Mr. Wallace's campaign manager, will be found in Atlantic Repartee, page 16.)



A Mississippian who graduated from Yale, DAVID L. COHN is a free lance who writes with authority on subjects close to his heart. In God Shakes Creation, he wrote of the relations between Negro and white, with a skill which drew the high praise of Sinclair Lewis. He has written about the tariff, about love in America, about Anglo-American relations, and feelingly about anti-Semitism. In 1944-1945, at the behest of General Somervell, Mr. Cohn made an extended trip through the Far and Middle East and saw at first hand the amity between Jew and Arab which despite the recent ruction will, he believes, be a binding force in the Palestine of the future.

CAN ISRAEL HELP THE ARABS?

by DAVID L. COHN

AFTER thirty years of struggle the new State of Israel has come into being. I am not here concerned with the folly or the wisdom of establishing this tiny state, nor with the jockeyings of the great powers with respect to the Arab-Jewish conflict. I am concerned with only one question. Assuming that Israel will become viable, how can its people help the Arabs?

This is a matter of great interest to the Arab world. It is perhaps of not less interest to the United States. The wider the boundaries of world prosperity, by so much is our economic security buttressed. The more prosperous others are, by so much does our democratic system find allies.

A thousand years ago Arabs were pre-eminent in astronomy, mathematics, medicine. Today they are largely poverty-stricken, illiterate, diseased, and so backward, by Western standards, that they seemed almost subhuman to thousands of American soldiers who saw them during the war. Multitudes of Arabs spend most of their waking hours in search of food. Their lives are short, their miseries long. Arab agriculture is much what it was in the time of Abraham. Arab industry, where it exists at all, is mostly in the handicraft stage. Arab education is principally concerned with teaching students to memorize the Koran. Arab medicine is largely exorcism of the evil eye. Statistics, Arab and Western, bear out these assertions.

There is nothing "racial" in all this. A once great people, and still capable of greatness, Arabs are not less natively intelligent than other peoples. Those who emigrate, for example, soon prove themselves; one has only to take account of the economic status of Arabian Americans. The dreadful state into which the Arabs have fallen arises from long warfare among themselves and with

others; from the Turkish domination of many centuries; the brutality and backwardness of modern overlords of their own race; and that progressive disintegration which occurs when poverty, unchecked, breeds more poverty, disease more disease, illiteracy more illiteracy, apathy greater apathy. Yet it is reasonable to suppose that Western technology and a square deal at home could go far toward rescuing them from medievalism; it could feed, clothe, and shelter them; heal their sore-infested bodies; open the eyelids of their trachoma-infected children; whisk them from the twelfth century to the twentieth.

Here it is that Jewish Palestine might, if it is permitted, help its Arab neighbors. Self-interest, if nothing else, dictates that it should do so. A tiny island in an Arab ocean, Palestine Jewry needs the warm friendship of Arabs. It must look to markets in the Arab world for industrial and agricultural products, and as a source of raw materials. Arab prosperity would mean Jewish prosperity.

It is not that Palestinian Jews are "superior" to Arabs. On the contrary, many Oriental Jews are identical with their neighbors in personal filthiness, poverty, ignorance, and a predilection for the evil eye. It is simply that Jewish Palestine is a fragment of the West set down in the East; that by virtue of forced and voluntary emigration from the West it contains an extraordinarily high percentage of scientists and technicians; that, in order to wrest a living from the soil of Palestine, its Jews not only had to toil with a frenzy approaching desperation, but also had to apply the most advanced methods in agriculture, animal husbandry, fishing, medicine, sanitation, engineering.

Prior to 1918, health conditions in Palestine were similar to those of other Arab countries. Malaria

was widespread. Smallpox was common. There were constant epidemics of typhus and relapsing fever. Since the coming of large-scale Jewish immigration, malaria has been almost eradicated and the incidence of other diseases has been so reduced that Palestine's Arabs are healthier than those of any other Middle East country.

The best single measure of health conditions is the number of years a person may expect to live. For Palestine's Jews it is 63.5 years — almost the world's highest life expectancy. Here Palestinian Arabs have enormously benefited. During the past two decades their life expectancy has risen from 37 to nearly 50 years. By contrast, the average in Egypt is 34 years; in Iraq only 27 years.

Twenty years ago, 49 out of every 100 Moslem children died in infancy. As a result of economic progress and improved hygiene in Palestine, this figure has dropped to 13-18 in districts directly affected by Jewish development, and to 21-27 in other districts. But no comparable improvement has occurred in neighboring Moslem lands.

The Middle East must remain in misery unless it improves the interrelated factors of health and agriculture. There is a huge milk deficiency in the Middle East. Jewish settlers in Palestine developed their own milch cows by crossing Dutch Holsteins and English Jerseys with Syrian and Lebanese breeds, which are far superior to native Palestinian stock. These cows average 3500 quarts of milk annually as against 800 quarts given by Arab cows. Similarly, the native Arab hen lays an average of 70 small eggs a year. Jewish farmers, by introducing the Leghorn and crossing it with native breeds, have produced a hen that lays an average of 150 large eggs a year, and it is now found all over the country. Since these cows and hens were bred to flourish under Palestinian conditions of soil and climate, and since these conditions are similar to those prevailing in wide areas of the Middle East, it follows that their adoption elsewhere would enormously improve Moslem food production.

Jewish settlers have introduced the culture of sugar beets and sugar cane on a commercial scale. Through the use of scientific methods, they have hugely increased honey production. Vegetables, once rare in Palestine, may now be had all the time. Jews grow apples, pears, and other fruits; they produce cereals, beef, poultry, and dairy products. They have added to Palestine's food resources by growing tank-cultivated fish — an occupation at which they are so skillful that the South African government has recently asked for the loan of experts in this field.

But the outstanding achievement of Jewish agriculture is the scientific growing, grading, packing, and marketing of citrus fruits. Early Jewish settlers found a high-quality orange, the Shamuti, which they cultivated and improved. They introduced Washington navel and Valencia oranges, and grape-

fruit. Jewish methods were adopted by the Arabs, with the result that Palestine is now the second largest citrus exporting country in the world.

The depressed standards of life prevailing among the agrarian peoples of the Middle East are primarily the result of the low level of real income and of consumption due to the low productivity of their agriculture. The methods through which a transformation can be achieved are indicated by the experience of Jewish agriculturists in Palestine, which serves as a unique experimental laboratory for new crops and techniques, reclamation practices, and soil improvement systems. Many of its lessons are valid for other parts of the Middle East and deserve close study as an example of scientific approach to problems of agricultural development. The results achieved by Jewish pioneers in Palestine may be gauged from estimates of agricultural productivity. These show a figure of 603 International Units (one unit is roughly one dollar) per male worker in Jewish settlements, compared with 186 in Arab farming in Palestine, 90 in Egypt, 97 in Syria, and 64 in Southeast Asia.

Palestine Jewry has also created a modern industrial structure. Prior to the Second World War not much more than the beginnings of a manufacturing industry had been established. But by 1943 Palestine industry — principally Jewish — was accepting military orders to the value of nearly 50 million dollars. As evidence of its versatility it turned out mine layers for the British Navy, shrapnel, steel castings, electric cable, hydrofluoric acid, plastics, beer, citrus juices, scientific instruments, industrial diamonds, clothing, pharmaceuticals, and jams. Now Jewish Palestine is building a sizable chemical industry based upon the enormous chemical resources of the Dead Sea. It has the only plate-glass factory in the Middle East, and the largest foundry in the region, equipped to manufacture bathtubs and fittings.

Multitudes of Middle East Arabs have flocked into Palestine, where they find an escape from the brutality of their feudal overlords, better wages and working conditions, and better public services than elsewhere. Palestine's non-Jewish population grew from 516,000 in 1919 to 1,064,000 in 1944.

The theory of the Marshall Plan is that a prospering world is essential to American economic and political security; that if there were no Russian-directed expansion of communism, we should still need a prospering world; but since this expansion directly threatens us, we need it all the more. A Jewish Palestine offers to the Eastern world an advanced model of scientific agriculture, land reclamation, afforestation, health services, social welfare, educational and cultural activities. The new state, serving as an experimental laboratory for the Middle East, might, without cost to the United States Treasury, do much to raise the standard of living of the depressed millions of that area.

Surrender Scoop

When EDWARD KENNEDY filed the first bulletin to reach American readers with news of the Germans' final capitulation in May, 1945, he started a controversy that has remained at the boil ever since among newspapermen. Here for the first time is his complete reply to those who complained that he violated SHAEF's release agreement and took an unfair advantage over his colleagues. Mr. Kennedy was Chief of the Paris Bureau of the Associated Press and is now Managing Editor of the Santa Barbara News-Press.

I'D DO IT AGAIN

by EDWARD KENNEDY

1

EARLY in April, 1945, German resistance was crumbling fast on the Western Front. American troops crossed the Elbe. There was little blocking their way into Berlin, but they were pulled back. In the weeks that followed there was fraternization between the Americans held to one side of the Elbe and German soldiers on the other, who yelled, "Come on over, we're not fighting you any more." The halt permitted the Russians to edge into Berlin; that was its purpose.

To our people and troops, the Russians still were our gallant allies. But official relations between Washington and Moscow already were troubled by open Russian distrust and even hostility. In March, Stalin had baselessly accused Roosevelt of attempting to negotiate a virtual separate peace — a deal in which the Germans would fall back before the Western Allies in return for Anglo-American support of easier peace terms.

Our policy, based on a conviction that the winning of World War II would be worthless if it led only to a new contest with Russia, and that almost any price was worth paying to avoid such a development, was one of appeasement and concession toward Moscow. Military commanders were warned to avoid even the appearance of taking advantage of the German preference for us over the Russians.

It was against this jittery background that two German officers, Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeburg and Colonel Fritz Poleck, arrived at Field Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters on May 4, after all reports of fighting on the Western Front had ceased. Montgomery received them expecting only the surrender of more of the German forces facing his armies. But they said they had been sent by the government of Admiral Karl Doenitz, who had succeeded to power on Hitler's death, to discuss the surrender of all that was left of the Third Reich. That was beyond Monty's authority. He sent them on to Eisenhower at Forward Headquarters of the Supreme Command at Reims.

Friedeburg told Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, that he was not authorized to sign a surrender, but merely to get the terms on which a surrender might be signed and to learn how the Doenitz government would be expected to put it into effect. The Doenitz cabinet had fled Berlin for Flensburg, on the German-Danish frontier. British troops entered Flensburg and the regime became a captive one, but continued to function. The British Ministry of Information announced that the powerful radio station at Flensburg was being operated by the Germans, under Allied censorship.

Friedeburg was told that the new German government must authorize promptly an unconditional surrender to the Western Allies and Russia, or be held responsible for the continuance of the war. He sent this message to Doenitz. It was delivered to Flensburg by a courier from Second British Army Headquarters.

While awaiting the reply, Smith ruled that the surrender — the great news for which all the Allied world was waiting anxiously — would be held in Army secrecy, with war correspondents barred. It was to be reported only by designated Army personnel, who would supply their eyewitness accounts to the correspondents later. Brigadier General Frank A. Allen, head of the Supreme Command's Public Relations Division, mapped the press coverage of the event on that basis.

Smith's plan was upset when Charles C. Wertenbaker, head of the Paris staff of *Time*, bobbed up in Reims despite a rule against correspondents' going there and got a glimpse of something that gave the show away — two German uniforms. On the argument that Wertenbaker alone should not have an on-the-scene story, Lieutenant Colonel Burrows Matthews, peacetime editor of the *Buffalo Courier-Express* and a friend of the correspondents, persuaded Army Public Relations that correspondents be allowed to witness and report the surrender.

Smith reluctantly agreed to accept a limited number. He didn't want too many.

General Allen exhumed from the archives of SHAEF Public Relations a document entitled "Operation Jackplane." It had been drawn up while Supreme Headquarters was still in London, and had been intended to serve as a list of the first planeload of correspondents to be flown to Berlin on that city's fall. He decided that this would be the list for the surrender.

On Sunday morning, May 6, one of Allen's aides told me that the Associated Press staff, which I headed, was entitled to send one correspondent to report an event the nature of which could not be disclosed. I said I'd go myself.

Those selected were taken to a small airfield outside Paris, where we met General Allen. There were seventeen on the Jackplane list. The others were from the United Press, International News Service, Reuters, Exchange Telegraph, and the French and Russian news agencies; all the American, British, Canadian, and Australian radio networks; and two Army newspapers, *Stars and Stripes* and *The Maple Leaf* (Canadian). Allen felt that his list was an equitable one, for the correspondents on it represented, indirectly, practically every newspaper and radio station in the Allied world.

2

As the airplane winged northeastward, Allen told us that the trip concerned the impending surrender of the Germans. Then followed the "pledge on the plane," so much cited in the controversy which followed, Allen and some of the correspondents later vested this with the solemnity of an initiation in one of the more mystically inclined fraternal orders. In reality it was a rambling talk by the general.

He first warned of the possibility that the negotiations might fall through and of the disastrous effects that premature word might have in such event. He cautioned us to disclose the purpose of our voyage to no one—not even to other war correspondents—before the surrender was signed. He added that a time would be set for the release of the news, but that he did not know when it would be. He thereupon exacted of each of us a pledge "not to communicate the results of this conference or the fact of its existence until it has been released by the Supreme Headquarters."

The pledge on the plane had no special significance. It merely reaffirmed the signed pledge, required of all war correspondents on being accredited, not to evade censorship. The imposition of release time on some of the news originating at Supreme Headquarters was an everyday practice of SHAEF Public Relations. The pledge on the plane was no less binding for this. I naturally and automatically

registered my acceptance of the arrangements, as I had in hundreds of other cases. I gave my pledge in good faith, intending to honor it. I did honor it.

The airplane landed at Reims and we were taken to SHAEF Forward. A few moments later, Colonel General Gustav Jodl, the new chief of staff of the German Army, and his aide, Major Wilhelm Oxenius, arrived at the Headquarters. Jodl had been sent by Doenitz with full authority to surrender.

SHAEF Forward occupied the red brick building of a technical school, a two-story quadrangle sprawling over a block and enclosing a large court. We correspondents were placed in a classroom on the ground floor while Allen and his aides went upstairs to learn what was happening.

We waited nine hours. Allen paid us several visits, making varying statements as plans were changed upstairs. At one point he said that our sending of the news would be held up until the surrender was announced by the heads of the Allied governments. After further discussions with members of Eisenhower's staff, he told us that the importance of announcing the surrender immediately after the signing was so urgent that he expected the news to be released at Paris before we could return there.

Several correspondents complained that this would mean that correspondents left behind in Paris would report the news ahead of those especially selected for that purpose.

"But the correspondents in Paris will have only the bare announcement and you'll have the full eyewitness account," Allen said. "And you won't be much behind them. We'll get you back to Paris in short time."

Meanwhile several groups of correspondents who had not been invited to the surrender arrived in Reims by jeep. Despite the secrecy imposed, they had learned what was going on and where it was happening—through leaks in Allen's Public Relations staff. They were loud in their denunciations of the arbitrary selection which had left them out.

General Allen was deaf to their pleas. He ordered military police to bar them from the building. At sundown they were standing on the sidewalk in groups, talking angrily and peering forlornly through our classroom window.

Such notables among the "illegals" as Raymond Daniell of the *New York Times* and Helen Kirkpatrick of the *Chicago Daily News* protested that they represented newspapers which maintained complete foreign staffs. It was unthinkable, they said, that such newspapers be barred from reporting one of the great news stories of history. Allen defended his exclusion of individual newspapers on the ground that he had to draw the line somewhere for lack of space.

Then the outcasts discovered a flaw in his Jackplane plan in that one newspaper *was* represented.

Price Day of the Baltimore *Sun* had been pressed into service by the British news agency, Exchange Telegraph, which had been assigned one of the seventeen places. Allen met the situation by ruling that Day might write his story for Extel, but might not send the same account to his own paper. (This ruling was later rescinded and Day was permitted to file to the *Sun*, which in any case could have picked up his story from Extel in London.)

The embittered outsiders appealed to British Lieutenant General Frederick E. Morgan, as he arrived at the Headquarters. He said he'd intercede in their behalf. Morgan told Allen he thought something ought to be done about those correspondents outside. Allen misinterpreted this as a complaint and sent MP's out to chase them away under threat of arrest. That did not lessen their indignation.

3

AT 2.41 A.M., Monday, May 7, we Jackplane correspondents saw the signing of the unconditional surrender by the two crestfallen Nazi war lords. Our less fortunate confreres chafed on the sidewalks of Reims in the chill early morning air, although various Headquarters officers managed to slip WAC and Red Cross girl friends into the room to see the historic event. The surrender took place in the L-shaped war room, its walls covered with maps and casualty charts. The correspondents and other witnesses were roped off in one corner, but Army photographers buzzed around the table and mounted a stepladder placed next to it for "angle shots."

The Allied signers — Bedell Smith for the Supreme Command, General François Sevez for France, General Ivan Susloparov for the Soviet Union, and Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, R.N., for a separate Naval disarmament order — were seated at the table. The Germans entered the room uncertainly and blinking in the glare of lights. Jodl was solemn, Friedeburg shaky. (Friedeburg committed suicide a few days later.)

The Allied signers arose and Smith beckoned the Germans to two vacant chairs on the opposite side of the table, remarking dryly, "There are four copies to be signed."

After the signatures of all were affixed — the documents and pens were passed from one another around the table — Jodl made a brief plea for such generosity as the Allies might be able to show to the German people and the two walked slowly out of the room.

They were led to Eisenhower's office. The Supreme Commander, flanked by his deputy, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur W. Tedder, asked them sternly if they understood the terms and if they would be carried out. They said yes. We were allowed to witness this scene through a doorway.

In a delayed-action burst of generosity, Allen

permitted the outcast correspondents to enter the Headquarters after the surrender and to look at the room in which it had been signed, so that they might describe it in their stories.

We, the Lucky Seventeen, were led back to our classroom while Allen talked with high SHAEF officers to get a final decision on the time of the release of the news. While waiting, I wrote my dispatch. I handed it to a censor. He read it and stamped it.

At about 4 A.M., Allen appeared and said: "Gentlemen, I had anticipated that the news would be released at once, but it appears that this is not to be the case. General Eisenhower is desirous of having the news announced immediately for its possible effect in saving lives, but his hands are tied at a high political level and we can do nothing about it. The release has been set for 3 P.M., Tuesday, Paris time."

Exclamations of disgust went up from the correspondents. The bland admission that political censorship was being imposed — contrary to the demands of military security — set off bitter recriminations. General Allen's seventeen trained seals became almost as unruly as those he had left off his list.

"I appreciate your point of view, gentlemen," he said. "I personally think this story ought to be released without delay. I will try my best to get it released before the time set, but I don't know how effective I shall be. In any case, there is nothing for us to do now but return to Paris."

I was exasperated by the situation, but confident that the news would be released during the morning. The absurdity of attempting to bottle up news of such magnitude was too apparent. I knew from experience that one might as well try to censor the rising of the sun.

We flew back to Paris in the pale gold sunshine of an early May morning. I have never seen the city so beautiful as it was from the air that day, crowned by the white gleaming dome of Sacré Coeur. Already the traffic of workers to their jobs had begun; the streets were full of little black dots. They would not work this day through. What news we had for them, and for workers everywhere! News that would make them throw down their tools and celebrate the peace after years of hardship and worry.

At 10 A.M., General Allen held a press conference at the Hôtel Scribe, Public Relations Headquarters. It was an angry meeting. The correspondents barred from the signing were still complaining. The incomprehensible decision to hold up the news for thirty-six hours strained tempers more. Allen said he was doing his best to get it released that day.

I learned from high SHAEF officers that the delay had been ordered from Washington, at the request of the Russians, who wanted to hold another and "more formal" ceremony in Berlin.

This sounded strange. The Reims surrender was unconditional, it fulfilled the proclaimed objective of the Allies, and Russia was a full partner to it. Any second ceremony would be meaningless, except for Soviet propaganda purposes.

I took a short walk. Everywhere were rumors of the end of the war and puzzlement that no announcement had come.

In the Scribe lobby, correspondents were standing about in bunches, muttering their displeasure and drawing up resolutions against SHAEF Public Relations. I could see little use in joining them, so I went to our AP office on the fourth floor and took stock of the reports coming one upon the other.

De Gaulle's office said he was writing his V Day address. General Sevez, who signed for France, had sent his eyewitness account to the newspaper *Figaro*. Paris noon newspapers published dispatches from London saying that loud-speakers were being erected at 10 Downing Street and that Britain awaited only the formal announcement. Official word was sent to Allied soldiers at the front. The British War Ministry made known the details to its personnel, including civilian employees.

I was convinced that if the formal release did not soon come, the news would inevitably break through the barrier some other way. At 2.03 P.M., Paris time, the break came. Count von Krosigk, foreign minister of the Doenitz government at Flensburg, announced the unconditional surrender in a broadcast beamed to the world and addressed to "German Men and Women."

"After a heroic fight of almost six years of incomparable hardness, Germany has succumbed to the overwhelming power of her enemies," he said.

The Krosigk broadcast was monitored by the British Ministry of Information and immediately distributed for publication. I heard it in a British Broadcasting Corporation broadcast on our office radio a few moments later. In succeeding minutes urgent telegrams arrived from the AP in New York and London relaying the Krosigk announcement.

I knew that Flensburg was occupied by Allied troops. I knew that the Doenitz government could not have broadcast its announcement without the consent of the Supreme Command. It was clear that SHAEF itself had broken through the gag. German Army communications were so disrupted that a public broadcast was the only means of making sure that isolated units knew the war was over and dropped their arms.

I tried to reach General Allen by telephone to tell him that the news of the surrender had been released, but was told that he was too busy to talk to me. Accompanied by Relman Morin of my staff, I went to the office of Lieutenant Colonel Richard H. Merrick, the chief American censor, and showed him the text of the Flensburg announcement.

"I can't help it," he said. "I have orders to follow."

My pledge — in General Allen's words — was not to break the news "until it has been released by the Supreme Headquarters." I told Merrick that since Supreme Headquarters had released the news through the Germans, I felt under no further obligation to observe the gag. "I give you warning now that I am going to send the story," I said.

"Do as you please," he said. He could not conceive, of course, of a correspondent getting a dispatch through the iron curtain that the censorship thought it had thrown around the European Theater.

I went to my room and weighed the matter. I knew that sending the story would bring upon me the wrath of Public Relations and of the other correspondents. It was not a desire to make a "scoop" that pushed me inexorably to my decision — I had already scored plenty of those. It was a conviction that my duty was to report the news. If any personal feeling affected my judgment, it was the accumulated vexation over the dishonesties of censorship under which I had worked during five years of war. This topped them all, for here was admittedly political censorship in clear-cut violation of the cardinal point of American censorship — as enunciated from the White House down — that it would be limited to matters of genuine military security. I made up my mind. I have never regretted my decision.

4

I KNEW that I could reach our London office by military telephone. I had used this telephone many times, with the knowledge of Public Relations officers. I had talked over it to members of our staff in Front areas and to our London bureau on matters concerning our service. In accordance with my obligations, I had never used it to evade censorship. Anyone could call "Paris Military" from the Scribe and be connected with any telephone in London. Any enemy agent in Paris might have done this. The fact that SHAEF had left this loophole in its supposedly airtight security system is something for the military mind to explain.

I started writing a condensed version of my account of the surrender and instructed Mort Gudebrod of our staff to put in a call for London. I accepted full responsibility for his action, but SHAEF Public Relations later imposed a penalty on him as well as me.

I dictated the story until the telephone connection went bad. I got through all the essential details of the event at Reims — enough to make it clear that this was no rumor, but an authentic account by an eyewitness; that this was the real thing, the news for which the world was waiting.

"Well, now let's see what happens," I said to members of my staff. "I may not be around here much longer."

They laughed nervously.

The storm broke quickly. General Allen suspended the operations of the Associated Press in the entire European Theater. Even our room telephones were cut off.

Correspondents dashed madly about the Scribe. Their chagrin and rage knew no bounds. Messages poured in from their home offices — why didn't they have the story?

General Allen, by this time an expert at rubbing salt into open wounds, ruled that the official release time of 3 P.M. the following day was still in effect. He decided that the other correspondents might quote from my story, since it was already out, but might not send their own dispatches.

The effect of such a ruling on the already shattered nerves of the correspondents may be imagined. While the crowds outside the Scribe were shouting themselves hoarse over the war's end, correspondents inside the hotel were losing their voices in denunciations of me, Allen, and the general situation.

My dispatch was published and broadcast the world over, and set off a gigantic celebration. Even SHAEF itself spread it through Europe in twenty languages over the Command's broadcasting station.

As far as I could determine, no action was to be taken against me immediately, but I was not permitted to work. The most practical course seemed to be to go out and join in the celebration. I did.

Allen's suspension of the Associated Press brought a bombardment of protests in the United States. SHAEF had penalized not only the AP, but every newspaper and radio station receiving AP news and their readers and listeners — at a time when they were vitally interested in news from the European Theater. The War Department, heeding public indignation, sent a strong recommendation to SHAEF to cool down. The ban on the AP was lifted, but the suspension of Gudebrod and myself as correspondents remained in effect.

At noon the following day — the "official" V-E Day, as distinguished from the real one — the embittered correspondents met in the briefing room at the Scribe. They demanded a reimposition of the suspension of the AP to bar that organization from sending the official release. Apparently they fancied the world still waiting breathlessly for the already stale news.

As hysteria mounted, it was touch and go as to whether Allen or I would be their main target. Wertenbaker offered a motion that "Public Relations of SHAEF and its director [General Allen] no longer have the confidence of correspondents." It was quickly seconded but left hanging as a new keynote was sounded by Drew Middleton of the *New York Times*, who said: "You realize, gentlemen, that you have taken the worst beating of your lives. The question is, what are you going to do about it?"

In view of the enormity of the beating they had taken and the querulous demands of their home offices for explanations, there was only one way out of their embarrassment. That was to brand me as an unspeakable scoundrel who had broken the confidence which they had so nobly kept.

Several more moderate correspondents advised against a condemnation before SHAEF's investigation of the incident was completed and the facts determined. They were shouted down. A petition was drafted excoriating me in language worthy of the frenzy of the assembly and demanding that the Associated Press be forbidden to report news for a punitive period. It was signed by fifty-four correspondents and sent to Eisenhower. He promptly rejected it.

Here was an episode in the long struggle for the freedom of the press never likely to be set on canvas: an elite battalion of knights of the press waging a fight to deny a part of the press the right to report news, with a five-star graduate of West Point as the champion of their prey.

The venom loosed at the meeting found its way into the dispatches of some of the correspondents. More of it got into their explanatory messages to their home offices. Most of them probably believed in their righteousness and my wickedness. They were in no mood to examine what justification there might have been for my action, or to realize that they could have done the same thing had they been alert to developments. They were smarting too terribly to think of anything but revenge — and a plausible explanation for their failure.

I was not much concerned over the action of the correspondents or an equally preposterous report of Allen accusing me of endangering lives and all but wrecking the peace. I was discredited as a correspondent on the basis of this report, which any investigation of the facts would have exploded.

Then came a statement from Robert McLean, president of the Associated Press, expressing regret for the distribution of the surrender news "in advance of authorization by Supreme Allied Headquarters." This repudiation was a more serious blow. It was also a disillusionment, for I had believed that the precise difference between the Associated Press and the Nazi press was that the former reported news and the latter "authorized news." I left for America.

5

ON arrival I found a national debate still raging over the ethics of my action. Everyone had an opinion; nobody, it seemed, was neutral. Despite the accusations of Army Public Relations, the distorted dispatches of griped correspondents, and McLean's repudiation, I found — as did the War Department in a survey — that sentiment was overwhelmingly on my side. In scores of newspaper

editorials and thousands of letters awaiting me, the proportion was about 80 *pro* to 20 *con*.

The mass of Americans took the view that once the war in Europe was over they had a right to know it. They had perception enough to see through the accusations of correspondents beaten on a story, and sense enough to know that lives are not endangered by announcing the end of hostilities; they may be lost by withholding the announcement.

But there was fierce antagonism in certain quarters: in the Army's Public Relations bureaucracy and among newspaper organizations whose correspondents were involved. Some of the latter, notably the *New York Times*, were powerful in the Associated Press directorate. These quarters had applied strong pressure on McLean; he had yielded and issued his statement, admittedly without knowing the full facts at the time.

I told Kent Cooper, the operating head of the AP, that in view of McLean's statement I did not see how I could remain with the organization. He refused to accept my resignation or dismiss me. The membership of the AP was divided; the case was too hot to take a stand on. He suggested that I end the controversy by admitting a breach of confidence and asking forgiveness all around. I naturally refused that false and cowardly way out. He next passed on to me an attractive job offer elsewhere. I refused that convenient way out. I considered my connection with the AP ended, but the AP has never yet ventured a word on its disposition of the case.

I set about obtaining a fair hearing, confident that it could result only in my vindication. I knew that the Flensburg announcement could not have been made without the authorization of the Supreme Command, but obtaining proof was difficult, since it could be had only from the Army itself.

I called on the War Department for an explanation of how the Flensburg broadcast was made. Even when several members of Congress pressed for this information, the Army squirmed and dodged, delayed, and pretended not to know. It took a year, but at length I got what I wanted, a signed admission from Bedell Smith, chief of staff of the Supreme Command, that:—

"Ludwig Schwerin von Krosigk did officially announce the unconditional surrender of Germany in a broadcast to the German people and to the world from Flensburg. . . . This announcement was made pursuant to orders from Supreme Headquarters that the German troops were to be informed by every possible means of the surrender and directed to cease resistance. . . ."

SHEAF itself had not merely authorized the breaking of the news before the "official" release time. It had ordered it!

The rest was easy. Senator Sheridan Downey presented the facts and their proof to General

Eisenhower. Eisenhower, after reviewing the case, restored my credentials as a war correspondent. It was, of course, a symbolic act since the war was long over, but it lifted any bar which might prevent me from operating with the Army in the future. He did not rescind the original order. Armies don't do things that way. But the restoration and the announcement in the Senate of the facts which led to the action were all that I needed. The record was cleared at last.

Developments which followed showed the surrender staged by the Russians in its true light. It was Moscow's first post-war move against the Western powers, a propaganda trick preliminary to the ideological offensive and territorial expansion which started immediately after the surrender was signed. The Russians' purpose in asking the delay was to give them time to organize their mock ceremony in the ruins of the German capital. That the Berlin surrender might appear to be the real one, they asked that announcement of the event at Reims be suppressed until some hours *after* the Berlin performance. This was refused, but Truman and Churchill — the latter reluctantly and only on pressure from Washington — agreed to hold up the news, which belonged to the Allied peoples, until the time of the Berlin meeting. It was a political concession which might have cost Allied lives had not SHAEF violated it. It was one of those decisions of President Truman which are hard to understand, an appeasement of the Yalta-Potsdam period.

No word of the real surrender in Reims has ever appeared in the Soviet-controlled press. Behind the iron curtain most people believe that the Red Army obtained the surrender of the Germans, with but slight aid from the armies of the West. This misinformation might well affect the degree of willingness with which they might march in a future war.

The situation which led to my breaking through the barrier was an attempt to falsify history which will always be abhorrent to any true reporter, but it is long past and certainly not an issue in today's troubled world. The Russian action was quite in line with the Soviet conception of the press for propaganda, and nothing to get excited about; the fault was ours for falling for it.

The controversy in newspaper circles over the V-E Day story probably will never end, though with the passage of time sentiment has been increasingly in my favor. Many of the correspondents who signed the petition are still my friends; when we meet, the subject never seems to come up. I have always appreciated their good reason for chagrin at the time; if I had been in their place I would have been as sore. I can't believe that I would have joined in such a denunciation without determining the facts, but then I have no way of knowing: I was never that angry.

I Personally

The son of a former Canadian lumberman, JOHN J. ROWLANDS took to the woods at an early age. For six years he prospected for gold in upper Ontario and Quebec; and Porcupine, Cobalt, and Hudson Bay are places he knows by heart. After prospecting came newspaper work with the United Press, and then his present administrative duties at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. But when the old call to the northlands becomes irresistible he joins forces with his friend Henry B. Kane, and together they head for Canada. Out of their trips have come that resourceful, vivid book, Cache Lake Country, and writing as finely descriptive as this.

TRAIN TO MOOSE FACTORY

by JOHN J. ROWLANDS

I

A YOUNG Indian mother with a placid brown baby under one arm and a bulging pack-sack slung from her shoulder hurried toward me anxiously inquiring, "Moose? . . . Moose?" Before I could straighten out an obvious case of mistaken identity, several voices assured her in broken English and James Bay Cree that the train behind me was the right one for "Moose." On the timetable it is "Moosonee."

Departure of the Ontario Northland's mixed train, which runs twice a week from Cochrane, Ontario, some two hundred miles "down north" to the end of steel at Moosonee, is somewhat of an event. Moosonee's tar-papered houses and log cabins squat on high spots in the swampy flats along the Moose River, and early in the summer when the Indians return from the fur country it becomes a tent village of Moose Band Crees and thieving sled dogs that howl in the sorrows of starvation night and day. A few miles to the north the Moose, some two miles wide here, empties into James Bay, the lower part of Hudson Bay.

When we went to the station at Cochrane that August morning, the Moosonee train consisted of an assortment of freight cars, three old and faded blue wooden passenger coaches which were already well filled with Indian families, and a caboose that had weathered from red to chalky pink. The dusty but capable-looking locomotive with clanking driving rods somehow gave the impression it was being sent into a wilderness Coventry for some misdemeanor on the high iron of the main line. Now and then it left us for a while, announcing its return each time by a jolt as it added another car to the train. The final count was twenty-five.

An hour after scheduled starting time, word got around that we were being held to take on an official car attached to the Northland Express, coming from the south. While we waited the Indian fam-

ilies gradually left the cars and fanned out for a last look at the stores along the dusty main street which parallels the tracks. Every time a locomotive whistled they stampeded back to the train, sat awhile in alert silence, and then trickled back to their window shopping.

A Finnish pulpwood cutter, who had come aboard some time before with a case of ale, scurried unsteadily from the train and came back triumphantly shouldering another, which he stowed behind my seat with a grunt of great satisfaction.

The express, a string of sleek Pullmans and shining steel coaches, finally arrived and slid to a stop farther down the platform as if to avoid contact with a shabby relative. The official car was switched to our train and, an hour and a half late, we were ready to go.

Just before we left, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable and a Provincial police officer walked through the train, scrutinizing every stranger and keeping an eye open for any sign of forbidden liquor in the packs of the Indians. Several times they stopped to ask passengers, "What is your destination? Have you a job? How long do you plan to stay?" It was done quietly and courteously, and everyone in the train was accounted for in one way or another. It's a good thing to have a reason when you head into the sub-Arctic Canadian bush.

Our goal was Moose Factory, second oldest post of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the mouth of the Moose River. This is the jumping-off place for the Eastern Arctic posts. From there we would go by canoe to Hannah Bay, that vast and lonely tidal rendezvous of the waveys, the blue and the snow geese, which stop to feed and rest on their long migration from the desolate Arctic barrens to the wintering grounds in the Southern states. Our reason: wildlife photography.

You can make a lot of friends in an hour on a frontier train, and before we were fifty miles north of Cochrane the passengers were moving about. No one introduced himself; people just came and sat on the arm of your seat and began talking.

Our conductor wore faded blue overalls and a cotton engineer's cap, but he pulled on a blue uniform with the brass buttons of his office for the leisurely process of taking tickets. Then the coat came off.

The dark girl who, as we left Cochrane, had fixed her eyes on the spruce-fringed southern horizon with what seemed a look of desperate loneliness was an Indian Affairs Department nurse on her way to an isolated Arctic post for a stay of three years. A middle-aged prospector, an old-timer who was going in "just to look around," assured the girl she would like the east coast of Hudson Bay.

"The only ones who need to worry are them that live alone in the bush," he told her. "Then you've got to learn to tell when you've been in long enough. One way is to nail a piece of gunny sack to the door and every time you go out you touch it. When it begins to feel like silk it's time to head south. Another way to know when the bush is getting you is when you quit wanting to go out. That's long enough to stay, Miss, for sure. But take a man — when he begins to think Indian women are pretty, he hits the back trail — that is, if he's got any sense. But you'll be with folks at the post and working hard, and you'll enjoy it." The girl thanked him. Then as if to reassure her, he added, "You're in luck. Up to last year they had only one mail a year along the east coast of The Bay. Now you get it four times by plane — September, December, March, and June."

The train halted every few miles, often for no apparent reason. At Mile 23 we stopped by a log cabin in a clearing hacked out of the wall of black spruce and tamarack. The baggageman lowered four bottles of milk to a young fellow while a tired-looking woman with a very small baby in her arms watched dully from the cabin doorway. The conductor leaned across me and waved through the window. "We bring them milk from the hospital at Cochrane," he explained. "The baby pretty nearly didn't live at first. It's puny and needs special feeding. We're glad to help. They're having a tough time trying to make a homestead out of the bush." The train moved on.

2

COCHRANE is on the Canadian National Railway's transcontinental line and the region between it and James Bay lies in Northern Ontario's great clay belt. Here all streams run north and most of them carry the color of the tawny clay through which they flow. Except for waterways in the muskeg,

where the brown water is often clean and cold, fishing in this region is poor.

White pine, poplar, white spruce, and the frowzy, slender jack pine thrive on the high land, but in the muskeg, which covers vast areas, the black spruce with tufted tops grow in closed ranks, shouldering each other in the eternal struggle to reach open sunlight. And where the pale feathery tamarack can find standing room it, too, flourishes in the black muck under the sphagnum moss. The bright purplish-red glow of fireweed covers burned-over areas along the track, hiding the blackened bones of dead trees and fire-scaled boulders.

Our northward progress was slow. Stations as such became further and further apart, and mile-posts replaced them as scheduled stops. The wood-cutter's ticket read: "From Cochrane to Mile 144." From time to time we stopped to drop a pulp or flat car on a rusty spur track and then every man, woman, and child got off the train. Indian children played tag through and under the cars, and men talked about the summer being hot and dry, and the danger of bush fires. There was a haze in the sky and the faint, disturbing smell of smoke that came on the wind from a fire a hundred miles to the west.

Hemmed in by high walls of black spruce with the endless drainage ditches on either side, the track stretched straight ahead, two gleaming streaks of steel that merged far away to a thin line of silver rippling in the heat waves. We were in the soft muskeg country and the roadbed was built on tangled mats of spruce and tamarack felled where they stood and covered with gravel. In most places the permanent frost was less than four feet below the surface. In the muck by the right of way were the sharp imprints of moose tracks.

There are few deer north of the transcontinental line, but moose are fairly plentiful and the black bear is common and sometimes a nuisance. Timber wolves still roam the region, but they are more numerous to the west and south, for they follow the deer. The James Bay region is still a profitable fur district and there is good reason to believe that government regulation of trapping in certain sections will eventually make it a richer fur country than it was when the white man first trod its forests.

The fine-looking, white-haired man who sat with his wife opposite us was hard to place. In any capital of the world he could have been an elder statesman; he could have been a judge or a great surgeon, yet he belonged to the north in that indefinable way that balks explanation. His shoulders drooped a little and he sat looking straight ahead in the way of a man of years who no longer needs to look to know. A seal ring on his left hand bore a crest of a sheaf of grain surmounted by a helmet with visor open.

At first he treated us with the peculiar reserve of men of the north toward strangers. When we crossed the Abitibi and I remarked I had come down the river by canoe prospecting for gold in 1911, which was long before the Ontario Northland line had been thought of, even before the Transcontinental Railway had been finished, he warmed. Unknown to each other, we had worked in Cobalt when that great silver camp was a shining place in the mining world, and we had seen Porcupine and then Kirkland Lake grow from tented prospect camps to become one of the world's great gold-mining regions. Now after thirty-seven years I had come back and I needed no other credentials. He was purchasing agent at the power plant on the Abitibi and was on his way home after several months in the hospital at Cochrane.

He was still a bit shaky, he explained. They had taken him out with pneumonia and other complications early in March — fifty miles on a gasoline speeder with the temperature at twenty below zero.

"Don't know how I made it," he said; "perhaps I can thank my stout Scotch Highland ancestors. Keeping alive comes high up here when you get sick. They will send an engine and baggage car down from Cochrane in case of emergency, but that costs \$195. The speeder was cheaper but very cold."

He had gone in as chief accountant when they built the power plant twenty years ago, he told us.

"I was fifty then and we've been here ever since. Always planned to go outside — no place for a woman, you know — but somehow it didn't work out. The years tramp you down and jobs are not easy to find."

But they were very comfortable — lights in the house, a bathroom, and electric stove and refrigerator — all the comforts and plenty of wood. "But still it was the bush, the everlasting, endless silent bush," he said. "To this day bears come in to eat the blueberries near our house, and in winter we hear the wolves off to the west. We miss a lot, of course, but there are some compensations. The trout fishing, I might say, is admirable just below the spillway."

From the train we looked down the gorge of the Abitibi where the great powerhouse stands athwart the frothing river, the self-contained, omnipotent giant of a tiny community of company houses in the wilderness, but tethered securely to civilization by a leash of shining aluminum strands.

In the bush, time and distance take on new meanings. A young fellow on the train was intently writing a letter to his girl, the daughter of a Hudson's Bay Company man at a post seven hundred miles north. Before he got off the train halfway down he asked me to mail the letter at Moosonee. It would go north on the September plane and with luck he'd have an answer by Christmas.

Somewhere around Mile 120 the woodcutter came back to retrieve the case of ale he had cached behind my seat. The quality and the quantity of the brew had done its work and he was well on the way to oblivion. Opening the case, he invited all to join him as he pulled out a bottle, clamped the cap between his teeth at the corner of his mouth, and yanked downward. The caps flew off, one after another, and with a nice gesture to the science of sanitation he carefully wiped the tops of the bottles on his coat sleeve before passing them around.

Preparations for getting the woodcutter off at the pulp camp near Mile 144 required the combined efforts of the conductor and brakeman, for the man had lost track of his packsack and refused to leave his ale to hunt it. They were still searching when the train stopped, but by that time he had reached the fighting stage and refused to budge. The well-practiced train crew dragged him to the platform and pushed him off into the watery muskeg ditch by the track. His packsack followed him and then what was left of the case of ale. The carton landed on a boulder and the sound of splintering bottles brought a howl of anguish from the owner. Then in a dazed silence he lurched toward the crumpled carton, dropped to his knees in the muck beside it, and stared at the mass of broken glass. Slowly and with loving touch he lifted the fragments one by one and dropped them into the ditch. His shoulders were shaking convulsively and when we pulled away he was still kneeling by the box, sobbing from deep in his breast as only a man can weep in drunken grief.

"That's the second time this summer," said the brakeman, crumpling his cap to wipe the sweat off his face.

3

LIFE on the train to Moosonee was easygoing. Coats and ties were discarded, for the Canadian summer, already shortened by a laggard spring and a cold June, was making the most of the time that was left. It was ninety outside and still warmer in the cars.

At noon sharp the train stopped in the middle of a desolate stretch of country, and after a prolonged blast on the whistle the engineer and fireman walked back to the caboose. It was dinnertime and for an hour the train stood in the quiet wilderness while the crew enjoyed beef stew and baking soda biscuits cooked on a coal range by the conductor's pretty wife.

If we hadn't made a late start, the stop for dinner would have been further north where the track crosses a particularly fine creek that flows through a black spruce swamp. The conductor, a fisherman of some reputation, carries a rod and a hatful of flies and it is his custom whenever possible to spend part of his lunch hour dropping flies on the cool,

brown water of a pool beside the track. It is said that under proper conditions and with fair luck trout are browning in bacon fat on the caboose stove less than twenty minutes after the train stops.

Part of our coach was partitioned off for a lunch counter, and while the train crew ate we got in line for dinner, a surprisingly complete menu of good roast beef, bread, potatoes, cabbage, pie, and coffee. The price was seventy-five cents. A quiet little man from one of the other cars came in, took a seat next me, and before starting his meal bowed his head for a whispered blessing.

An uninhibited man from Indiana, who with his wife and son was adventuring in the north, held forth at the far end of the counter. He had been talking every mile of the way down from Cochrane.

"Let me tell you," he was saying to all who cared to listen, "this young fella and his sister that run the lunch counter could show our boys a thing or two about puttin' on a meal for a price. Why, say, back in Indiana this meal would cost you two to three dollars. But our coffee is better'n yours. Always heard they make poor coffee up here. Most of you folks drink tea, I guess, but I don't go for that." His wife beamed agreement, but the son looked uneasy. He finished his meal first and went out to walk beside the train.

"Pop's pretty excited about this trip," he told us later as though he felt an explanation were needed. "When he was a kid he pined to be a fur trader, and ever since, he's read everything about the north he could get his hands on. Wrote when I was overseas that when I got back we'd all come up here. All these years he's been planning a trip like this, and he's certainly getting a kick out of it. It's his first vacation in five years and he deserves it. Pop's a grand guy; you can see that." And we did.

Not long after we left the dinner stop the train came to a grinding halt and suddenly began backing up at a good rate, a practice which is safe only on a one-track, one-train line. Heads craned from every window to see what was happening, but not until we had retraced two miles of track was the reason apparent. There beside the track by the bank of a stream was an old Indian with a canoe, a dirty mattress, and several rolls of dunnage. Looking back along the train for signs of hotboxes, the engineer had by mere chance spotted the old man climbing up on the track and waving in what seemed a hopeless gesture. No one was disturbed, least of all the old Indian; for in the bush, time makes ample allowance for the unexpected. The crew helped him load his canoe and camp equipment into the nearest open boxcar and we were on our way again without any rushing to make up lost time.

An hour later we were flagged down at a river crossing to take on ten Indians, their canoes and much winter dunnage, as well as several lean sled

dogs which snarled at each other while the canoes were being loaded. There was a lot of good-natured banter in Cree between the new passengers and Indians on the train. A Canada jay, known wherever men travel in the north as the moosebird or whiskey-jack, watched the trappers' departure from the shadows of a spruce. It had, no doubt, followed them on their trip out for the morsels it could pick up on the way.

The track foreman's wife, an ample and cheerful person in a gingham dress, got off at Mile 166, where her husband's work train stood on a siding beside a stretch of country that had been burned over twenty years ago. The various pails she carried were for raspberries. It was good berrying land.

In July, she told me, she picked blueberries down around Coral Rapids. That is as far north as they grow in this region, but the raspberries thrive right down to The Bay and out on the Islands.

"You won't find bigger or better-flavored berries this side of Heaven," she said. "Big as a thimble, they are. I took eighty quarts back two weeks ago and I'm down now to get more for jam to send to my married daughter."

The biggest and best berries, she philosophized, are, like anything else of special value, harder to find. Mostly they ripen in the warm shade right under a leaf, but by kneeling down and looking up through the canes you spot them and do the rest by touch. After you've been berrying a few years you learn to know just the kind of a leaf a prime berry likes to hide under.

"I've been out in The Bay for wild strawberries, too," she added. "The berries that grow out on those sandy islands are large and easy to pick, which is something to brag about if you've ever been after the wild ones. And flavor!—never tasted anything like them, 'specially with thick cream. So sweet they don't need sugar. But the mosquitoes are enough to drive you crazy and the tides are dangerous, so folks don't go after them much. Breaks my heart to think of hundreds of bushels going to waste."

4

THE official car, which was the subject of a good deal of curiosity, was carrying a Crown Commission of medical men sent by the government to study the problem of tuberculosis among the Indians in the Hudson Bay region. There were six of them and a woman social service specialist. They had planned to start earlier, but the spring was late and the ice didn't go out of James Bay until July 15. It was now the middle of August and they had only until the end of September to complete their survey.

Undertaking the impossible is an everyday chore in the north country. The medical men were carry-

ing complete X-ray equipment, including a heavy gasoline engine and generator to produce power for the tubes, as well as much other apparatus. All this, weighing several tons, had to be transported by boat from post to post of the Hudson's Bay Company and overland to isolated Indian reservations along the west coast of Hudson Bay. The doctors walked through the train several times, looking over the Indian passengers with the cool professional detachment of medical research specialists.

The Ontario Northland line crosses the Moose River on a high steel trestle which is the best part of a mile long. Our approach to the flag stop at the river was heralded by an excited yell from the Indiana adventurer, whose head had spent most of the trip outside the window.

"Say, Helen, get an eyeful of this. It's the famous Moose River! Why, say, I've read about this place for years. Used to be the main fur trade route in the good old days. Funny, but somehow I thought it'd be bigger. Look at those rapids! George, how'd you like to run them in a canoe? So this is the great Moose. S-o-m-e river! Wait till I tell the boys back home about this."

Indians, waiting to see the train come in, walked along beside the cars, grinning and reaching up to shake hands with friends and strangers alike. A big Cree trapper climbed aboard, followed by his wife, who was staggering under a heavy shoulder pack and carrying a shabby suitcase in each hand. Without so much as a gesture of assistance, he ordered her to hurry. That is the way of the Indian and no one paid any attention.

The heavily built, close-coupled man who sat with a plump and pleasant-looking woman in a seat at the end of the car was quiet most of the way down. He kept his hat on all day long, his small brown eyes watching the passengers constantly. Once in a while they twinkled with amusement. At intervals during the afternoon he folded into a boneless huddle, laid his head on the window sill with hat brim over his eyes, and dropped to sleep in the way of a man long used to taking his rest any-time, any-where.

He was a free trader, specializing in white fox furs, who with the aid of his wife had carved out a bleak little empire of his own well up on the east coast of Hudson Bay. People who knew him when he ran a lunchroom in the gold camps twenty years ago said he must be making a tidy fortune.

Most of the Indians who passed through the car in a continual procession to buy pop at the lunch counter recognized the trader and several stopped to shake hands with him. There was obvious respect and apparently some affection for him. A network of fine lines, the familiar effect of glare from snow and ice, fanned out from the edges of the man's eyes, and when the sun slanted through the window they instantly narrowed to thin slits. The free trader and his wife come out for a month

or so nearly every year. They were returning now from a trip to California.

"Glad to be going home again," he said. "It was a good trip, but The Bay country will look fine to us. Life here is simple; you take time to see where you're going and what for." He wondered why people in the cities think that rushing gets you there any faster; "sure, into a hole in the ground faster!"

The trader didn't have much to say about his business. He had bought a lot of supplies, for the Eskimos of the offshore islands depended on him for outfitting. His gasoline freight boat would be at Moosonee to take them and the supplies home, five hundred miles across The Bay. He hoped the trade goods had arrived, for time was getting short and the treacherous weather of fall on The Bay was not far away. He liked the Eskimos better than Indians. "Clean, happy, and more resourceful," he said, "and their word is as good as a contract."

His wife remarked that the only unpleasant part of their trips outside was getting used to the noise of civilization. In Nebraska, where they visited her sister for a week, they had to go to the back of the house and close all the windows to get any rest, and at that they lost a lot of sleep.

"Don't believe I could stand it for a steady way of living," she thought. "We're so used to the silence of the north that city noises make us nervous. Where we live you can almost hear the lemmings breathing."

The trader's wife talked steadily and hungrily, now telling, now asking. She wanted to know about our families and what they did. She spoke of books. They were precious to her. Someone had sent her one that she read three times in one winter. Had I ever read the Bible? — It was good reading. She had saved magazines for years and now some of them were so nearly forgotten she felt sure they would seem almost brand-new when she read the stories this year.

Events that happened years before were summoned out of time in clear detail as though they had occurred but yesterday. She told us much about their summer of travel, speaking of scenes and people and the minutiae of their lives. I had the feeling that she was reviewing her experiences, not just because she wanted to tell us, but as a means of etching the images still deeper in her memory.

She listened to our talk in the way of one to whom every word, no matter how trivial, had enormous value. She was instinctively and industriously garnering thoughts, ideas, scraps of information, to store away as a reserve against the long dark winter when with great thrift, word by word and thought by thought, it would be withdrawn from the shelves of her memory.

There were times, she told us, when you needed everything you had to think about. One was when

her husband left on a trading trip that usually took only a week and didn't come back for a month. She waited alone with only an old sled dog for companionship. A storm had broken up The Bay ice and her husband was marooned at an Eskimo camp on one of the offshore islands. She didn't worry much, she said, for as far as she could see, fear hadn't ever brought anybody back. The thing to do was to sort out in your mind all the things that could happen and then try to decide which was the right one. "Stormed in" was the natural choice in winter and then you held on tight to that explanation without doubting through the days and nights until it was over. "Singing to myself helped a lot," she added, "and talking to the dog was good."

"When we get in to Moosonee," she told us, "two of our Indians will be waiting to pack the stuff down to the boat on the river. They're Whale River men, a different kind and more loyal workers than the Moose Band Crees. They are much taller, with a cast to the face that reminds you of the Eskimo. Neither one of them has ever seen a train or an automobile, but you would never know it. Watch their faces — they'd make great poker players. But those fellows have flown more miles in airplanes than most city people. That's the way it is down here."

The only person who formally introduced himself on our journey was a tall and scholarly-looking man who spent most of his time making notes and diagrams on a yellow pad. He was a professor of architecture in a Canadian university who had been commissioned by the government to design and supervise construction of a school for the Indians. The problem was how to make a safe and solid foundation for a heavy brick building in ground which was solid black ice four feet below the surface. That would take a bit of planning and he went back to his seat to see what he could figure out.

5

LATE in the afternoon when the sun was almost down to the jagged spruce tops, we ran through a long stretch of country covered with stunted spruce and tamarack struggling for survival amid huge gray boulders and bracken. It was typical moose barrens and the shadow of our train writhed over the land, a dragon with black smoke streaming from its head. Twilight lingered until, swallowed by darkness, it was but a pale afterglow in the west.

Our approach to Moosonee was announced by a long wind-tossed wail from the locomotive, which,

like a horse on the way home, had suddenly picked up speed, and now we were reeling down the grade to the river flats.

The soft, yellow light from the car windows was the only illumination on the station platform, where Indians — men, women, and children — swarmed about the train, laughing and calling to friends. A young Cree darted past us and with the liteness of a mink slid down between the cars, ducked under the coupling, and became part of the darkness on the opposite side of the train. He had spotted the Royal Canadian Mountie on the platform.

"Must have had a bottle," muttered the man behind me.

The crowd milled back and forth. Back in the shadows someone was playing a mouth organ and for a few moments there was a snatch of song. An energetic and serious Dominican Brother, whose long black cassock was smudged with dust, pushed a baggage truck through the crowd, calling in Cree for the Indians to make way. He loaded his freight into a truck and jolted away through the mud of the one and only street in Moosonee.

As we waited for our duffel to be unloaded the eerie greenish glow of the aurora borealis crept up the northern sky from the horizon. The color changed to rose and amber, then back to green, and swept northeastward toward The Bay as it swiftly changed to a pearly radiance. The faces of the few white men on the crowded platform stood out like waxen masks.

The man whose bald spot shone in the light was the Indian Affairs doctor from Moose Factory who came to meet the medical men and go north with them. A young Hudson's Bay Company man was already loading their baggage on a mud-caked truck, for they would start down the Moose on the high tide at midnight.

A soft night breeze stirred from the west and the smell of smoke from the engine was replaced by the mossy scents of the swamp, a faint smell of freshly peeled logs and pine wood smoke from the houses and the tents of the Indian summer camp. The big Cree who had come from Moose Factory to take us on in canoes shouldered our packs and without a word strode away on the mile-long board sidewalk running on stilts over the muskeg to the banks of the Moose River.

For a few minutes there was only the steady hollow thumping of our feet on the boardwalk and then from somewhere in the darkness behind I heard the voice of Indiana.

"So this is Moosonee! S-o-m-e burg, folks!"



An Atlantic Story



An American novelist who has done much of her writing on the Continent, MARTHA GELLHORN wrote her first novel in Paris at the age of twenty-three. As a correspondent she covered the Civil War in Spain, Munich, Czechoslovakia, Finland, and the war in China before Pearl Harbor. During World War II, she reported from England, Italy, France, Holland, and Germany. Her new novel will be published by Scribner in October.

"THE HONEYED PEACE"

by MARTHA GELLHORN

STOP, Evangeline," said the young man, laughing, "tell one story at a time."

"Oh yes," Evangeline said, and turned her famous blue eyes on the other two. The eyes were the same, that was the strangest thing of all. Nothing that had happened had changed the eyes, wide-spaced, improbably large, shaded always in the same way with the same blue paste, the long lashes brushed with mascara, and the feather eyebrows rising above them, like two pennants.

"So there it was," Evangeline went on, recalled to order and businesslike. "And Nini was desperate and rushed around Paris in tears and then she went to Jean and said you've got to get Gregory out, you're the only one who can. The Germans wouldn't dare to touch you and I ask you this in the name of our huge friendship and besides any man would do it. So Jean said well it really was hard and where was Gregory. But Nini only went on weeping and saying the *sales Boches*, imagine locking up Gregory as a spy. What *will* they do next?"

The Englishwoman knew this story. She had flown over from London three days ago and was staying with Evangeline and since they had not seen each other for six years Evangeline told stories steadily, day and night, all the stories mixed up together as was her custom; but this one grew clearer now, with Lucien Malier to prompt Evangeline and keep her straight.

The other woman, who was wearing an American Red Cross uniform, had arrived in the middle of the story and though she was used to Evangeline, she could not yet decipher it.

"Gregory?" she said.

"Oh you know Gregory!" Evangeline cried. "Darling, you must remember! That awful monkey of Nini's."

There was the second while this information lodged in

Anne Marsh's brain and then she shouted with laughter, saying, "Was he brought to trial?"

"You don't believe me," Evangeline said, hurt. "It's *exactly* what happened. They had Gregory locked up at Fontainebleau with a lot of other suspects it seems and Nini went out with Jean, wearing a veil, and he climbed over an enormous wall and Gregory bit him when he was carrying him out and Nini had to escape Paris because anyhow there was some talk of her being a spy herself."

"*C'est trop beau*," Lucien said. "*Ca me rend nostalgique à pleurer*." The Englishwoman, Lady Elizabeth Beech, looked at him and thought, poor Lucien, that never changes either. She said, "Now tell us about Madame Göring and her clothes."

"Oh yes," said Evangeline, and turned to Anne Marsh, the latecomer, who had to be caught up on all the news. "You wouldn't believe how wicked the *vendeuses* were. But darling, she was incredible, like a huge blonde cream puff or a huge blonde sausage and with *ten* bosoms all packed together, and the *vendeuses* made her such flatteries as have never been heard, not even when the rich Americans used to come, and then they sold her wonderful horrors. The great night was at the Opéra, I can't even remember what they were doing but it must have been Wagner, and you know all the stairs at the Opéra and what curious views one gets of people and there she was, poor Madame Göring, in a poison blue dress, very tight, with patterns of snakes and cows and butterflies all over her in sequins but principally on her *derrière* and all her bosoms and everyone made a big point of complimenting her on her taste and how she had clothes like nobody else, *si parisienne*. Oh my goodness, it was amusing. And she *swelled*, if she could swell, poor Madame Göring, because she was so proud of being *parisienne*."

Lucien by now had lain down on the bed and was laughing softly and weakly to himself. "How I have missed you," he said. Then, without turning his head, he remarked, "I must tell you, Liz, that Evangeline's version of the Occupation is the only sensible one."

Now Evangeline was launched on a story of how the poor Germans gave a *fête champêtre* or what they trusted and believed would be a *fête champêtre* and everyone went *pour rigoler*, carrying scythes and wearing wooden shoes, and Gabrielle de Berville put straw in her hair and covered herself, but literally covered herself, with fertilizer, giving off the most ghastly odor and everyone said to the Germans the Comtesse de Berville is the greatest French authority on *fêtes champêtres* and that rare delicious perfume she is wearing is a secret in her family, only to be worn at *fêtes champêtres*. . . .

Anne Marsh was watching Lucien and remembering his voice when he told Elizabeth, or warned Elizabeth, to think well of Evangeline. Now why, she asked herself; why does he bother? Does he imagine we have grown so snobbish and righteous that we cannot understand Evangeline any more? It was true that at this point, in the first autumn of peace, Evangeline was suitable only for a limited audience of initiates who would not expect a war to make changes.

Anne considered her neat blue uniform and the drab and almost shapeless black tailleur Liz was wearing, and she realized how horribly efficient their clothes were. But Evangeline, returning from exile to another harsher exile, looked as if time had stood still. She wore her dark red hair high on her head as she had these last ten years (did she start that fashion?) and her dress was what every woman wanted, the sleek, delicately and intricately cut, entirely simple black sheath. She had tied about her throat a choker of pearls and clear round emerald beads, and her nails were long and the same cherry pink as her mouth. Anne thought: I will never look like that again, I have lost it. But Evangeline had always looked like this. Anne thought, with brief resentment, I wish I hadn't lost it. It is something a woman needs.

The room was the same, too. For some reason one always sat in this room though it was where Evangeline and Renaud slept, and before the war people were not so accustomed to meeting in bedrooms. The bed, large and entirely square, was covered by a gray short-napped and glistening fur spread. There were low tables and large low lamps, bookshelves, great chairs, and nothing that would make you think it was a bedroom except the bed which had become, with habit, a vast couch where people sprawled, laughed, argued, and gossiped. Anne had never been able to imagine Evangeline and Renaud in bed together, neither sleeping, talking, reading, nor making love. This was a public room.

It was much colder than before, with the central heating unfed throughout Paris and the one small electric heater burning weakly on the reduced current. The rest of the apartment, as satin and gloomy and gray as this, was dark and very cold. One felt that Evangeline would disappear into it, giving off a whimper of loneliness, now that Renaud was gone. It was Renaud who filled the other

rooms, with his luncheons and dinners where so many people came and all paid homage to Renaud's certainties, with the worshipful secretaries bustling in the office, the appalling politicians murmuring deals in the rigid salons. What does she do at night, Anne wondered; sit here and forget the other rooms which were Renaud's territory? What did she do without Renaud, since she had made him her whole life for almost twenty years? Though personally, Anne thought, I would be so relieved to be free of Renaud for a bit that his being in jail would seem a gift.

2

"I'm late," Anne said suddenly. She was having dinner with one of the never ending captains; he happened to be a Pole. He would talk to her about women and love and Russia and his regiment, and be charming, and she would like him not for herself but because of what he had done in that other life, the war. She had heard more about women and love in the last three years, from the men of the Allied nations, than she could equably endure. And she was tired of talking about Russia and also about regiments.

"But you can't go," Evangeline said, "you haven't told us anything. You arrive, very mysterious and military, and far the chicquiest woman in Paris, and then you depart. What are you doing? Where did you come from?"

"Berlin, darling. On leave. Going back to Berlin. And I do the same thing always: I dispense doughnuts and listen."

"You see," Evangeline said to the other two, "how she is. Always the same. Beautiful and disabused. Dear Anne. You are the last surviving glamour girl."

"Crotte," said Anne.

Lucien told Evangeline to leave Anne alone, no woman wearing a Mainbocher dress had the right to tease another, locked into a uniform, and furthermore he had to go too. "Until tomorrow," he said and they left despite Evangeline's protests. There was a flicker of panic in Evangeline's eyes, for now everyone was going and the night would start.

"We will make ourselves a delectable boiled egg," she was saying to Elizabeth Beech, as Anne Marsh and Lucien Malier went down the ill-lit, never very clean marble stairs. "And we will dress for it. You will wear my sumptuous Balenciaga with the bullfighter's jacket. And I shall wear draperies, the purple ones, and float over the egg. . . ."

Lucien held to the banister and walked carefully down the stairs. Anne had noticed his limp when first she saw him in Paris a year ago at the beginning of the last long cold winter of the war. She had not asked him what this limp was, because one asked nothing in Paris in those days. There was a terrible discretion between friends, after the years of separation, and not knowing what the friends had thought or done, or where they had been. But Larriive, in whose studio she met Lucien, told her that Lucien's right leg was useless as a result of one of the varied tortures practiced by the Gestapo. Lucien had been very chic during the war, and very important, and

now he walked badly and, as total reward, ate little and ran that dank art gallery in the Rue Jacob.

Anne Marsh was long since accustomed to the fact that heroes rarely looked like heroes; and yet perhaps Lucien did suit the role with that thin and nervous face, the, to her, unattractive delicacy of his bones, his gray guarded eyes. She could imagine Lucien would keep secrets; she had not imagined he would be brave for he did not seem to have enough blood to feed bravery. They had spoken, that first time, of Evangeline. Lucien would rather speak of Evangeline than of anything else. Anne was glad to have Lucien safely ticketed in her mind. It had been very awkward, a year ago, being received so warmly by acquaintances who had been equally cordial in their reception of the Germans.

Now, standing in the street, Lucien said, "You have seen many courageous people these last years, Anne?"

It was too cold and too dark for that sort of talk, Anne thought; it was possible talk only when drunk and warm, if at all. It was not possible ever on this solemn tone.

"I suppose so. Can I give you a lift, Lucien?"

"Thank you, I have my *bicyclette*." He stooped, and in the blue light of the street lamp she watched him buckling metal bracelets around his trouser legs. When he stood up, he said, "You will not have seen anyone with more courage than Evangeline."

Here he was again, with his warnings. It made Anne impatient. Lucien had been uselessly in love with Evangeline for as long as Evangeline had been obsessively in love with Renaud; on the other hand, that did not give him a monopoly in the understanding of Evangeline.

"I think she's behaving very well," Anne said in an objectionable voice.

"You know it is better than that."

"All right, Lucien! What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to help her."

"That's what I came to do, idiot. Only I couldn't very well embarrass her in front of you and Liz by pulling out a checkbook. I'll come back tomorrow."

"It is not that. She can of course use money but she does not need it now. She needs support."

"What do you mean?"

"She needs persons like you," he said, with courteous malice, "persons of unimpeachable character who have always been on the right side. To give her category, and to plead her case."

"Her case is okay. Renaud's case."

"Renaud's case is hers, as you know."

"I'm sorry, Lucien. I'll do whatever Evangeline needs; but I'm damned if I'll go around saying Renaud is the biggest patriot since Clemenceau."

"You dislike Renaud?"

"Of course I dislike Renaud; so do you. We've been disliking Renaud for eighteen years. You can't expect me to break my heart over Renaud."

"It is Evangeline whose heart I am considering."

"No one really does anything about collaborators. Unless you call *indignité nationale* something. And I feel Evangeline will survive that in case she happens to understand what it means."

"You are very hard, Anne."

"It's the doughnuts."

"Pardon?"

"The doughnuts. They have made me hard."

"*Bon soir*," he said coldly, and did not shake hands with her.

Oh hell, Anne thought, trying to start her Liberated Ford, and listening with anxiety to the dreary but unsuccessful turning-over of the motor. Now I've quarreled with Lucien when I love Evangeline too; but it is too much to ask me to go about abetting Renaud. She thought of Renaud: tall, dark, vulgarly handsome and knowing it, beloved of women, always healthy, permanently successful. Damn Renaud, damn his selfishness towards Evangeline, and his cushy war in Sweden serving *le Maréchal*, and damn him for coming home at this point and being put into jail. Why couldn't he have stayed in Sweden, instead of returning with Evangeline, to get arrested and make Evangeline suffer and embarrass her friends? How dared a man like Renaud pose a question of conscience to anybody? I'm so late, Anne said to herself furiously, oh *curse* this bloody car. And then the motor started and she thought how lucky she was, in a world of feet and bicycles, to have gas-driven transport.

3

LADY ELIZABETH BEECH, looking from the rear like a woman who would turn and offer to sell you wilted violets from a basket, stood with her nose glued to the window of Van Cleef and Arpels in the Place Vendôme. It was a clear sunny day and Paris was too beautiful to see all at once, so she took it in careful doses. Now she was staring at a weird diamond and gold collar that would weigh heavily on some rich neck, and she was thinking that nothing made sense. For all the time Van Cleef and Arpels had been fabricating this unlikely necklace she had been fabricating airplane carburetors, and though clearly she was the better citizen, they had their necklace and she had nothing but grained hands and a sense of soul-destroying shabbiness. Also she was tired and felt herself to be muted, unappealing, and numb. Who would have enough money, what kind of person still had enough money, to buy those aquamarine earrings which looked like carved chunks of iceberg? Who would have the money or the hope? Where did you go, wearing such things; what sort of people did you see; and who, in fact, were you?

An arm was linked through hers and Anne Marsh said, "Envious?"

"Yes."

"So am I. Last year I was angry. But now I'm used to it. If it cheers you, I've seen that necklace on and off for a year; so no one can afford to buy it anyhow. That's something."

"Let's have a drink."

"The Ritz? For auld lang syne?"

"No."

"Georges is back in the dear old bar. It makes me feel a hundred years old."

"Let's go anywhere," Elizabeth Beech said and they started walking up the Rue de la Paix towards the Rue Daunou. They turned at Dunhill's and headed for the Rue Royale. Elizabeth Beech had it vaguely in mind that Weber's would be a good place to go, and sit in the sun, and stare at strangers.

"Everyone looks so loud," Elizabeth Beech said, "not chic any more, just loud. Those revolting pompadours and those shoes for clubfeet and the short skirts and long coats. I hate the way they look. It's such a disappointment to me. I was counting on being delighted."

"They claim they started it to repel the Germans. I imagine they're keeping it up to repel the British and Americans."

"It's very inconsiderate. If you haven't seen anything pretty for six years, it does seem mean of them to look as loathsome as possible."

"There's one good one," Anne said. Across the street a tall slender woman, dressed in black, walked unhurriedly among the little hurried people. She was as conspicuous as if she had been dressed in flames. She moved better than the other women because she knew how to walk and also because she was wearing elegant sensible shoes, an improved version of Russian boots, done in black suede. All they could see, since she was turned away from them, was the loose, full, but tightly belted black coat, and a hood of dark cloth banded in mink, and a huge square black bag swinging from her shoulder. She looked as if she had stepped out of her sled (which would be made of teakwood with pale blue satin cushions) to stroll around Paris, in case Paris happened to be a ballet set of Czarist Moscow.

"Oh dear," said Lady Elizabeth, "what a pleasure. That's what I mean. Why can't they all look like that, so beautiful and pointless? It isn't much to ask."

The tall woman turned into a doorway.

"Gone to buy herself a pair of underpants," Anne said, "made of pure crepe de Chine and trimmed with Venetian lace, for \$500 the pair."

"It still makes you angry, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"That's because you're American and Americans are moral."

"Shall we just get across the street while the light is red and you spare me your observations on Americans?"

They were across the street and in the sun and Anne was saying, "If anything bores me, it's Americans are moral, and Frenchmen lecherous, and Englishmen empire-builders. . . ."

The tall woman came out of the shop. They could imagine the scent of the shop, which would come with her; they could imagine the gray-clad enameled sales-girl standing there in the scented gray room behind her, folding up the transparent and costly underwear. The tall woman had opened the door and walked out with ease and assurance and now she stopped in the sun, as if she were alone in the street or alone in a streetless world, and leaned against the wall out of sight of the shop, and put one black-gloved hand over her eyes. She stood this way for a moment and anyone passing might have thought

the lady was suddenly ill, dizzy, feeling faint. Her shoulders, which were thin and stylishly square, lost their shape and she no longer seemed tall. Then she took her hand from her eyes, straightened herself, and turned, walking towards the Place de la Concorde. The ease and assurance were there but she had commanded her body and was walking as she intended to walk, by act of will.

They had seen it was Evangeline, at once, and started to join her when she covered her eyes. They stopped and pretended to be looking in a shopwindow and waited. They watched Evangeline walking through the crowds on the pavement, and did not move.

"Should I hurry and cross over by the Louvre and get home first?" Elizabeth Beech said. "Or let her go and come in a little later?"

"She'll be going home?"

"Of course."

"What do you suppose happened?"

"They refused to serve her, obviously. You can't think how righteous these people are if their clientele was entirely black marketeers or collaborators or Germans. And if your husband is in jail, then you're really fair game."

"And then again," Anne said, "maybe some of them lost their husbands in the war or their boy friends to the Gestapo. You never can tell."

"Why don't you go in and have a lovely time being righteous with them?"

"Oh Liz, for God's sake, don't let's quarrel about this. What is the use?"

"I'll give her time to get home. Come on, let's have a gaseous at Weber's. I'll give her a quarter of an hour."

4

THEY found a small sticky table at Weber's and the waiter was hostile. There was no beer, they knew better than to order coffee, and the *gazeux* — which became their inevitable choice — was the color of blood and tasted of chemical cherries. Around them shabby pallid people read the newspapers with some sort of desperation, and no one laughed about anything at all. There was not even one couple holding hands. Anne remembered Weber's with tenderness, but it was a ten-year-old memory. That was the time when one's friends were just one's friends and there were no problems that could not be solved and in the morning one came here, serene and smoothed, and ate breakfast with a man one loved and read only the parts of the paper which were funny.

After a while, Elizabeth Beech said, "Have you seen Lulu de Rémont?"

"No."

"Or Agnès Farde or Bea de Branhaut or *notre chère Germaine*?"

"No."

"They're doing awfully well," Lady Elizabeth said dreamily, "oh frightfully well. You can barely push your way into their salons, for the American officers. Or else they're stuffing themselves at the Embassies. It seems they were all really magnificent during the war."

"I'm not responsible for the poor half-witted American officers," Anne said.

"And they've all cut Evangeline," Elizabeth went on. "Cut is perhaps the wrong word, because to cut someone you must of course see them. Which they have not done."

"What did you expect them to do?"

"I moved to Evangeline's as a protest. It is very uncomfortable, I must say. But I wasn't going to let those girls get away with that."

"But Renaud still is a collaborator."

"No more than a lot of other people, and certainly no more than those lovelies."

"It's probably my American morality, as you say. I cannot seem to forget that stinking war."

"And Renaud couldn't have done much harm, stuck off there in Sweden, not nearly as much as that little ordure Michel Varennes, who is walking around quite happy and free as air."

"Yes, I know," Anne said, wearily. "But it doesn't mean you have to be brothers with Michel."

"And Evangeline of course never collaborated with anybody. All she seems to have done is make fun of the Germans, because she found them grotesque. I don't know why Evangeline should be insulted by those dear old pals of hers who collaborated as hard as they could until they saw that the Germans were losing, and then maintained a discreet silence until liberated. Since when they talk as if they were all Joan of Arc, nipped from the stake at the last moment."

"Have another gaseous?"

"I hated this war," Elizabeth Beech said with passion. "I hated every minute of it. I'm not going to let it destroy everything."

"It's done pretty well, if you ask me."

"I'm not going to let it destroy the thing of being friends along with every other bloody thing."

Anne drank some more of the sickening cherry mixture, and gave Elizabeth Beech time to hide inside herself again. Then she said casually, "I used to know Pierre Lanier."

"Did you?"

"Yes. He was by way of being a beau of mine."

"He was shot a few weeks ago, wasn't he?"

"Yes. Do you think I should have rallied round?"

"It's different, Anne. He worked for the Germans, he excused the concentration camps. Evangeline didn't understand anything about them."

"And Renaud?"

"How do I know about Renaud? I'm talking about Evangeline. She never knows anything except loving Renaud. She doesn't concentrate on anything else. She may be a fool but she was never wicked. I must go now. She'll be home and all pulled together."

"I'll come and see her late this afternoon."

"She hasn't given a sign of how she feels about Renaud but she doesn't sleep and you can see in her eyes that she's going mad. You know, that's another thing about Evangeline: she has almost the best manners there are."

Anne had paid for the chemical drinks and they stood in the street, with the driven anxious people breaking

around them like water breaking against a bridge, and Anne said, "I wish I hadn't come."

"So do I. But there it is."

"Will I see you again?"

"You will find me any morning, window-shopping in these streets. I don't seem to have much money any more. Do you?"

"No. Not much."

"Ah well," said Elizabeth Beech, "we've still got our youth and beauty."

They looked at each other and laughed. Then Elizabeth started walking fast towards the river and the gray cold apartment and Anne wandered up towards the Opéra. There was an hour to lose before lunch. She might go down to Notre Dame and look at the river and the two great square towers holding back the sky. She might do anything, if there was anything she wanted to do. And then she would have lunch with a British Major, and cocktails with an American Colonel, and dinner with another Captain who happened to be French. Giddy life, she thought, gay mad Páree.

5

NO ONE answered the doorbell though the concierge had said that Madame Vilray was home. Anne Marsh turned the unshined brass doorknob, for no reason, and found it opened and thought, Evangeline is too careless. She would have to remind Evangeline that, since one no longer had servants, one was supposed to lock one's own door. She walked into the bedroom and Evangeline was there, sitting on a straight chair, before the small ineffectual electric heater. Her face looked like the face of the blind, being empty of expression, and with a terrible lineless death on it. She sat erect and did not hear the door open and did not move.

"Evangeline," Anne said softly. She was thinking rapidly of any doctors she knew, or she could call the Embassy and they would send someone.

Evangeline turned and looked at Anne and did not speak.

"Evangeline! You're ill. Come on, I'll get you to bed. Darling, listen to me."

"They have moved him," Evangeline said, speaking very slowly. "He is not in his prison any more. I went to take his dinner, as I always do, and they said, 'Madame, he is gone. We will notify you.' So they have taken him somewhere and killed him."

Anne was so relieved that she felt herself gasping out a shrill laugh of nerves. She checked this and said, "It means nothing of the sort. Do listen to me."

"Then why would they not say where he has gone?"

"It's sure to be a rule. There's always a rule. Listen, Evangeline." Evangeline's face was again turned blindly towards the wall.

"You see, I've heard about this," Anne went on. "There's a period when they're questioned in Paris, and then they get moved to one of the prisons on the outskirts, and they wait there for trial. It's always the same. It's a very good thing, believe me, because it means he'll

have his trial sooner and that way he'll be home sooner. It's nothing to be frantic about, Evangeline, really it isn't, you must believe me."

Anne had been talking so fast that her breath was gone and her mouth felt dry, and still Evangeline stayed inside her silence. The silence in the room now was like a lack of air and Anne moved to the window and opened it and the cold dark September evening flowed into the cold dark room. Then Anne, shivering, saw what she had done and closed the window. I'm going to cry, she thought, I can't shake her out of this, I must get a doctor.

Anne went to the telephone and when Evangeline heard the number being dialed she said, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to call a doctor for you."

"Stop it."

Anne put down the telephone and Evangeline said, "I need nothing. I need only to know where Renaud is."

"Darling, he's all right. I swear to you. This is routine. Let's have a drink, let's do something. We'll go out to dinner."

"I will wait here. Someone will notify me."

"Notify!" Anne said and was shocked to hear her voice almost hysterical against Evangeline's slow and heavy words. "For God's sake stop acting as if this was Germany and they sent you a box of ashes. This is France, Evangeline, and the war is over and there are trials and laws and a parliament and Embassies, and people are *not* notified."

"Yes," said Evangeline. There was a beginning of life in her voice.

"You've forgotten. You're all mixed up. You've been alone here, thinking, and you've made it all crazy. There's no question of people being shot on the road between prisons. That's stopped, don't you see?"

"Yes," Evangeline said again, from a great distance.

"Oh darling!" Anne kneeled by the straight chair and took Evangeline's beautiful hands, with the long fingers and the long cherry pink nails, and tried to warm them in her own. "Please go to bed. I'll bring you dinner. Have you a *bouffe*?"

Evangeline moved, as in a dream, obeying this insistent voice which was kind, if too near, too loud. Anne found a hot-water bag and no hot water and went into the kitchen to boil a kettle. She looked for food and found a loaf of bread and a can of sardines and some bouillon cubes and thought, it will be enough because she can't eat but I must try to make her swallow something hot. When she came back Evangeline was in bed, lying flat on the pillow, with the somnambulant look on her face.

"As you are American and of the Red Cross," Evangeline said carefully, "they would tell you."

"Yes darling." Anne put the hot-water bag inside the bed. "Are you warmer?"

"I am all right."

"I'll bring you something to eat."

"No, please. I must know where Renaud is."

Where was Liz; where was Lucien? Why weren't they here to help? She could not handle this alone, for she had never seen this kind of fear.

There was another silence, while Anne stood awkwardly beside the bed. Her hands seemed very large to her and very far out of her sleeves. Then Evangeline, without moving her fixed sleepwalker's eyes, said, "Please find Renaud, Anne."

"Yes darling." I'm babbling, Anne thought.

Anne dialed the American Embassy number. Tommy Grainger, who was First Secretary now, would know something or at least be sane and practical. Tommy Grainger was not at the Embassy and not at the Crillon where he lived and as Anne made the telephone calls she could feel Evangeline, in the bed, turning to stone. The silence again became airless and choking. At last, helplessly, Anne telephoned the Ritz Bar and asked for Georges and heard that collected airy voice and was told, in the way of Georges's repeated miracles, that Monsieur Grainger was here, one little moment, Mademoiselle. Then Tommy came and said, "Hello, beauty, I thought you were in Berlin."

"I am usually; this is my leave. Tommy, I want to ask you something."

"Ask."

"You know Renaud Vilray, don't you?"

"No. I know who he is, of course."

"His wife is a great friend of mine. Renaud has been moved from his prison, you know that one in the Ministère. And they won't tell Evangeline where he's gone. Can you find out?"

"No, Anne, I can't. When was he moved?"

"This evening."

"They'll telephone his lawyer in the morning and say where he is, and then the lawyer can see him and probably take his wife to visit. He might be at Fresnes or Drancy or anywhere. They only keep people in town for questioning."

"That's what I told Evangeline."

"Well, that's how it is. Tell her to have a drink and forget it; she'll hear from the lawyer in the morning. How did you ever get mixed up in this rat race?"

Anne said quickly, "I'm here with Evangeline. She's a very old friend of mine."

"Terrible nuisance, isn't it? One's old friends. I wouldn't go to Germany on a bet, I'm so afraid I'd run into all my old Nazi pals in case they've avoided being shot. They won't shoot Vilray though. Too late in the game, and he's only a second-class collaborator anyhow."

"Thank you, Tommy," Anne said nervously. "Go back to your drink."

"How about meeting me tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'll call you. Thank you, darling. Good night."

She turned to Evangeline. "Tommy says exactly what I do; it *is* routine; Renaud's lawyer will be informed in the morning, and you'll go and see him with the lawyer. There's absolutely nothing to get excited about. Tommy Grainger is our expert on all these things," Anne said, lying earnestly. "He is the very top authority."

"What did he say?"

"I've told you darling. Renaud may be at Drancy or Fresnes; in the morning his lawyer will be informed. Have you heard me?"

"Yes," Evangeline said. Unaccountably, her voice sounded sleepy. Her face was better now; it had stopped dying and looked only haggard and sick.

"I'm going to make you something to eat," Anne said.

In the kitchen, she wondered where Liz could be, or Lucien, or how she could warn her French Captain that she would be late or not coming at all. She burned her hands on the toast and realized she was sweating with nerves and a sort of oppressive hurry.

But Evangeline had, by some secret and mysterious process of healing, gone farther in her cure: she was sitting up in bed and rouging her lips and erasing, with lipstick, part of the sickness from her face.

"You are a sweet little cabbage," she said to Anne graciously, "and very competent and I admire you. You are so clever with telephones and always know exactly what to do. I have behaved very tiresomely and you must forgive me."

"Eat your delicious handmade supper and shut up," said Anne. Everything was going to be fine. For Evangeline had found her strange singing absurd voice again, which meant that she would return to her permanent role of being Evangeline, amusing and inconsequential and worldly, and safe as thistledown is safe.

"Such bouillon," Evangeline said, "divine. What a lovely little wife you will make for a great strong American; you will wear a pinafore covered with rosebuds and cook him bouillon."

"I will cook him doughnuts," Anne said, "to keep him in his place."

"What have you been doing in Paris, Anne? Tell me all your excitements."

"Nothing. That's what I came to do."

"Oh," said Evangeline, drawing out the word, "I just remembered. The most superb little event which happened to me this morning. I went to Auclair's to buy a negligée, though really one should not waste millions of francs these days when things are so expensive and everything is of course very unsettled. But still, I thought one negligée is not ruin, and then I will be pretty for Renaud when he returns from his prison. So I went in, thinking of something else anyhow, and saw the *vendeuses* drawn up behind the counter like a female firing squad and all scowling ferociously through their mascara. The head *vendeuse* came out to me, with such a martial look like someone who is about to say 'Fire,' and smoke pouring from her nostrils and quivering with patriotism and fury and many other pleasurable emotions. So I said amiably, 'I think that rose *toile de soie* would be pretty,' pointing to something which was suspended on the counter, and she said, 'Madame, we do not serve the enemies of France.' I looked around quickly to see what enemies were in the room but as there were none it was clearly me she meant, so I said, still pleasant but with the most beautiful hauteur, 'You will kindly put the rose *toile de soie* away, and when the judges have apologized to my husband, I shall come for it and you may apologize to me.' Wasn't it brilliant, darling? I did wish there was someone to hear, and I never made a speech before, and to make such a good one on the first try, really *wasn't* it clever? And

then I sailed out, as dignified as I do not know what, and when I got out of sight I stopped and did my laughing; but of course not where the firing squad could see me."

Anne had turned away and was now apparently searching for an ash tray. She fumbled on the table, knocking against one of the low large lamps. She saw everything blurred, through sudden tears, and she forgot that she must laugh. Then she realized that Evangeline was waiting, and she could not laugh, so she said, "You will have to buy the negligée quite soon, won't you?"

"Yes," Evangeline said happily. "Perhaps now I have made such a lovely speech I could go back for it before the trial, to give them time to fit it."

"That's a sound idea."

"But you did not tell me what you are doing. I interrupted you."

"Nothing darling. Resting."

"With dozens of handsome and spirited young men to help you?"

"Handsome and spirited young men are no rest. I see them by the hundreds every day."

"I never understand. What is it you do, wearing that delightful blue costume?"

"I hand out coffee and doughnuts and smiles to handsome spirited young men."

"No! Have you been doing that all through the war?"

"Yes."

"But what a lovely way to spend one's time!"

"Oh yes," Anne said quietly. "It's all been great fun."

She saw that Evangeline had finished with her tray. "Could you sleep now, darling?"

"Yes," Evangeline said. "You are sweet to me. Yes, I will. Because I must be up very early and make myself pretty to go visiting with the lawyer."

"That's right. Do you want anything else?"

"No, thank you. I must take many pull-overs to Renaud tomorrow because it's getting quite cold, isn't it? Good night darling."

The French Captain was sitting on the banquette at the Relai Saint-Germain, looking anxious and angry, but when Anne came in the door his face cleared and his pleasure in seeing her distressed Anne for she felt it was dishonorable to eat up his money when she cared so little about him. She smiled readily when that seemed called for, or nodded serious agreement, and heard nothing. She was thinking of Evangeline.

She was not angered now that Evangeline had no time or understanding for the life of the world; Evangeline was occupied to the point of madness. Surely there were few people with the strength and daring for such passion. It also did not matter that loving Renaud this way was against nature because he so little deserved it; Renaud was an accident or a joke of God's. But Evangeline, whom Anne had seen for the first time, was no accident because, accidentally, one did not, no one did, no one could, support such love for eighteen uneasy years. There was nothing to feed the love except Evangeline's own heart and will. It was not surprising that she had nothing left and that she hid behind her gay and stony mask of non-

sense. For Evangeline could not waste herself on anything; she had this one tireless and fierce service to perform.

I must see that she gets money, Anne thought, so she can buy fifty negligées and I must go there early in the morning to drive her and the lawyer to visit Renaud. I will also have to take on Renaud and see what I can do. We will have to save him for Evangeline; since she has earned him.

"What do you think of collaborators?" Anne asked the French Captain, suddenly.

"They should be shot," he said at once, "and all of them. And make this country clean again, for the clean people."

Anne excused herself early, saying with truth that she was tired. The French Captain looked sad but she could not help that. She could not handle everyone's troubles at the same time. Her bed was cold and she felt drearily wakeful. Something nagged in her brain, which she could not catch and give shape to. Finally, she knew what it was; it was a hurting, unanswerable question. If you did not love as Evangeline did, and never had, and surely never would, what had you lost?

6

THE telephone woke Anne, and she answered in the hoarse morning voice of the cigarette smoker.

"Anne?" said Elizabeth Beech. "Are you awake?"

"Not exactly."

"Anne, Renaud killed himself last night."

Then Anne thought, no I am not awake, this has not happened, and she held the silver-plated telephone horn away from her, staring at it.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes," Anne said.

In the silence, the telephone operator suddenly announced, "*Vous avez terminé?*" "Non! Non!" Anne shouted. "*Ne coupez pas, Mademoiselle!*"

Elizabeth Beech's voice returned, not so much faint as gray.

"Cut off," she said.

"Yes. Is it true what you said?"

"Of course."

"The pig," Anne said. "Oh the filthy pig!"

"I couldn't agree more," said the gray voice. "The last wretched trick to play on Evangeline."

"*Mademoiselle,*" said the telephone operator, "*il y a une communication pour vous.*"

"*Ne coupez pas!*" Anne shouted, wildly. "Leave us alone! Are you still there, Liz?"

"Yes."

"Why did he? Why? He was going to be all right."

"No one knows. He didn't leave a message. Not even that," Elizabeth Beech said and the gray voice brightened with hate.

"But why?"

"Lucien says maybe he thought he was going to be shot. You know there is a place out there where they do shoot

people. And Lucien says maybe he was afraid of standing up and being shot. Or Lucien says maybe he thought he was going to get a long term in jail and couldn't face it. But I think he decided there wouldn't be much future for him in France, and obviously no place else, and it discouraged him. . . ." Her voice trailed away.

"We must talk," Anne said stupidly, "or that bitch will cut us off."

"All right. Say something."

"I don't know," Anne murmured. "I don't know." She would have to ask now and she did not want to hear. "Evangeline?" she said.

"Lucien came for her early this morning and took her to his mother. That place they have near Tours."

"Did she want to go?"

"Evangeline? She didn't say anything, she hasn't said a word. She died really, at once; she just heard it and opened her eyes and died."

"Don't talk like that."

"It's true — why not talk like that? There isn't any point to her without Renaud. She hasn't anything to be or do."

"It's so hateful," Anne said, "it's so idiotic."

"Like everything else," Elizabeth remarked bleakly. "I'm flying to London this afternoon."

"I thought you'd come over for weeks."

"I had. But it's no use, is it? I don't fit in and there isn't anything to fit into."

"I won't see you then. I have to get back to Berlin in a few days."

"And dispense doughnuts?"

"Yes. It's a nice trade when you get used to it."

"Well, have fun."

"Same to you."

"Lucien's address is La Faisanderie, Poireoux. That's Seine et Loire, I think."

"Thanks. Good-bye, Liz."

The room was cold with all the unheated winters before and with the unheated winter to come. Beside her bed was a little box of push buttons and if she pressed the button that was marked by the figure of a waiter, no one would come. For there was no *café au lait* and no *croissants* with pale unsalted butter. If she got up there would be no hot water in the bathtub. She could lie here until the end of the week, if she liked.

She decided to go to the ATC Booking Office in the Place Vendôme and catch the next plane for Berlin. Berlin was a fine city, bombed flat and full of soldiers. And there was her canteen at the Tempelhof airdrome and hundreds of khaki men who came to it, every day. They were simple and rowdy or simple and sad, and she would be flirtatious or motherly according to need, but always friendly in her heart and they friendly to her. It was really a pleasant place, her canteen at the Tempelhof airdrome, and she was not psychopathic about the smell of doughnuts no matter what little luxuries of nerves she might allow herself.

Anne thought of the green and gentle Loire valley, and Evangeline, in it, waiting as if it were a desert.



TWO POEMS

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

OF THESE THE INFINITE

A STRAIGHT line is an honest thing,
And simple, too.
It has one only song to sing,
One deed to do.
Though light-years be its range,
It will not bend, it traffics not with change.

A circle is sublime.
Forever, point by point, it wills to swerve,
Holds hard its helm through space,
Its arc through time.
The constant coefficient of its curve
Brings self-completion at the appointed place,
Giving the rigid universe its grace,
The lonesome word its rhyme.

Strangest of all, the point:
Made without seam or joint
Or surface, but within it hides
All substance that abides.
Monadic, terse,
Its nebulae unwind
In spirals to compose the universe
Which, though it twist
In luminous mist,
Derives its being only from the mind.

The point all quantity denies,
But quantum-like it lies
At every center. Circles cannot turn
Unless midway across the span
They hold the point whose locus none may learn, —
Not even man.
No wheel can roll
Except it plant, each moment on the ground,
A point that is a fulcrum for the whole,
And yet turns round.

A point says, "Here!"
With what assurance and finality,
The while its mocking counterpoint, its "There!"
Sanctions its right to be.

A point is so intense
Crouched in a needle's end
It can awaken sense.
But it was said
By doctors some time dead,
The point could so extend
As to become a floor
On which the angels dance: one, two, — and more.
And now, before you smile,
Reflect awhile:
The doctors of today
Have this to say,
That at the point of nuclear embrace
Electrons, face to face,
Remain apart, yet fill the self-same space.

NIGHT IN BUCK HOLLOW

(Spengler, *Decline of the West*, Volume II, page 1)

THE twilight and the chill, the closing flower,
Earth and the setting sun:
From these no flight, and so befell the hour
For rendezvous with silence and the fear
That, undefeated, leaves the heart undone.

Companionless, beneath the unanswering star,
In the blind, dreamlike wood,
He sought the late-deserted, smouldering fire,
And of his own dim past the avatar,
Touched by the cool night wind, alone he stood.

The hills drew closer, like a long-lost thought;
At last he knew:
The landscape was his origin and author.
Dumb forest, silent meadows, were inwrought
To be his soul, to form him, through and through,

And yet in him to be of earth set free,
A microcosmos in the lonely place
Where terrible oblivion lies in wait
To cancel destiny
And sink the fear-bound self without a trace.

He lay beside the embers, and the night
Lay with him, and the sod
Upheld him while he waited his release.
Here in the shadows he must find his light,
Out of his weakness he must claim his might,
He who feared darkness must play host to God.

So came the morning, and each rooted tree
Was symbol of the calm within his heart.
The cosmos came to nestle in his mind,
And he was free,
Less than the whole, and yet transcendent part.



A native of Chicago, DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE came East to study botany at Harvard in 1919. Following his graduation he worked for three years as Assistant Plant Introducer in the Department of Agriculture. Then he began the writing which was to make him one of the widest read naturalists of our day. His books, An Almanac for Moderns, Singing in the Wilderness (the life of John James Audubon), Green Laurels, and his autobiography, The Road of a Naturalist, have made him many friends. He is now completing American Trees of the Northern States, of which the Atlantic has published two chapters, on the elm and now on the beech.

THE BEECH AND THE PIGEON

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

A BEECH is, in almost any landscape where it appears, the finest tree to be seen. There are many taller trees, and many that attain to moments of showier glory, like the Sugar Maple in autumnal coloration, or a Dogwood starred with snowy blossoms. But, taken in all seasons and judged by all that makes a tree noble — strength combined with grace, balance, longevity, hardiness, health — the Beech is all that we want a tree to be. And more besides, for it is a tree deep-rooted in the history of our people, in this new world and the old one, and figures beloved to us in both fable and fact move under its ancient boughs.

Far down the aisles of the forest the Beech is identifiable by the gleam of its wondrously smooth bark, not furrowed even by extreme old age. Here it will be free of branches for full half its length, the sturdy boughs then gracefully down-sweeping. The gray bole has a further beauty in the way it flutes out at the base into strong feet, to the shallow, wide-spreading roots. And the luxuriant growth of mosses on the north side of such a tree, together with the mottling of lichens, adds to the look it wears of wisdom and serenity.

The elegant clear gray of the bark extends from the trunk to the main mighty boughs, then to the hundreds of branches, and out to the thousands of branchlets. So that when the tree stands naked in winter it seems to shine through the forest, almost white in contrast with the dun colors all about it, or against the dark evergreen backgrounds of the Canadian Hemlock and White Pine with which it associates. In very early spring an unearthly pale pure green clothes the tree in a misty nimbus of light. As the foliage matures, it becomes a translucent blue-green through which the light, but not the heat, of the summer day comes clearly.

And in autumn these delicate leaves, borne chiefly on the ends of the branchlets and largely in one plane, in broad flat sprays, turn a soft clear yellow. Then is the Beech translated. As the sun of Indian summer bathes the great tree, it stands in a profound autumnal calm, enveloped in a golden light that hallows all about it.

As the leaves fall, late in the season, the twigs are revealed wearing a tinge of reddish brown, and the little triangular nuts can be seen, that with the first frost begin to drop. Fruit is abundant, in general, only every third year on any one tree, and commonly a heavy or a light harvest of the nuts prevails over a whole region.

In the days of America's virgin grandeur, forests of this luminous and stately tree covered a large part of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and central Michigan. But they bespoke their own destruction, for the pioneers soon learned that the Beech was a sign of good soil. It loves what the farmer loves — rich limestone overlain by deep, level, dark loams. So in the Ohio valley the axe soon felled the growth of centuries, followed swiftly by the plow. Today, speeding easily through that candid country, the Middle Westerner may marvel at a report written from southern Indiana in June of 1833 by that princely traveler, Maximilian of Wied: —

"We came to a tall, gloomy forest, consisting almost wholly of large Beech trees, which afforded a most refreshing shade. The forest continued without intermission, . . . the lofty crowns of the trees shut out the sky from our view. They were the most splendid forests I had yet seen in America." He speaks of how the canals in Ohio ran through Beech forests, and even near Rochester, New York, finds them "wild and magnificent," adding with, perhaps, a homesick sigh, "The dense Beech forests

constantly reminded us of the scenery of Germany."

For to the newcomer to this savage land the Beech tree had a kindly look of familiarity. Our species does not differ greatly from the Beech of Europe, *Fagus sylvatica*, which from time immemorial had already played a great role in human life. Beech nuts seem to have been a food of the New Stone Age man, just as they still are eaten by the peasants of central Europe. The most abundant tree in its wide range, Beech provided the principal fuel, both for keeping warm and for the charcoal used in the Old World's iron smelters. It supplied much dimension timber, a vast quantity of furniture wood, handles of agricultural tools, wooden shoes, and too many other uses to number. Indeed, it was the general utility hardwood of Europe.

And on the Beech was written, probably, the first page of European literature. For, it is said, the earliest Sanskrit characters were carved on strips of Beech bark; the custom of inscribing the temptingly smooth boles of Beeches came to Europe with the Indo-European people who entered the continent from Asia. Indeed, our word *book* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *boec*, meaning a letter or character, which in turn derives from the Anglo-Saxon *bece*, for Beech. So if you find a big old Beech tree in the woods, hacked by some love-struck boy with the outline of a heart and his girl's initials in it, forgive him. He is but following a custom older than Shakespeare, who also records it:—

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

And Virgil asks:—

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ?

An epic line in pure American vein might have been read by all who passed that way, until about 1880, on a Beech tree on Carroll Creek, in Washington County, Tennessee, on the old stage road between Blountville and Jonesboro:—

D. Boone
Cilled A Bar
On Tree
In Year 1760.

This tree fell in 1916, the scars of the inscription, but not the exact wording, still visible. It was 28½ feet in girth, and 70 feet high, and its age was estimated by the Forest Service to be 365 years. So it began to grow in the year 1551, half a century before Orlando mooned about Rosalind in Arden, and was an ancient of two centuries when Daniel Boone inscribed his hunter's triumph on it.

For such glory, and for its own beauty, is the Beech tree justly famous, not for more mundane usefulness today. Though in Europe the Beech was utilized in every part, by a wood-hungry civilization, as the best of available hardwoods, in America

the early settlers soon found twenty hardwood trees better than Beech. Here it has never been more than a second-rate tree, at best, for service, when compared with Walnut's beauty, Hickory's strength, White Pine's dimension timbers. Not as hard as Birch or Maple, it has the further disadvantage of being heavier than they. When green it is tough to split, yet it is all too apt to split when seasoned. It is knotty, and has but half the value of White Oak in resistance to atmospheric decay. So, though it has a long list of modern uses, they are most of them trivial, such as for boxes and crates, barrels and crossties, down to picnic plates and spoons, culminating — for humility — in the lowly clothespin.

2

LET other trees do the work of the world. Let the Beech stand, where still it holds its ground, a monument to past glories. Of these, none is more wholly vanished than the Passenger Pigeon, to which the Beech played lavish host. It was upon the mast of Beech nuts that the great flocks fed, and their seeming migration, Audubon writes, was more exactly a quest, by the million, for rich harvest of the Beech.

"As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly around in circles, reviewing the country below. During their revolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flapping of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast."

Speaking of the night roosts of the pigeons in the Beech forests of Kentucky, he goes on to write:—

"It was . . . in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. . . . I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders.

"Two farmers . . . had driven upward of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. . . . Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the

forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. . . . Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'Here they come!' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. . . . The fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash and, falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath."

So together they fell, bird and tree, from their

supreme place in the history of American Nature. For after the Beech forests were swept away by the man with axe and plow, the fate of the Passenger Pigeon, the most marvelous bird on the North American continent, perhaps in the world, was sealed. Less by mass slaughter than by the disappearance of Beech mast were the shining flocks driven to extinction.

When Audubon was young, in Kentucky, in love with his young wife Lucy, he painted his "Passenger Pigeon" — a pair of them — and to some of us it is his greatest picture. The curve of the soft necks, the lift of shining wings, are eloquent, unconsciously, of a tenderness and passion not all theirs. It is on a Beech bough that he has perched his pigeon pair, and two withered beechen leaves tell us that the season is autumn when the mast is ripe. An autumn that will not come again but lingers, immortal, in those leaves that cannot fall.

DEATH'S JESTER

(*T.L.B.*, 1803-1849)

by ALASTAIR W. R. MILLER

On toadstool'd meadows
Beyond sable coasts,
Now rollicks Beddoes
With a storm of Ghosts;
Now (his Anatomy
Anatomiz'd)
The mandrake jollity
He ever priz'd
Whoops up the Shades
With a Göttingen bellow,
To jig with him on candled escapades, —
That once so taciturn fellow!

Yet his Avernus
Beneath our feet
Does not, here, turn us
From savage deceit.
.....
So, Thomas Lovell
Beddoes, good chap,
Lend us a shovel, —
Or a wishing cap;
This world you spurn'd
Worsens as we wear it —
The Queen's dead, Deluge come, and Adam turn'd
Further from his own spirit.

Dear, odd Thomas
Lovell Beddoes, hark!
Light seeps from us;
Bow us to your dark
Eden: where Death
Is a quaint wild flower;
Where the living breath
Ends not at its hour,
But swells, and boasts
In extravaganzas, —
Rocking the moonshine of the merry Ghosts
With quite inimitable stanzas.



On a leave of absence from Columbia University, HENRY STEELE COMMAGER during the past year was the Visiting Professor of American History at Cambridge University, and during his months abroad he found himself comparing the English Traits described by Emerson with those of John Bull in the twentieth century. Dr. Commager collaborated with Samuel Eliot Morison in writing *The Growth of the American Republic*, and is the editor of *Tocqueville's Democracy in America* and *The Rise of the American Nation*.

ENGLISH TRAITS

One Hundred Years Later

by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

1

IT is a little over a century ago that Ralph Waldo Emerson landed at Liverpool, spoke famously at Manchester, visited and lectured throughout England, and began writing that wonderful essay on English traits which remains the most astute and penetrating analysis of the English character in our literature. We expect perspicacity from the wisest American of his day: even from Emerson we have no right to expect prophecy, yet what is perhaps most remarkable about *English Traits* is its instinct for the permanent rather than for the transient. For if we review those traits which Emerson distinguished as peculiarly English we find that most of them persist today, flourishing vigorously after a century which has changed profoundly the position of Britain in the world, flourishing defiantly in an England dedicated to austerity and prudence as a century ago she was dedicated to luxury and power.

And not only do English traits persist, but the reasons which Emerson submitted for American interest in them. For it is still true, as Emerson observed, that "the whole world is an interested party," and particularly the American world. It is still true — as all whose memories go back to 1940 will acknowledge — that "the stability of England is the security of the modern world." It is still true that "what lures a solitary American in the woods with the wish to see England is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race — its commanding sense of right and wrong." It is still, we may hope, true that "let who will fail, England will not fail." It is still true, in short, that the American concern for the English character is lively, personal, interested, and justified.

National character is, to be sure, everywhere wonderfully tenacious, but nowhere is it more tena-

cious than with the English, who have, after all something of a patent on tenacity. And this is the first and most obvious of English traits — the stability and permanence of the English character. Come hell or high water, the Englishman remains imperturbably English. He is, it would seem, less affected by the currents and crosscurrents of history than people of any other nation; he is less affected, too, by passing fashions whether of literature or of dress or of food. Nothing will make him false to his word or discourteous to his guest; nothing will keep him from his tea or change his cooking.

For a hundred and fifty years — from John Adams to Frank Dobie — Americans have been busy describing the English. That they have so largely repeated each other is a comment not on their lack of originality but on a persistence of national traits almost monotonous. It makes, perhaps, for dullness, but there is this to be said about England: you can count on her, you can set your sights by her, you can almost set your watch by her. "What kind of people do they think we are?" cried Churchill at a fateful moment in history, and those who forgot what kind of people they were — the Germans and the French, for example — paid heavily for their failure.

Yet what is interesting about all this is that while the underlying character has remained palpably the same, that character itself is no simple thing, but wonderfully complex and even paradoxical. "England is the land of mixture and surprise," wrote Emerson, and the mixture has perplexed most of the interpreters. For the English character is not only stable and uniform, but various and heterogeneous; it is at once obvious and elusive, and almost every generalization must be not so much qualified as confounded.

A materialistic people — who can doubt it? — the English have produced more than their share of mystics and poets, of idealists and transcendentalists, more than their share of the Donnes and Herberts, the Blakes and Shelleys, the Wordsworths and Coleridges, the Foxes and Penns. The greatest colonizing people of modern times, they confess the most passionate attachment to their own country, their own county, their own community: they are at once the most indefatigable globe-trotters and the best gardeners. Their wealth and their wanderlust have enabled them to know the best of all other nations, but they remain true to their own: they carry their language with them wherever they go, and though every Englishman delights in French cooking, none permits his chef to imitate it.

A small nation, with a population highly mobile and highly urban, their differences in idiom and dialect and accent are the despair of foreigners; Vermonters and Texans can understand each other better than men from Devon and Lancashire, or from Glasgow and London, and if the observation that the best English is spoken in Dublin is an exaggeration, it is interesting that it should be made: no one ever suggested that the best American was spoken in Toronto. A unified and harmonious people, the English have persisted in class distinctions, and divisions far more ostentatious than those to be found in most other countries; while politically they have achieved as great a degree of democracy as any other people, they remain class-conscious, and every Englishman is branded on the tongue with his class mark.

A peaceful people, tender and kind, they are, when aroused, the most belligerent of men, good friends and bad enemies, with the indomitable qualities of the bulldog. Allegedly without a sense of humor, or with a belated one, they have produced, after all, the greatest humorists of our time, and the nation which boasted Herbert Spencer boasted, at the same time, Gilbert and Sullivan. The most law-abiding of people, they write the best of all detective and mystery stories and their literature is stained with violence. Monuments of conformity — no sin is more grievous than to do what is not done — they are at the same time passionate individualists, and the nation where nonconformity is a term of rebuke is that in which eccentricity flourishes unrestrained.

2

THIS is all paradox, and it is perhaps an additional paradox that the English character, though sometimes paradoxical, is rarely puzzling and never unreliable. The broad traits are clear enough; they persist through the years, they run through all classes of society. The qualities that tend to unify are far stronger than those which divide. What, then, are the traits which have persisted?

They are a law-abiding people. Probably no other people confess the same profound respect for the law, no other conform so instinctively to the rules and regulations of government or of any organization that has authority. They do not smoke where smoking is forbidden, or walk on grass in defiance of signs, nor do they dabble in the black market or try to evade payments on their income tax, or get out of place in a queue. Property is safe, women and children are safe, life is safe, and the critic George Orwell has recently suggested that the trait which distinguishes the English from all other people is their habit of not killing one another. Nor does all this rest upon law, or upon the police force: the whole of society is one vast law-enforcement agency and public opinion is fiercely hostile to law-breakers and rule-breakers.

That the English pay a price for this trait cannot be doubted. They are, if anything, too law-abiding and too acquiescent. They do not revolt readily enough against bad laws and troublesome regulations, but where law is concerned, they take the attitude that theirs is not to reason why.

The English have a highly developed sense of justice and of right. No phrase is more commonly used, by the ordinary people, than "it's right" or "it's not right," and that pretty much concludes the matter. They want to know where they stand, and they usually do. They believe in fair play, on the playing field and in the law courts and in business. They have little patience with subtlety or cleverness: they do not want rights that can be argued about. They hate all chicanery, all evasiveness and slipperiness. They are upright and downright, foursquare and simple and stanch. They carry their sense of justice over into the political realm — in large matters of national or international policy, in small matters which have their day as questions in the House. Their law is at once just and heartless, and in matters outside the law they are philanthropic but not charitable.

They believe that every man should have his due, neither more nor less, and they have contrived a complex and rigid system to see that each has his due — and no more nor less. The English instinct for observing laws should make most controls superfluous, but much of English life seems organized on the basis of suspicion rather than of trust, and an expensive and pernicious system of checks and controls permeates life. No Englishmen cheat on their railway tickets, yet where in America a single functionary looks at a ticket, in England there are no fewer than three who perform this unnecessary service. When you ride on a bus or in a subway, you must be ready to prove that you have paid for your ride. Accounts are kept scrupulously; the crossed check is an English invention, and a man could as easily burgle the Bank of England as cash a check where he is not known.

The insistence that every man have his due ex-

tends from formal arrangements, like food rationing, to informal relationships, like gratuities: it is the enemy not only of favoritism but of carelessness. Before he will admit you to his libraries or his schools, before he will trade with you even, the Englishman wants to know who you are and what claims you have on him, and he will make clear, too, what claims he has on you.

In all this the English are at once the most courteous and the most discourteous of people, and the combination has confused observers for two centuries. It is the courtesy that is instinctive and pervasive, displaying itself formally in the ease of all social relationships and the quiet efficiency of all public ones, and informally in a thousand little acts of thoughtfulness. It is in part the product of training and habit — no children are more courteous than the English; it springs from respect for the individual; it is inspired by natural kindness. It is to be found alike in individuals, in organizations, and even in crowds; it is habitual but rarely, as with the French, ostentatious.

The discourtesy is a more complicated matter, a mixture of suspicion, indifference, and arrogance, and it is, as often as not, calculated. Its explanation, like that of so many English traits, can be found in the class structure and class-consciousness of English society, and the danger to that structure from anything either incomprehensible or inharmonious. Once an individual is placed, whether as publican or gentleman, as charwoman or lady, all is smooth, but the social sport, whose position and whose claims threaten the structure of the class society, is subject to endless rebuffs. For until he has presented acceptable credentials, the stranger is suspected of asking more than his due, usurping a position which is not his by right, making claims which may be unfounded. Nowhere is the accredited visitor received more hospitably, nowhere is the unaccredited stranger — one whose dress or accent betrays a dubious position — so coldly rebuffed.

3

THE English are an intensely practical people, infatuated with common sense. They have produced few great speculative philosophers but many practical ones: Bacon and Locke, Bentham and Mill, Spencer and Huxley, are their typical products, not men like Spinoza or Kant. They like to see a program, and they judge by results. In politics they have a wonderful feeling for the practical and the actual, an instinctive repugnance for the doctrinaire. They distrust all extremes: their Conservatives are liberal and their Liberals conservative, and even their socialism is a bundle of compromises. They will not waste their votes, and they will not waste their time on men or parties that are too subtle or fanatical, and no people are less susceptible to demagoguery.

For all their open-mindedness and their tolerance, they are an intensely conservative people. They hate innovation, wrote Emerson, and their instinct is to search for a precedent. Even where they are forced to make changes, they change the substance rather than the form, and though English law is certainly as modern as American, the English judge still wears a wig and a King's Counsel takes the silk. They know the advantages of steam heat but distrust anything quite so modern; all the propaganda of the Food Ministry has failed to introduce experiments in cooking, and they still have, as a French wit put it a century ago, but one sauce. Where to an American the fact that something has always been done a certain way is sufficient reason for changing it, to an Englishman it is sufficient reason for retaining it. When asked why Britain does not print an air-mail stamp instead of requiring two stamps to be pasted on every air-mail letter that is not written on air-mail stationery, one of the most unconventional of British scholars answered simply that they never had printed special stamps — and thought the answer conclusive.

For all their conservatism the English are progressive, and it is a peculiarity of the English character to achieve revolution through evolution. Those who speak in the House of Commons are still required to wear a hat, but what they say is rather more radical than anything that can be heard in the American Congress, and if top hats are still required at Eton, education there seems to produce men fit for the responsibilities of the new day. Oxford and Cambridge are still, to all appearances, aristocratic and even feudal institutions, yet they select their students on the basis of talent and each takes a larger percentage of its student body on scholarships than any American university. Everywhere this process of evolutionary adjustment can be seen: ostentatiously in the realm of politics, less spectacularly in the church, in education, in the relations of labor and industry, in the military.

For all their conservatism, their phlegm, they are one of the most adventurous of people. What other nation boasts a comparable galaxy of explorers, mountain climbers, navigators; what other could maintain a Hakluyt Society? From the day of Drake and Frobisher to that of Doughty and Burton the English have led the way to the strange places of the earth — always carrying with them their Englishness, even their afternoon tea, for while they are wonderfully adaptable in large matters, they make no concessions in little ones. They penetrate every river, conquer every mountain, levy upon the whole globe for their collections of flora or fauna, or of esoteric lore, and the adventures of Richard Hannay were not wholly imaginative.

Although they are the greatest explorers and colonizers, and have spread the English language

and laws throughout the earth, they are the most parochial of people. Even their patriotism is parochial rather than imperial, and Englishmen would find it hard to sing the praises of things they do not know as Americans of the prairie states sing the praises of rocks and rills, of woods and templed hills. The English love their own county rather than their nation, and every acre of England has its historian and its muse. The *London Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* give adequate attention to world news, but few other papers do, and English journalism, generally, is far less cosmopolitan than American.

Though proud of their Empire, the English know little about it, and they know even less of America. More Canadian history is taught at Columbia University than at Oxford, and over a period of a century and a half no English scholar has contributed anything of lasting importance to the study of American history or literature. In matters of language, too, they are parochial. They do not take readily to foreign languages, expecting foreigners rather to learn English, and they are still inclined to think the American language a sort of debased dialect.

4

ENGLISH conservatism and parochialism are not unconnected with self-satisfaction. On the whole the English approve of themselves, as well they may. Instinctively, rather than intellectually, they know that theirs is the best of societies, and their highest compliment is still that a thing is "so English." Recent events have, superficially, shaken this Gibraltar-like assurance of superiority, but it persists in little things, subconsciously as it were. Thus English scholars acknowledge the achievements of Harvard or Columbia or the University of Chicago, but they know in their hearts that Oxford and Cambridge are better, and when they are not on guard their pens slip into the assertion that their higher education is the highest in the world. Most of them are still convinced that the *Times* is the greatest newspaper in the world and that if a book is not in the Bodleian it is not literature. It was equally characteristic that an Oxford don should gravely inquire if any American law library had as many books as the library of his college, and that some passengers from Grimsby should refuse to touch any of the wonderful variety of fish prepared by the chef of the *De Grasse* because they knew no fish could compare with the fish of Grimsby.

The English have, needless to say, ground for complacency. It is still true, as Emerson remarked, that they make well those things which are ill made elsewhere in the world. It is not skill alone that accounts for the superiority of their automobiles or their moving pictures over the American, but certain traits of character. They believe in

durability, and make things to last — cars and boots and houses, for example. They take pride in their work, and have infinite patience. They carry into affairs even of business their standards of integrity and propriety: if their books are not always exciting they are almost always well written; if their advertisements rarely lure, they do not outrage decency.

They are a thrifty people — thrifty of property, of speech, of their emotions above all. It is not merely that they prefer understatement to exaggeration; they suspect any public expression of emotion, verbal or by gesture. There is far less public love-making in England than in either America or France, and far less public manifestation of family affection. The English do not shout themselves hoarse at games, but are content to murmur "Well played," and are careful to applaud the play rather than the team. They dislike a fuss and, above all, a scene; they will endure any discomfort rather than complain about it publicly, will waste an hour looking for a road rather than accost a stranger for information.

They are thrifty of the products of their minds, as well. They prefer, on the whole, a performance that is not too brilliant, a conversationalist who is not too clever. Churchill has been suspect, all his public life, for his incomparable oratorical gifts. They distrust the ready speaker, the facile actor, the brilliant player, as they distrust men or women who are too well-dressed. They resist styles, prefer old clothes to new, and have made tweeds and the umbrella national emblems.

They have created a masculine country — a society made for men and run by men; the contrast, here, with either France or America is striking. The English home belongs to the man, not the woman — belongs legally, as far as the ownership is concerned, and psychologically, where furnishings and conveniences are concerned. In the United States, advertisements are directed to women, in England to men, and the advertisers know what they are about. England has few magazines designed primarily for women, and English banks are not fitted with special rooms where women can transact their business. The whole tone of English society is masculine: the importance of clubs, the role of the pub, the concentration of family money on the education of sons.

There are no girls' schools with the standing of Eton or Harrow or Westminster, and only this year is Cambridge University conceding degrees to women. Of twenty-one Cambridge colleges, two are for girls; when it was observed recently that the number was scarcely sufficient, there was prompt agreement: there should be, said a young don, at least four. An American would have said, almost automatically, that there should be eighteen. Yet it should be added that all this has nothing to do with politics, or with literature and

the arts. There are more women M.P.'s than Congresswomen, and for a generation, now, the best English novelists and critics have been women.

5

Not the most important, but the most pervasive and the most pernicious of English traits is class-consciousness. It is not political, it is only in small part economic; it is social and psychological and philosophical. Its persistence is a tribute to the tenacity of traditional ways of thinking and acting, for it has resisted, stubbornly and successfully, the whole twentieth-century movement of democratization. Originating with the privileged classes, it is retained by the unprivileged, and class sentiment today is stronger with the lower than with the upper classes, and strongest perhaps with the middle.

It reveals itself in a thousand ways, most of them insignificant in themselves, but cumulatively not only important but controlling. In England, alone of English-speaking countries, accent betrays class. There are not only dialects for every section of England, but for each class, and the dividing lines are all but impassable, in less than two generations. The terms "lady" and "gentleman" still have meaning, and have not yielded to the leveling process; other terms, too, confess a special class significance — "top drawer," for example, while the innocuous phrase "not quite" is loaded with dynamite when applied socially. The distinctions between officers and privates in the Army, officers and ratings in the Navy, are more decisive than in the American services, and even in the recent war a public school accent was helpful in obtaining a commission.

Nowhere else have domestics played a comparable role, nowhere was the hierarchy of the domestic staff more implacable, nowhere was Thorstein Veblen's theory of conspicuous waste more fully validated than in pre-war England. The use of the phrase "master and servant" to cover the field of labor relations derives from the Common Law, and there is a social as well as a professional distinction between solicitor and barrister.

Class distinctions extend even into the intellectual realm, where they are least justifiable. The intellectual pre-eminence of Oxford and Cambridge may be challenged, but never the social: it is interesting to note that though both are located in the provinces, it is the other universities — those at Manchester and Birmingham and Liverpool — that are called provincial. Any man can get a good education at the provincial universities, but if he has social ambitions he might as well cut his throat as go to them. A comparable hierarchy prevails in secondary education, and it is little exaggeration to say that half a score public schools, with Dartmouth and Sandhurst, dominate England socially.

The class distinctions in newspapers and journals is sharper than elsewhere: the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* appeal to a small and select audience, as does the *Spectator* or the *Economist*. Even religious affiliations have a class tincture: the Church of England is the church of the upper, and perhaps the lower, classes, and the term "chapel" still has social connotations. Socially it is almost as fatal to be a Wesleyan as to have gone to a council school or to pay your tailor in pounds. For England alone of all countries has a special coin for social purposes. The guinea is fictitious, to be sure, but no fiction was ever more real, and the distinction between schools, doctors, writers, tailors, who are paid in aristocratic guineas and those who are paid in vulgar pounds is profound.

Logically this pervasive class-consciousness should poison English society, but in fact it does no such thing. English social relationships seem, in defiance of all logic, easy and even happy. Ease, good nature, and happiness characterize English social life.

Crisis tests character. The English character is made for normal times and enables the English to jog along cheerfully from day to day. But it is made for crisis, too. Honor, courage, tenacity, pluck, ability, practicality, fortitude, integrity — these have ever been English traits.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true,

said Shakespeare, over three centuries ago, and Emerson's memorable speech at Manchester concluded on the same note: —

Is it not true that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port, but only that brave sailor which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stropt of her banners, but having ridden out the storm? And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities, of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all but incalculable mores, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations — I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; — indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion.

Who that knows England today, struggling so gallantly to pay for the grandeur and misery of victory, can doubt that she is at her best in adversity, or refuse to have faith in her power of endurance and expansion?



An Atlantic Story



A veteran, now in his twenty-fifth year, who is thinking and writing in terms of peace, JOSEPH HELLER is a senior at New York University, where he is majoring in English and producing short stories which in our judgment give very real promise. During the war he flew sixty missions as a bombardier with the 12th Air Force in Italy and France. The urge to write was then in his mind, and now he is doing it. Mr. Heller's first published story, "Castle of Snow," appeared in the March Atlantic.

A MAN NAMED FLUTE

by JOSEPH HELLER

Two policemen, one of them a sergeant, entered the stationery store and tramped heavily to the back where Dave Murdock ran his business. Murdock was a bookmaker. He had arrived shortly before, and he and the two men he employed were still busily tabulating the previous day's results. When the two men entered, Murdock looked up at them with surprise, his dark eyes taking them in without welcome. An angry scowl appeared on his heavy face. "What do you want?" he said.

The policemen hung back several steps before him. "I've got bad news for you, Dave," the sergeant said regretfully. "We have to close you up for a while."

Murdock studied him a moment and then leaned back. He bit the tip from a fresh cigar and spat it out with savage annoyance. "Don't bother me," he said. "I'm busy."

"I'm not fooling, Dave," the sergeant said. "You have about four hours."

Murdock moved forward over the desk, his big shoulders bunching up menacingly, and glared at him with frank belligerence. "What the hell's the idea?" he demanded.

"We have to clean up for a while, Dave. You know that."

"I know that," Murdock said. "But why me?"

"It's not just you, Dave. We're closing every shop in the district. I'll make it an easy complaint and you get someone to take the pinch for you. All right?"

Murdock stopped arguing when he saw there was

nothing he could do. He collected what papers he thought he would need and went out, leaving his two assistants to make the necessary arrangements, among them the usual task of locating someone to be arrested in Murdock's place. He spent the rest of the afternoon visiting as many of his customers as he was able to, giving the favored ones his home number and taking what business he could get on the way. In the late afternoon he called Nat Baker and got a ride home.

Nat was also a bookmaker, and when they were in the neighborhood, they stopped at a small luncheonette where the counterman took bets for him. They had coffee, and Murdock decided to wait in the car when Nat and his man huddled in a corner of the room. It was already dark when he stood up and walked to the door. When he stepped outside, he was greeted with a thick, rich, weedy smell. A group of boys stood clustered together in the darkened doorway of a hardware store, all smoking with a strangely surreptitious guilt. Murdock sniffed curiously at the air, recognizing the odor with surprise. The furtive manner of the group immediately confirmed his suspicion. They were smoking marijuana. Murdock remained where he was, glancing at the doorway secretly until Nat came out. Nat caught the smell as he came briskly through the door. He looked briefly over Murdock's shoulder as he started toward the car.

"Is that what I think it is?" he asked.

"Probably," Murdock said, with a nod. "Reefers, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Nat said. "It's getting to be quite the thing around here."

Murdock entered the car slowly, glancing at the boys with an interest mingled with regret. Nat began moving the car out. Murdock turned a last commiserating glance on the group, and his eyes came to a sudden stop. His son Dick was among them, smoking, standing far back in the recess of the dark doorway where the shadows were heaviest, but unmistakably his son, Dick, sixteen years old. Murdock gasped with surprise. He reached out and held Nat's arm in a strong grip.

"Nat, who sells it to them?"

"Why?" Nat asked, slightly puzzled. He looked at the group for a moment and then seemed to understand. "I can find out," he said. "Do you want me to find out?"

"Yeah," Murdock said, grimly. "Go find out."

Nat left the car and returned to the luncheonette. Murdock sat motionless, smoldering, feeling his anger boil as he glanced at his boy from time to time. He had a murderous temper and he fought to keep it subdued, because Dick was a good boy and he knew that everything could be settled by a serious talk. As he watched, the boy raised his hand to his face and inhaled deeply. Murdock watched the glowing spark brighten and turned away. He didn't look there again until Nat had returned and pulled the car out.

"They get it from a fellow called Flute," Nat said. "You can find him in the poolroom."

Murdock nodded his thanks and remained silent. When Nat dropped him off, he stood before the house for several minutes, trying to calm himself before he went inside. Claire was surprised to see him so early.

"They closed the place up again," he explained, answering her question. He studied her intently for several moments, trying to guess what she was thinking. She stood before him in silence, watching him with a sad expression. "What's troubling you, Claire?" he asked, feeling a bit guilty.

"Nothing's troubling me," she answered slowly. "I just wish you'd get into a respectable business."

"It's only for a few days," Murdock said. "It doesn't mean anything."

"That isn't what I mean," Claire said.

Murdock well knew what she did mean. He had been a bookmaker for almost sixteen years, and in all that time Claire had never stopped disapproving. With an almost puritanical obstinacy, she still refused to regard his income as an honest living.

"Look, Claire," he said, with a slight trace of annoyance. "Stop blaming all the gambling in the world on me. The city is crawling with bookmakers, and if I didn't take the bets I handle, someone else would. Can't you see that?"

"I can see it," Claire said. "But I just wish it wasn't you." She regarded him regretfully for another moment and then turned to the stove.

Murdock left the kitchen and went to the bedroom, where he removed his clothes until he was bare to the waist. He was a big man in his early forties, and his large, heavy frame still had a definite expression of solid, masculine strength. In the bathroom he washed slowly and combed his hair. He put on a fresh shirt, leaving the collar unbuttoned, and returned to the kitchen, where Claire was peering into a simmering pot.

"Where's Dick?" he asked casually.

"He went out."

"Where?"

Claire turned from the stove to look at him. "I don't know," she said. "Why?"

"How is he doing in school this term?" Murdock asked.

"The new term just began. He always does well in school. What's the matter?"

"When does he do his homework?"

"You know when he does his homework. After school and at night. Will you please tell me what's wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong," Murdock said. "I just don't like the idea of my kid running all over the streets and getting into trouble."

Claire moved toward him with alarm. "What kind of trouble? What's he done?"

Murdock smiled and patted her arm with clumsy assurance. "There's nothing wrong," he said. "I guess the police put me in a bad mood." He smiled again and stood up. "I have some work to do," he said, and walked out without waiting to see if she believed him.

2

IN the bedroom he sat down and waited. Dick was a good boy, he told himself, and everything would be all right. There had always been a cheerful friendship between them. He knew that Dick gambled occasionally and shot pool frequently, that an imbecile woman had willingly taken his virginity, and that he probably smoked cigarettes regularly even though he had promised to hold off for another year. They had discussed all that with comfortable honesty, and Murdock had always prided himself on the open relationship. This new deed incensed him, because of its evil suggestions and because it had been done secretly, and as he sat waiting he was filled with a fierce resentment.

He heard the boy come in and waited until he settled himself in the living room. Then he rose and went in to him. Dick was sitting in a chair near the window, holding a magazine he had just opened. He was a well-built boy with clear, probing eyes in a handsome face that looked a year or two older than his actual age. Claire came from the kitchen and stood in the doorway, looking on in nervous anticipation.

"Hello, Dad," Dick said, when Murdock entered.

Murdock had decided to let it ride until after dinner, but when the boy spoke, all resolve gave way to an overwhelming indignation. "Where the hell have you been?" he demanded.

The boy looked at him with surprise. "I was outside," he said. "Why?"

"I'll ask the questions," Murdock said. "You answer them."

"I was only gone a couple of hours," Dick said. "Ask Mom."

"I don't have to ask anybody," Murdock said. "I'm sending you away to school."

Dick stared at him with amazement. "What's that?" he asked.

"I said I'm sending you away to school. What's the matter? Can't you hear?"

"What are you talking about?" Claire said.

"I know what I'm doing," Murdock answered.

"It doesn't sound like it," Claire said.

"What kind of school?" Dick asked.

"Military school."

"Military school! Gee, Pop, what's got into you anyway?"

"I'll show you what's got into me," Murdock said. "Stand up." Dick looked at him incredulously and began to rise. Murdock strode up to him and pulled him to his feet. Before the boy realized it, Murdock was going through his pockets, gathering the contents in his large hands. When he had emptied them all, he pushed the boy down roughly into the chair. "Wait in here," he ordered, and walked out.

He went to the boy's room and examined the articles in his hands, doing it quickly and throwing each one on the bed after a brief inspection. He couldn't find what he wanted and turned to the jacket the boy had been wearing. In the breast pocket he found a small packet. He opened the tissue wrapping and saw two thin, wrinkled cigarettes. He split one with his fingernail and examined the seeds to his satisfaction. Now that he was sure, he felt surprisingly calm. He closed the cigarettes in his hand and returned to the living room. Neither Claire nor the boy had moved.

"Come inside, Dick," he said. "I want to talk to you."

The boy followed him back into the room. Murdock closed the door and turned the lock. He let several seconds go by before speaking.

"Dick," he said. "Are you doing anything you wouldn't want me to know about?"

The boy hesitated, watching him cautiously, and then shook his head.

"Or anything you know I'd really object to?"

The boy replied uncertainly. "I can't think of anything."

Murdock took a step forward, feeling the hot anger flame within him. "Are you sure?" The boy nodded, and Murdock came forward another step. He watched Dick's face closely as he raised his arm

and held up one of the thin cigarettes. "What's this?" he asked.

A conclusive look of guilt flooded the boy's face. His frightened eyes caught Murdock's for a moment and then dropped to the floor. "A cigarette," he answered.

"What kind of cigarette?"

"A regular cigarette," the boy said. "I've been rolling my own."

Murdock hit him with his open hand. Dick fell back, stumbled to his knees, scampered up again quickly, and retreated in hurried steps. Murdock moved toward him, enraged. He had never struck him in anger before, and the great shame that swept over him he immediately blamed on the boy.

"What kind of cigarette?" Murdock demanded.

"A reefer," Dick said, in a low voice that was filled with shame.

Murdock stepped back, breathing hoarsely, feeling with relief that another point had been won. "Who sells it to you?"

The boy looked down at the floor without answering. A small trickle of blood appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"You don't have to tell me," Murdock said. "I know."

"Who?" Dick asked.

"A fellow named Flute," Murdock said. "Is that right?" Dick nodded slowly. "Can I find him in the poolroom now?" Murdock asked. The boy nodded again. Murdock studied him silently for several seconds. "You're bleeding," he said, in a lower voice.

Dick touched his finger to his mouth and looked at it without emotion. "It isn't anything," he said.

"I'm going out," Murdock said. "You wait in here until I get back. I don't want Mother to know. If she asks you, tell her you've been cutting school. All right?"

The boy nodded and Murdock walked out. Claire blocked his way in the foyer.

"He's all right," Murdock said. "Let him stay there until I get back."

"Where are you going?"

"Out for some air," Murdock said.

3

IT WAS a six-block walk to the poolroom. When he was inside, he stopped by the door and scanned the long, crowded interior. All the tables were in use, each with its small, chattering audience, and in the back a small crowd stood around the ticker that was bringing in the sporting results. Murdock was looking for Marty Bell, the owner, and he spied him coming forward with a greeting smile.

"Hello, Dave," he said. "What brings you here?"

"I want to talk to you," Murdock said. "Is there a fellow named Flute here?"

Marty looked toward the back and nodded. "That's him at the fourth table," he said, pointing. "What do you want him for?"

"I'm going to beat his brains out," Murdock said, and started away.

Marty came after him nervously and caught his arm. He had a soft, owl-like face with a peculiarly mournful twist to his mouth that had earned him the nickname Tearful. He looked unusually troubled now. "Be careful, Dave," he said. "He's a strong boy."

Murdock shook him away impatiently and walked back to the fourth table, his eyes fixed on the man but not noticing that Flute was as big as he himself was, with broad, level shoulders and thick forearms. Flute was bending over to make a shot when Murdock came up to him. Murdock tapped him sharply.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

Flute straightened up slowly and studied him with a careless interest, a slight, mocking smile coming to his strong face. "What about?"

"I'll tell you outside," Murdock said.

Flute thought about it a moment and then nodded. He put his cue down and followed Murdock out through the side door. Murdock walked until they were out of the light before he turned.

"You've been selling marijuana to my kid," he said.

Flute showed no emotion. "Who's your kid?" he said calmly. "I sell tea to a lot of people."

"That doesn't matter," Murdock said. "It takes a pretty low bastard to sell it to anyone."

"All right," Flute said. "Talk nice."

Four men came out of the darkness behind Flute, two on either side, and moved forward until they were around Murdock. As soon as Murdock saw them, he swung at Flute. Flute caught his wrist and held it, and before Murdock could move, he had his other arm, and in an instant Murdock was pinned back against the wall, unable to move. He kicked out viciously at the man's groin and struck his thigh. Then the leg moved and Murdock could no longer hit anything. The four men watched without moving. Flute held Murdock powerless with his arms and shoulder, making no attempt to hurt him. Murdock struggled feverishly to break free from the younger man, putting all his strength behind the effort. It was no use, and after a few minutes he sagged in helpless exhaustion. The anger went out of him, leaving him limp with defeat.

"All right?" Flute asked.

Murdock nodded weakly. Flute released him and stepped back. Murdock moved from the wall, his eyes on the ground.

"It's all up to your kid," Flute said. "He comes to me. Tell me who he is and I won't sell it to him."

Murdock was silent. He rubbed his arms slowly,

trying to shake the soreness from them. Flute watched him steadily, waiting.

"All right," he said, with a shrug. "Don't tell me. But don't make trouble for me. All right?"

Murdock still didn't speak. His eyes flickered to Flute's square face every few seconds. He was still gasping for breath, still trembling slightly in defeat, but on his face there was a look of stubborn determination which Flute eyed apprehensively. He watched Murdock a moment longer and then stepped back reluctantly, shrugging again. Murdock moved between two of the men and walked away. He left them in a rapid stride, but as soon as he turned a corner his step slowed to a tired pace. He continued home in a weary walk. When he was before the house, he stopped to comb his hair and straighten his clothes. Claire was waiting for him by the door.

"Where have you been?" she asked anxiously.

"Out for some air," Murdock said.

Claire studied him with a puzzled expression.

"Have you been fighting?"

"Do I look like I've been fighting?" Murdock said. Claire shook her head slowly and Murdock had to smile. "Get dinner ready," he said. "We'll be right out."

4

HE hesitated outside Dick's room and then continued into his own. He closed the door and sat down on the bed, truly feeling his age for the first time. He was humbled by the shameful memory of being handled by Flute as though he possessed only the puny power of an infant. He sat motionless for a while and gazed down blankly at his hands, listening aimlessly to the noise of his breath passing through his nostrils. He didn't hear the doorbell ring and he looked up with surprise when Claire came into the room.

"Marty is here," she said. Murdock looked at her quizzically. "Marty Bell," she explained.

"What does he want?" Murdock said, without looking at her.

"He wants to see you."

"All right," Murdock said.

Claire turned from the door and returned a moment later with Marty. Marty came into the room gingerly, his sad face filled with a troubled gloom. He glanced significantly at Claire, and she left with an anxious glance at Murdock. Marty closed the door and faced Murdock. He didn't speak.

"What do you want, Marty?" Murdock said.

"I was talking to Flute," Marty said. "He asked me to come to see you." Marty stepped forward hopefully. "Do me a favor, Dave. Let him alone, will you?"

"Why?" Murdock demanded brusquely. "Why should I let him alone?"

"Because he's a good boy, Dave. You don't know him, Dave, but he's a good boy."

"Yeah," Murdock said scornfully. "Some good boy. He sells dope to my kid."

Marty shrugged with acute discomfort. "He just looks to make a buck," he explained. "You know how it is, Dave. You knocked around a lot yourself."

"I never sold dope," Murdock said.

"That doesn't mean anything," Marty said, with another deprecating shrug. He stepped close to Murdock and cocked his face forward in an intimate gesture. "He just tries to get by. You know how it is, Dave. There are a dozen guys in the neighborhood who would sell tea to your kid if he wants it. If Flute didn't do it, somebody else would. It's just like your own business."

Murdock's jaw dropped. Marty stopped speaking and looked at him with amazement. He took a cautious step back.

"Beat it, Marty," Murdock said.

"Sure, Dave," Marty said quickly. "But think it over, will you?"

"Get out, Marty," Murdock said. "I won't bother him."

Marty smiled at him gratefully and left. Murdock sat alone for a few minutes and then rose slowly, as a man exhausted, and went to Dick's room. Dick looked up at him quickly when he entered, and then dropped his eyes to the floor. Murdock stared down at his hands for several minutes, breathing slowly and heavily, feeling a strong sense of shame as he stood before his son. After a while he looked up.

"I'm sorry I hit you, Dick," he said.

Dick looked at him with surprise for a moment, and then his face broke into a wide, bashful grin. "That's all right, Pop," he said happily.

"Here," Murdock said. He picked up the small packet containing the two reefers and handed them to him. "We'll talk about it tomorrow. All right?"

"Sure, Pop," Dick said. He hesitated a moment and then replaced the packet on the table. "Anything you say."

Murdock smiled at him and the two of them went in to dinner. As he sat down it occurred to him that Claire must not know. The food was good, but he ate slowly, without appetite, and through the whole meal he never once met her eyes.

SECOND SOWING

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

For whom
The milk ungiven in the breast
When the child is gone?

For whom
The love locked up in the heart
That is left alone?

That golden yield
Split sod once, overflowed an August field,
Threshed out in pain upon September's floor,
Now hoarded high in barns, a sterile store.

Break down the bolted door;
Rip open, spread and pour
The grain upon the barren ground
Wherever crack in clod be found.

There is no harvest for the heart alone;
The seed of love must be
Eternally
Resown.



The Atlantic Serial



LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

As a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, Osbert Sitwell came unscathed through the heavy fighting in Flanders, and with the final victory in 1918 he, his sister Edith, and his younger brother Sacheverell turned to the arts with that sense of release and opportunity which the war had so long suppressed.

His friends and acquaintances included Shaw, Mary Webb, Bertrand Russell, T. S. Eliot, the Huxleys, Roger Fry, Maynard Keynes, Virginia Woolf, Siegfried Sassoon, Isadora Duncan — the seething artistic and literary and

*fashionable world of a London newly awakened from the long night of the First World War. Osbert Sitwell gives us charming, unconventional portraits of these people, and resumes the account of his intense, almost medieval father, his delightful but impractical mother, and the life at Renshaw, the ancient family residence in Derbyshire. This is the second of four installments to be drawn from the new volume of his autobiography, begun in *Left Hand, Right Hand!* (1944) and carried on in *The Scarlet Tree* (1946) and *Great Morning!* (1947).*

13

THE Next War was still twenty years ahead in time and it seemed clear that men were not such fools as ever to let it occur again. The crowd celebrating the Armistice had reason to be glad. For drunk and sober, for living and dead, for the bodies torn and twisted, and eked out with the flesh of others, the war was over, the first great democratic war, and we were entering the period for which we had fought. Now the years had arrived in which we could prove our worth. For me, as for many others, a period of the most intense activity set in: all the energy repressed for years, or let loose into unsuitable channels, was freed at last. I attempted to make up for the years of which I had been cheated. Within two years I had stood for Parliament, produced a long book of poems, become an editor of a quarterly devoted to modern art and literature, interviewed D'Annunzio at Fiume, contributed innumerable articles on many subjects to the newspapers, and in conjunction with my brother had organized the first large exhibition of modern French pictures held in London since 1914.

I had formed, also with my brother's help and advice, a collection of modern pictures, defective in some respects though it was, because of our lack of money; I had written art criticism, and had become a regular contributor of *vers-libre* satires which appeared as leading articles (the only ones of their kind in any paper) to the *Daily Herald*, then edited by George Lansbury with Siegfried

Sassoon as the literary editor. From these I selected two satires, and adding to them a third which had appeared in the *Nation*, made of them a sixpenny book, entitled *The Winstonburg Line*, devoted for the most part to an attack on that great personality, since then so much inflated by a long span of almost autocratic power, who had gazed at me so many years before from almost every inch of the walls of the schoolroom improvised within the mauve tents of Chesham Place. The assault was directed against a policy that, by supporting ineffective armed resistance to the new regime in Russia, made of it an enemy, forever suspicious, and at the same time sealed the fate of those poor weak creatures it had deposed, and who were now held in its clutches.

This pamphlet was published by the late Mr. Henderson of "The Bomb Shop" in the Charing Cross Road, an elderly Scottish Socialist in a brown tweed suit, with a flaming red tie, spectacles, and a Trotskyite beard. He was very kind and genial, in spite of a certain cynicism of appearance, as well as enterprising, and under his auspices, the volume sold at Albert Hall "Hands-off-Russia!" meetings and elsewhere in such great numbers — though without profit to myself, for I had neglected to ask for a contract — that for many years it remained my best-known work.

It will be seen from the foregoing passage with what fury I applied myself to life; equally, it will appear from what follows that it did not impress

everyone, any more than did the similar multiform energies unloosed by my brother. Thus there was a well-known remark made at this time by Miss Burton, Robert Ross's former housekeeper, who now let rooms in Half Moon Street. A rotund, warm-hearted, loyal, and likable comedy-character from Shakespeare, she had somehow strayed into the Victorian Age and dipped herself in its finery. Always elaborately dressed in silks and velvets, with fretwork insertions, her large contours hung about with keys, brooches, signet rings, and Wagnerian jewels (she had a great love of Wagner's operas), while to crown all, there would be on great days, balanced on high brown-gray rolls of hair, a large-brimmed flat hat, spread with ostrich feathers, she suggested something of the jovial, indeed rollicking, good sense of a portrait by Franz Hals, and many of her dictums delivered in a voice that still retained a delightful Hampshire coo and burr were memorable, and gained a circulation among connoisseurs. Thus she confided to her tenant and my friend, Lord Berners, that "Them two Sitwells 'ave got into a grove."

On another occasion, again, I heard myself described as lazy. Arnold Bennett was present when this judgment was passed, and began to roar with his laughter, with which he was obliged to struggle as with his words, until his whole face grew red, rather as the body of an octopus changes color, and the upstanding hair of his head, and his mustache, always so bristly, seemed to bristle still more. When he had mastered his attack, and could again get his breath, he remarked, "That's good! The trouble with Osbert is that he has seven professions, not one, and a life devoted to each."

Elsewhere I have written an account — though it will not be published until later — of how a first meeting with Arnold Bennett had led eventually to my becoming one of the three editors of *Art and Letters*. Arnold had most generously offered to finance my editorship of it: but this in the end had not proved necessary, for Frank Rutter, the owner of the paper, wished to reconstitute it and of his own accord offered to Herbert Read and myself the joint editorship of the literary side, while allowing us, moreover, to influence him in the pictorial.

It is interesting to look back at the contributors to this quarterly. Our first number of *Art and Letters* (Winter, 1918-1919) included poems by Richard Aldington, Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford Madox Ford), Aldous Huxley, Siegfried Sassoon, Edith Sitwell, Osbert Sitwell, and Sacheverell Sitwell; prose by Ginner, Wyndham Lewis, Herbert Read, and Frank Rutter; illustrations by Gaudier-Brzeska, Kramer, Wadsworth, and Wyndham Lewis, by whose hand also was the cover design.

It was in connection with the revival of *Art and Letters*, at the old Café Royal, with its smoky acres of painted goddesses and cupids and tarnished gilding, its golden caryatids and garlands, and its

filtered, submarine illumination, composed of tobacco smoke, of the flames from chafing dishes and the fumes from food, of the London fog outside and the dim electric light within; through which haze one caught sight of such monumental figures as Jacob and Mrs. Epstein, immense in this artificial gloaming, and superb in their own way — the same way as his busts, conjured up, and transposed by magic from color into form, out of the most intractable material, from the later and more lurid portraits of Rembrandt — of Augustus John, like some kind of Rasputin-Jehovah, and of Ronald Firbank, seated askew, and laughing consumedly to himself or shuddering in the intervals between the glasses, and of a hundred bowler-hatted bookies and artistic publishers; it was here, then, in these surroundings, that the three prospective editors had luncheon.

This was the first time I had met Herbert Read, at the time a very young officer, beginning his career as a poet. I had seldom known then anyone of a finer, more unselfish, personal quality, possessed of so little self-conceit, or with a more true and whole-hearted devotion to those paintings and writings, which though others may think sometimes wrongly, he esteems. Perhaps I liked him so greatly because of the difference in temperament between us; like a roundhead, he is extravagant only in the lengths to which art austerity carries him: whereas I am extravagant in all else. He bears a plain distrust towards the sumptuous and the easily pleasing; whether owing to the early struggles which he has so vividly, and often touchingly, described in his autobiography, *The Innocent Eye*, to his experiences in the war, which had earned him the D.S.O. and the Military Cross, or to his very nature itself, he had already developed a look of premature seriousness. His rather rueful smile was not easy to command; but when it suddenly broke up the gravity of his face, it certainly lightened his whole appearance. Making an acquaintance, which grew into friendship, with him was a source of great pleasure to me at this time, and subsequently to my brother and sister.

14

MOST of the contributors to *Art and Letters* were friends of mine already: and the majority of them were young, of my own age, though among them, too, were numbered men older than myself, such as Matisse (whom I have never met) or the veteran soldier and writer-painter, Percy Wyndham Lewis, who had returned lately to civilian — I nearly wrote civil — life. For many years now, he had been simultaneously at the center and on the outskirts of the circus dirt-storm his presence invariably provoked. In fact, his geniality had long been proverbial. He had been the leader of the Vorticists, the editor of *Blast*, a celebrated publication of pre-war days; he had been, in earlier times, a student at the Slade School: though I do not know quite when.

But it was in the days of which I write — in the summer of 1919, to be precise — that one night we were dining, he and my brother and sister and I, at Verrey's when he made a celebrated pronouncement. The restaurant was full; many of the diners sat by themselves at table, in order better to appreciate the excellence of the dishes (the elderly *patron*, with a pointed beard, walked slowly from table to table, in the French manner, to see that all was served and well cooked). Against a setting of dust-colored brocade, and opposite my brother sat Lewis. At the end of dinner, in the quietness, he first made a calculation with a pencil on an old matchbox and then, with the usual yellowing cigarette stub clamped to his upper lip while he spoke, its smoke drifting across his left eye, which, in accordance, he had partially to close, thus imparting to his face a more than customarily knowing look, said firmly, but in a carefully lowered voice: —

"Remember! I'm thirty-seven till I pass the word round!" The seriousness with which he laid this injunction upon us so intimidated my sister that she has told me that, until many years later, if a doctor came to see her and, in the course of examining her chest, commanded, "Say 99," she would instinctively and invariably reply instead, "37!"

In those days whereof I write, a Norwegian fishing cap — made apparently on a pudding-basin model, and I suppose of some kind of cloth (though the material more suggested brawn), with a short, fat all-round rim, the front of which just afforded shade to his eyes — had long ousted his black sombrero in the same way that a robust and rather jocose Dutch convexity had replaced the former melancholy and lean Spanish elegance of his appearance. A carefully produced sense of mystery, a feeling of genuine suspiciousness, emanated from him and pervaded all he did, hovered, even, over the most meager facts of his daily life in the large, rather empty studio. But he was covered, too, with Bohemian bonhomie, worn like an ill-fitting suit, and he could be, and often was, a diverting companion and a brilliant talker.

Every Thursday evening when we were in London, my brother and I would dine at a restaurant on the first floor of a building in Piccadilly Circus, in company with certain friends, who as a rule comprised T. S. Eliot, Herbert Read, and Ezra Pound as well as Lewis. Each of us sat, back to the wall, at a separate table, and this distance helped to make conversation self-conscious or desultory. Ezra Pound was inclined to mumble into his red beard, a habit perhaps brought on by his defensiveness, the result, in turn, of attacks delivered on himself during the years of his domicile in England. He was particularly a type the English do not understand or appreciate.

As a consequence of his attitude and conduct in the 1939 war, little good is heard of him today; and it is perhaps as well to recall that among the con-

siderable number of poems he has written, some of which are apt to seem pretentious, for his scholarship is not sure and he often relies on it overmuch, he has written some very beautiful and original poems. His kindness was very great to many young authors and artists, but he seldom allowed it to be suspected by its recipients. And I remember almost the last time I met Yeats, I mentioned that I had seen Pound in Italy, and he remarked, "Anyone *must* like Ezra, who has seen him feeding the stray cats at Rapallo." More important than all else, it must be remembered that he discovered Gaudier-Brzeska, and did much to make known the genius of T. S. Eliot; whose work was a source of so much pleasure and excitement to my sister, my brother, and myself, both at the time of which I write and through all the years that have passed since.

In the autumn of 1917, he, and my brother and sister and I were among the poets chosen to read their verse for charity one afternoon at Mrs. Colefax's house. The night before, a dinner party was given for the chairman, Sir Edmund Gosse, the organizers, Madam Vandervelde and Robert Ross, and for those reading. It was then that we saw Eliot for the first time; a most striking being, having peculiarly luminous, light yellow, more than tawny, eyes: the eyes, they might have been, of one of the greater cats, but tiger, puma, leopard, lynx; rather than those of a lion, which for some reason display usually a more domesticated and placid expression. His face, too, possessed the width of bony structure of a tigrine face, though the nose was prominent, similar, I used to think, to that of a figure on an Aztec carving or bas-relief.

Though he was reserved, and had armored himself behind the fine manners, and the fastidiously courteous manner, that are so particularly his own, though, too, the range and tragic depths of his great poetry were to be read in the very lines of his face, and though, in addition, he must have been exhausted by long hours of uncongenial work, his air, to the contrary, was always lively, gay, even jaunty. His clothes, too — in London, he usually wore check or "sponge-bag" trousers, and a short black coat — were elegant, and he walked with a cheerful, easy movement. If it be or be not true that the technique of a poet is his etheric body, yet in this instance, the comparison is particularly apt: for Eliot's muscular conformation and his carriage and the way he moved seemed to explain the giant muscular control of rhythm he has acquired. . . .

To return to the reading, the next day the poets met again on a platform, in a drawing room. Sir Edmund was in the *fé* chair, with four or five of us on either side of him. When Eliot arrived a few minutes late, he was rebuked publicly by Sir Edmund (though in fact the young man had come straight from the bank in which he was then work-

ing). But the high lights of the day were already gathered there; Robert Nichols — who seemed to have added to his own considerable role that of a benevolent vice-chairman — and Irene Rutherford McLeod. Their renderings of their poems deeply moved the fashionable audience. As for Eliot, he showed no trace of annoyance at being reproved: for one manifestation of the good manners I have cited was that he never allowed his companions to suspect the fatigue he must have been suffering: nor did he ever repine openly at the extraordinary fate which constrained such a poet to such a task, but he endured it with a jaunty patience, if puzzled at times — though doubtless with all a tiger's fiery core of impatience at the heart.

15

MY WORK no less than my inclination had brought me, in the last two years before the end of the 1914 war, into touch with many of the creative intelligences then at work in England. The Poetry Bookshop constituted, under the most considerate and, indeed, inspired of hosts, Harold Monro, a great meeting place: for not only was he a friend of all the poets of his own generation, but new work always attracted, though it may sometimes have irritated him. He was indulgent to all poets. He liked new ideas even when they did not match his own, and in the large, comfortable, paneled rooms above the shop, he would often of an evening bring together whole schools of poets of the most diverse faith, opinions, and temperament. Since his death there has been no one to match him in this respect. Sometimes there would be battle, but always one heard the literary news and was told of small incidents, which though the world's foundations have been shaken since those days continue even now to come back to the mind.

Whatever outbreaks had taken place, one left Harold Monro's parties enlivened, and grateful to him: for he was an excellent host. But though I formed several friendships at the Poetry Bookshop, the chief were with my host and his beautiful wife Alida. When I felt worried I would often go in and interrupt the business of selling books, in order to consult them and gain the benefit of their valuable advice, or sometimes myself to amuse them by relating some ridiculous instance of literary life, until occasionally customers would grow resentful and Harold would be recalled with a jolt to inquiries and prices.

Harold Monro's establishment was, of course, in its scope and personnel, in the volumes of verse, and the occasional or regular periodicals it published, as different from other bookshops as it was removed from them in space, for it occupied a medium-sized house of Rowlandsonian aspect — with a pediment bearing in its center within an elliptical circle an appropriate date — in Devonshire Street,

running out of Theobald's Road, a narrow street, rather dark, but given over to screaming children, lusty small boys armed with catapults, and to leaping flights of eighteenth-century cats: nevertheless, albeit the Poetry Bookshop was so unlike in character to the ordinary run, yet there were others in their various ways no less distinctive, and this is perhaps the place to emphasize how large a part bookshops played in the lives of my brother and myself — as, no doubt, of all authors who, even those most widely apart, share, perhaps, this one trait in common. Thus the broad length of the Charing Cross Road, sloping downwards from the Palace Theatre to the Hippodrome especially, constituted a favorite saunter in a free hour.

Walking down the road, and zigzagging continually across it, you came first to Jaschke's, now Zwemmer's, the spot of all others in which to find new editions of foreign books and the latest quarterlies or monthly magazines devoted to modern art and literature from Paris, Rome, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and the other capitals of intellectual life. . . . A little further along, you reached "The Bomb Shop," which I have already mentioned, where the proprietor waited, standing near a table at the back, ready to discuss politics sympathetically with any of the eager Fabians, Socialists, Anarchists, or Bolsheviks who peered myopically through their thick lenses at the books stacked on shelves painted scarlet, or who read the newspaper cuttings relative to capitalist atrocities that hung pinned up on the wall. He showed himself equally ready, too, to slang, in his sharp Scottish voice, any intruding Tory who ventured to make a remark of any sort. Books, the political theories and implication of which prevented their being in demand elsewhere, could always be obtained here, for this was the rather combustible political center of the district. . . .

Almost opposite, a little higher up, you could visit one of the aesthetic centers of the quarter, as devoid of all political tendencies, except a love of personal freedom, as it was full of ideas; a shop presided over by C. W. Beaumont, now the eminent writer on choreography and dancers, the historian of the ballet in Western Europe, and the leading English balletomane. Even in those early days, he was already a friend of my brother's and mine, for we had first met him in 1914 or 1915.

The scene of so much action was small, consisting of a front room of no great size, a winding iron staircase at the back of it, that seemed to belong to one of Harrison Ainsworth's novels and certainly must descend to a dungeon (how often have I not started to climb down it to make sure, only to be halted once again by the vertigo inevitably induced by its mazy metallic convolutions!), and behind the shop, the proprietor's diminutive sanctum, lined with books, lit always by electric light, and containing many relics of great dancers, past and present. On

a shelf on one wall could be examined a specialty of the shop, a line of flat figures cut out of wood, and painted to represent dancers in such works as *Carnaval*, *Petrouchka*, *L'Oiseau de Feu*.

Sitting by the door — and, as for that, so minute was this closet, by everything, by wall and books and window — Cyril Beaumont, with his closely cropped, suave, orange head of hair that revealed the shape of the cranium, was always to be found smoking a cigarette, at his desk, a Babel's Tower of books and papers. He would be thinking out new schemes — such as the printing press below, now celebrated, which he was already then planning — with so much intentness that the entry of a customer would often give him a start. Notwithstanding, once he had grown used to the idea, he was, plainly, pleased to see us, and would tell us of many things, of incidents, for example, that had occurred during the day, and of strange customers, for life in the Charing Cross Road is always full of surprises. Mrs. Beaumont would enter, too, to talk or sometimes give us tea: but all such conversation was misleading: for Cyril Beaumont's even and casual voice disguised a will of iron: the shop was pervaded by his personality and by that of his wife, and as full of energy as a dynamo. . . . So it was that often, in an idle moment, Sacheverell would say to me, "Let us go and see Beaumont."

16

AS WILL be seen from the foregoing pages, I had found then very numerous friendships among an unusually large range, I believe, of persons: but I acknowledged no claim except that of the artist. I had shed, too, many inherited friendships, and tried to free myself from the shackles of class: (but voluntarily to unclass oneself is no easy matter!). With the same eagerness with which I sought new intellectual contacts, so I fled from my elderly relatives, near or distant. When I saw them, I tried to elude them, for the war had drained my patience, and they seemed to enclose me in the atmosphere in which I had grown up. I loved to be with my brother and sister: I sought, too, the society of various cousins of my own age; but the rest, the Golden Horde, now stiff-jointed, and unable to hunt more than four days a week, the Fun Brigade, its laughter stifled or wheezy, the Bevy, all of these, I endeavored to shun.

As the years went by, I found myself inevitably drawn back to my beginnings. It is impossible to escape. The lines of the left hand are indelibly incised — more deeply than those of the right, which are subject to change. Certain people are given you in life, and the places in which to see them. You can add others: newcomers, but the first group returns, is forced back on you by circumstances: I cannot presume to pronounce how or why — but that is my belief. Perhaps in the

beginning, the illusion of freedom of choice is necessary. At any rate I possessed it. . . . At a party in the Adelphi on the night of the Armistice, there was no single person I had known before the war.

By the end of the following month, December, 1918, I had already fought and lost an election, and by the middle of April had succeeded in leaving the Army — always a difficult thing to effect when troops are no longer wanted in great numbers. After a long period — or at least it seemed long — in a Military Hospital in London, I was given a medical board, and told I could go on leave pending my release from the Service. . . . I suppose I was in the ward for about a month or six weeks. The hospitals everywhere were crowded with the victims of the great plague, Spanish influenza, as it was called (surely a death disease born of the holocaust and carrying the very sense of the dead and their sufferings into the bones). Placed on arrival in the Influenza Ward, I contracted the illness three times, and it affected my heart. But the nurses seemed impervious to mortal ills, chatting brightly through the groans of the dying under the naked electric light bulbs swaying in an icy draft. Tea was the great uplifter of souls — Indian tea, of course. Even the corpses were called at four in the morning.

Into this artificial paradise created by germ and tea-leaf immersion, visitors were admitted on certain afternoons — it may have been on every afternoon — and the silent elongated forms of Aldous Huxley and Lytton Strachey could occasionally be seen drooping round the end of my bed like the allegorical statues of Melancholy and of a rather satyr-like Father Time that mourn sometimes over a departed nobleman on an eighteenth-century tombstone. Lytton's debility prevented him from saying much, but what he did say, he uttered in high, personal accents that floated to considerable distances, and the queer reasonableness, the unusual logic of what he said, carried conviction.

As an instance of his brevity, so off the point and on it, there is a remark of his that comes to my mind. When he was in Rome, Princess San Faustino entertained him to luncheon, and treated him and her other guests to a long explanation of a scheme she had recently thought of, to aid the unemployed. It was all dependent on growing the soya-bean. Factories, and synthetic chocolates and motorcars and building material and bath salts, all were to be made of this magic substance. She worked the whole idea up to an enthusiastic but boring climax, when she turned to the guest of honor, and appealed to him.

"Mr. Strachey, what do you think of my scheme?"

He replied in his highest, most discouraging key, "I'm afraid I don't *like beans!*"

As for Aldous, Nonchalance, perhaps, more than

Melancholy, should have been the image we took him to represent. He was then very young, I think twenty-three. Though often silent for long periods, he would talk for an equal length of time with the utmost fascination. Versed in every modern theory of science, politics, painting, literature, and psychology, he was qualified by his disposition to deal in ideas and play with them. Nor would gossip, or any matter of the day, be beneath his notice: though even these lesser things would be treated as by a philosopher, with detachment and an utter want of prejudice. But he preferred to discourse of more erudite and impersonal scandals, such as the incestuous mating of melons, the elaborate love-making of Lepidoptera, or the curious amorous habits of cuttlefish. He would speak with obvious enjoyment, in a voice of great charm, unhurried, clear without being loud, and utterly indifferent to any sensation he was making. Thus the most surprising statements would hover languidly in air, heavy with hospital disinfectants. "From their conduct," I remember his announcing on one occasion, "one must presume that the Octopus has read Ovid on Love."

Unconscious of the public interest, Aldous would proceed on his conversational way in a genial effort to amuse me. And to the invalids, as they lay there with nothing to do except read an old, torn, tea-stained copy of the *Tatler*, or *Punch*, a whole new world was revealed. Many of them understood for the first time what was being said round them, for they were in that passive state where they were bound to listen, so that truth could enter. How greatly I enjoyed this conversation! But soon Aldous would fall to silence again, drooping into a trancelike state of meditation.

These and other distinguished visitors, then, created a stir among the inmates of the ward, for they little resembled the friends of other patients, either in appearance or in their conversation. It was plain that everyone was enjoying himself: and this suited no one. So it was soon rumored with confidence among nurses and doctors, I was told, that if I remained there much longer, such was the force of my subversive example, "the whole ward would go Bolo" — then regimental and hospital cant for Bolshevik.

17

IN the course of time, however, I got better, or at any rate well enough to be allowed out for walks. My sojourn in the Military Hospital had in no way helped me and I still felt very ill. Indeed it must have shown in my looks, because when I met Roger Fry one day in the street, he was so much struck by my pallor and thinness that, with his invariable kindness, he said that, plainly, I needed feeding up, and must come and have luncheon with him in his studio the next day. I arrived there,

accordingly, and found luncheon set out for two amid the confusion, the rags, paints, turpentine, pile of drawings, books, shoes, dead flowers, cracked looking-glasses and shaving brushes, and all the other litter of a painter's room. My generous host, who would certainly never have troubled to provide such delicacies for himself, had ordered oysters: but as I tasted the first, a horrible doubt assailed me. . . . Waveringly, I began: —

"What *unusual* oysters these are, Roger. Where did you get them?"

"I'm glad you like them," he replied, with the spirit and intonation of the quarter, "they come from a charming, dirty little shop round the corner!"

After that, I somehow curbed my hunger, and hid the oysters under their shells. As he cleared away the plates, he took a tin out of some steaming water, and said, "And now we will have some *Tripe à la Mode de Caen*."

Setting my jaw, I ate on.

My illness continued for some weeks after I left hospital: but, all the same, life was returning, flowing into its old channels (that, the pre-knowledge of it, was precisely what the world had been celebrating on November 11, 1918). Old friendships were now able to be renewed. Already, before I had left London, Robins had returned from Germany. So much had happened to him and to me since I had last seen him on August 2, 1914, that at first he seemed almost a stranger, and he did not talk much of his experiences at Wittenberg, the notorious prison camp where typhus had been rife, and in which he had been incarcerated from December, 1914, until December, 1918. He told me of one incident, however, that occurred at the end of his captivity, and which I have always remembered. Of the Armistice he heard in the following fashion. For several days previously, the most brutal of his jailers, Under-Officer Hildebrand, had been noticeably more amiable in his manner. Now, on the morning of the 11th of November, this man rushed into Robins's room, looking distraught, and shouting: —

"Our good old German God has deserted us!"

"Didn't you know that, Under-Officer?" Robins replied. "I did. Why, he's been a prisoner in England for these past three months!"

Henry Moat, too, had swum, whalelike into our ken again. During the election in December, I had gone to see Bill Moat, Henry's brother. Hearing that Henry had been, or was being, demobilized, and would shortly return to Whitby, I asked for his address, and my mother wrote to him and asked him to stay with us at Scarborough at Christmas. (My father would be away — and that was an advantage, for they both still disapproved of each other strongly at the time.) He accepted. We found him very little changed, a little heavier, his face a little redder, perhaps.

18

HENRY brought with him the assurance of the past: but the future, too, was shaping itself, and soon, after a fortnight or so in Oxford, I went abroad for pleasure for the first time since 1914, to stay with Mrs. Ronald Greville, a great friend of mine and a personality of power and discernment. She had inherited great riches, and being herself a brilliant organizer and woman of business, had much increased them. But her outward life — for few persons can have guessed the attention she gave to her affairs and to charity — was spent at Polesden Lacey and 16 Charles Street. These two houses were the resort of foreign and imperial, no less than metropolitan statesmen, and of foreign ambassadors, and they possessed a kind of unobtrusive luxury of life and background that I have never encountered elsewhere. The potency of her character enabled her to infuse her splendid entertainments with a sense of fun and enjoyment that rendered them more memorable than their magnificence, or the beauty of their setting. A word, a look, a glance, would indicate a complete grasp of any situation which might arise, and a sure knowledge of how to handle it. She liked to fill her house with celebrated and beautiful people, but was equally happy dining with an obscure friend at some small restaurant in an unfrequented French or Italian town.

Her influence was remarkable, and she lived at the center of things, knowing what was taking place, and judging it with accuracy. In addition, in the course of long journeys through Africa, Asia, and America, her eye had been as observant as it was at home, and she could foretell who would be the coming figures in the countries she visited. As a result her advice was most valuable, and she was consulted by many people of importance, and she played thus a considerable part behind the scenes. In the best sense worldly — that is to say versed in the ways of the world, and supremely well qualified by nature and experience to manage people and situations — she retained a natural simplicity that at the same time inspired her with a certain contempt for the fashionable life in which she nevertheless spent much of her time.

The only daughter of the Scottish millionaire and Liberal member of Parliament and Privy Councillor, William McEwan, she had been brought up very frugally, in spite of his great wealth and generosity; she always retained a slight Scottish intonation and use of phrase, exemplified, for instance, in the way she used to say, "Amn't I?", and she had inherited from her father the shrewdest powers of appraisal. She used often to say, "My dear, I know I'm not an educated woman," and she was certainly better versed in the hearts of men and women than in books — but she was a clever woman herself, though clever in the most

feminine way. Her grasp of politics and business was masculine, it is true, but the way in which she went to work was essentially feminine. Politics, more than art, was what she loved and best understood (though her eye for quality often told her which were the good writers); and she could distinguish and sum up the virtues and the failings of politicians with an eye — and occasionally a tongue — as sharp as a needle.

Since her mind weighed men and women so finely, with so much acumen, and since in consequence they were not able to take her in, she possessed, as well as many devoted friends — especially among the young, in whom she found the qualities upon which she set the greatest store, quickness, courage, directness, and freedom from affectation and pomposity — many enemies. This enchanted her, for she was courageous and an accomplished warrior, and liked to be able to make use of her technique, acquired through many years.

Pretensions enraged her, and we of a younger generation especially admired the almost Elizabethan gusto with which she set to combat and vanquish those of her contemporaries who indulged in them. If the point had been reached where a bubble had to be pricked, no one could perform the operation with a more delicate skill and, indeed, virtuosity. Looking at the complacent and the assured, conventional and pompous, she would often start her campaign with the slogan "I think I must have gypsy blood." But, alas, she often found these women against whom she marched with banners flying — they were nearly always women, for she had few enemies among men — too timid to show their hostility to her to her face. On the contrary, they would try to ingratiate themselves and be rewarded for their trouble with snubs that, like Allingham's Three Ducks on a Pond, were "to be remembered for years, with tears." Thus, when she entered an assembly, many a fashionable hostess quailed; but her manner, unless specially provoked, was even to those she disliked unimpeachable: though it left them in no doubt of the feeling she entertained towards them: an all too comprehending word, a congratulation where an attack might have been expected, would lay her enemies low: but she never committed the error of underrating them, and made full allowance to them, even for such imponderable assets as personal charm, manner, or amusing talk.

To her friends she was as loyal, warmhearted, and generous as she showed herself implacable to those whom she disliked. As for myself, from the time of our first meeting in 1916, until her death in September, 1942, she was a never failing friend, and of the greatest help in giving me counsel in the innumerable positions of difficulty in which I contrived to get myself. Invariably her advice would prove correct, even when it concerned that most difficult of matters, the management of my

parents. Nor was she ever afraid of telling one straight out, in what direction one was following a wrong or delusive track.

19

I HAD not seen Monte Carlo since the visit I had paid it for the day when I was eleven, and it was so long since I had been in a Mediterranean country — for four years at twenty is a long time — that I had forgotten, in those fifty months of darkness, the sumptuous plenitude of Italian light,¹ the spears and beams, and banners illuminated even on apparently sunless days, the golden-spangled afternoons, the glowing of hillside and mountain in the evening sun, which clothes it with eagle wings; still more, the marvel of its flawless days, when the great azure dome is only flecked occasionally with a golden ripple, or a great, flat, white cloud sails like a swan across the calm immensity, and when there are minute beauties, as well as majestic, and every small rock cactus or tiny plant can be seen radiating light, drawing in the heat, basking like an emerald lizard, and then the beauty of the hackneyed sunset hour, when the sea has a pallor, as though the moon were already shining on the blue transparency of its water, and the great circular sun sinks into it, and as it goes, piles and rains rose petals onto the mountains before the acronical grape-bloom of sky and sea enfolds them.

I had forgotten the bombastic, contaminated beauty of this particular place, the cliffs of bright painted houses, row after row of cube and rectangle lying on the rock shelves, the lines and garlands of lights at night, the iron stations, light as *chinoiserie* pavilions, throughout the year wreathed carelessly with clumps and clusters and bouquets of flowers in pastel shades, the flights of steps, steep or shallow, the bulbous, preposterous hotels, the citadel of the whole Principality, the Casino, contorted, heavy, overrich but the very Temple of Chance, situated in a sacred grove, the statue by the hand of Sarah Bernhardt that graces the side of the enormous building, the miniature quays down below, the tunnels, with their sudden blare of daylight, loud as a great sound, the small yachts and sailing vessels in the harbor, the bars and cafés, the Italian smell of coffee in the back streets, the shapes of octopus, sun fish, and mollusc in the Marine Museum, and repeated in fleshy but more stilted green forms by the succulent vegetation outside.

Now, in March, 1919, the little pleasure-city was balanced between two worlds, past and present. The Russian influence was already dead or dying: but its symptoms remained, the great villas, to be pulled down later or split up. People still talked of the luxury in which the Grand Dukes

had lived here, of how, when they went back to Russia, they would send their linen from St. Petersburg right across Europe, to be washed at Charvet's, the famous shirtmaker in the Place Vendôme in Paris, and of how, when they could not come to Monte Carlo in the winter, special trains from the Principality and its neighborhood would bring them carnations and roses for their Muscovite banquets.

But today the members of the Imperial family who had frequented Monte Carlo were scattered, many of them in prison or murdered. Only the Grand Duchess Anastasia, whose behavior had not long ago shaken whole countries — notably Germany, where her daughter had married the Crown Prince — was still to be seen, wearing a flaxen wig, sitting on a stool at the bar of the Hôtel de Paris or in the old Sporting Club. The Grand Duke Dmitri, on the other hand, subsequently for many years to be met in these surroundings, was still near to the horror of Rasputin's death, which he had helped to plot and carry out, and had not yet arrived here.

Harry Melville, that stylized cosmopolitan, the singular product of the genteel eighties and epigrammatic nineties, was staying at the Hôtel de Paris, and in the intervals of telling those interminable stories that won him a certain social renown, was working excessively hard at introducing his many acquaintances to one another, especially I thought, perhaps actuated by the genuine spice of wit and grain of malice in his nature, those least equipped by nature and circumstances to make friends. But, if this were so, the great conversationalist, as many had for long deemed him, defeated his own purpose, for, when present, he prevented all others from making their views heard, stifling them under the lightweight *longueurs* of his tortuous and trivial monologues: nevertheless, he was by nature gay, and by conviction wanted others to enjoy themselves.

Among the persons to whom he ceremoniously presented me were the mistresses of several Grand Dukes, now lost, captive, or massacred in the country which for so long had cherished them. These placid French women, of middle age, so well conducted, so quietly if fashionably dressed, and who still liked to dance a little, had been pastured for almost a generation on meadows of malachite, where the field flowers to be plucked were composed of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires: yet now they could hear nothing of the fate of their masters. One must make the best of things, they would sigh to themselves: they were not badly provided for, with enough to leave to their relatives, to give their nephews and nieces a start in life (they were full of family feeling and domestic virtues, and did not wish their young people to know the same privations they had been through). Their little laughs trilled out as coyly as ever, and their jewels shone under the winking electric light of the Principality.

¹The writer wishes to save his correspondents unnecessary trouble; he is aware that Monte Carlo is not in Italy.

Yet the change they noticed, they admitted; the sound of the Russian accent had almost vanished from the Rooms. No longer did bearded boyars and Grand Dukes make even hardened gamblers hold their breath as they watched them play. That had gone on, right up till the outbreak of the war. But the golden age of its reign had been in the years just before and just after 1900. And a story Mrs. Greville told me at this time illustrates the lively corruption of the earlier period. In 1892, a famous Russian lady went to live with the Grand Duke Sergei Mikhailovich: but while the Grand Duke was away, she was visited by his cousin, the Grand Duke Andrei Vladimirovich. . . . In the early 1900's Mrs. Greville was staying at the Hôtel de Paris, so as to be near her father, who was very ill and under the care of the famous Swiss doctor who then practiced at Monte Carlo. Going up in the lift one evening, she met the Grand Duke Sergei, who greeted her with the remark:—

"You're just the person I wanted to see. Your father, I hear, employs the Swiss doctor: is he really a good man? My little son is very ill with tuberculosis, and I thought he might be the right doctor for him."

Mrs. Greville was astonished, for this was the first she had heard of the Grand Duke's son. However, she showed no tremor of surprise, and gave the doctor the excellent character he deserved. Soon after this, she returned to England: but was obliged to come out to Monte Carlo again six months later. The very morning she arrived, the doctor sent a message to ask if he might call on her to obtain her advice on a difficult matter. She sent back word to say she would be delighted to see him whenever he liked to call. He came the same afternoon, and looked worried and nonplused.

"I find myself in an awkward position," he began. "I know you will not betray my confidence. I have been treating a Russian, a young boy, for tuberculosis. When he left my clinic, the Grand Duke Sergei wrote me a letter, in which he thanked me for curing his son, and enclosed a check for three thousand francs. . . . Now, the Grand Duke Andrei has written me a letter in identical terms, and sent me the same amount. What am I to do?"

"Accept both checks," Mrs. Greville replied firmly. "Never impugn a woman's honor!"

20

AMONG the few persons to whom Harry Melville introduced me that I wanted to meet—though, even then, not fanatically, for I had never seen her dance, and knew little of her—was Isadora Duncan. She was dividing her time between Nice and the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo. We spoke for a moment one evening. The next morning, early—early, that is to say, for Monte Carlo—about half past nine (at which hour the porters have stopped

washing the marble steps of the Casino, and the green-aproned gardeners have ceased sweeping up the few leaves that have fallen onto the precious circle of grass, so carefully tended, have removed a cobweb or two from dewy hedges of green, and have watered beds of carnations and begonias and nameless variegated leaves, writhing in blue and puce), I went out for a walk.

Only the tops of the palm trees caught the light, which lay like feathers, soft and rosy, on roof and terrace. In the side streets no one was yet stirring, except a few tradesmen, who still presented their ordinary appearance, without the oily-eyed smiles reserved for customers, smoked cigarettes, while they pulled the shutters up with a roar of wooden slats, and fumbled rather clumsily, as they placed in the windows the jewels intended to lure lucky gamblers. Piles of oranges and tangerines, baskets of flowers, were revealed in the florists and fruiterers, and the girl in the chocolate shop was taking rows of chocolates from trays of paper and arranging them on silver dishes in a window. A strong, sweet, sticky smell issued from the door. Otherwise there was no sign of the life for which the flights of steps, the streets, the terraces and colonnades lay set.

The glass roofs of winter gardens flashed in the sun. . . . Suddenly, in front of me, down a steep street which seemed crushed between the gray, bulky backs of elephantine hotels, and yet, for all its featurelessness, seemed, too, to bear a resemblance to a complicated stage background, I saw a figure advancing with a peculiar grace of carriage and spring of step, in her hands a bunch of violets and narcissus. It was Isadora Duncan. The beauty of the apparition—she was no longer young—was entirely unpremeditated. Though she had known tragedies, there was an irresistible air of life in her approach, and as she advanced she seemed to bring with her some of the carefree sweetness and innocence of the antique world, of Greece and the heroes in their world of sea and sky and trees. So, she walked down this street, where, under the light, even the dull plaster façades seemed burgeoning with the spring, until she came to the young avenue of pepper trees, the plumy leaves of which made a trembling shadow on the pavement. Now, however, she saw me, and recognized me, and we walked together.

In the next few weeks, I saw a certain amount of her, and came greatly to like her. And I had reason, withal, to be grateful to her, for I developed a rather severe infection of the eyes from the Riviera dust of those days, and the English doctor whom I had called in told me that it would be a long business, and he must come to see me twice a day (at a charge of two guineas a visit): but when Isadora Duncan heard this, she said, "Nonsense. I'll take you to an eye doctor I know in Nice: only you mustn't mind having to wait for half an hour in a queue." She motored me over there in the afternoon, to a house

in a back street. After I had waited in the queue, as I had been told I should have to do, I was summoned into the dingy consulting room, where a fat, bearded little figure peered up at my eyes. After a careful examination, he mixed me some drops, grunted, squeezed two drops into each eye, charged me ten francs, and sent me away. . . . By the next morning, to the English doctor's great consternation, I was cured!

In later years, as indeed in earlier, stories reached me of Isadora's wild existence, culminating in her strange death. However, in a favorite phrase of Davis, my old nurse, "I must speak as I find," and I can only vouch for the dignity clearly to be seen in her, and for the delight with which she invested life when you were with her, and for her kindness, and for her intelligence, as keen, I presume, in her art as in matters of everyday life. And when her name is mentioned, or I see it written, I recall with pleasure that figure coming down the steep incline of street, against the immense background of the big hotels, and think of the humanity and warmth her coming imparted to the scene.

21

IT WAS at Biarritz that the news reached me that I was at last a free man, released by the military authorities. Immediately packing my uniform, my gold-braided hat, and great gray coat with brass buttons, in a hamper, I launched it on the turbulent waters of the Bay of Biscay. At first, the waves kept on bringing it back to me, as if to indicate that a new war was coming, but eventually I could see a speck, floating away under the wheeling sea gulls towards the Spanish coast, where doubtless it was washed up, and its contents taken to be connected with some spy mystery of international ramification — or is it still locked, perhaps, in the frozen Antarctic, or caught and moldering in the Sargasso Sea? . . . My splendid peacetime scarlet tunic had been lost — and never to this day has it been found, unless by moths, satiated with their favorite feasts of camphor, naphtha, and DDT, and now winging their way, as if hunting, through forgotten lofts. The bearskin I still retained in London, and gave later to Mrs. Powell — my brother's and my own dear friend, cook, and housekeeper from 1917 until her death in 1930 — to be made into a muff. And very handsome it turned out!

Mrs. Powell had an ample, beautiful presence, like that of some Venetian woman with braided hair in a portrait by Titian, or by Palma Il Vecchio, and she resembled too one of the mysterious women who sit always in the background, in the intense shade cast by the fat-leaved trees in a picture by Dosso Dossi. Her skin was clear, her eyes were wide, gray-blue, and generous, her hair was brown, full of wheat-colored lights, her face, of a heavy, but classical, mold.

With her, she brought an air of happy, primitive abundance, so that she might, else, have been a corn-goddess presiding at a harvest festival: and all her stories of early childhood (she was the eldest of the many children, I think ten, of a Herefordshire farmer) reflected this quality and outlook; tales of pigs and geese and poultry, of eggs and honey, of gathering mushrooms in meadows, picking bilberries on mountain and moor, or plucking apples in the gold and red livery of the sun from the tops of old trees in walled orchards, or cattle, or stories of lambs lost on the mountainside, and of the escapades and tumblings of her small brothers and sisters. Since she had been given but little education save that which the spectacle of nature afforded her, I often wondered at her generosity of spirit, no less than at her usually fine taste in objects and literature, and true and subtle understanding of people.

In the course of time she became a leading authority on my father's psychological foibles and subtle plans for my improvement, as well as expert in foiling them on my behalf. And she had many strange experiences with him — as, for example, when he called at my house in London, having only just found out — or, rather, come to suspect — that I possessed it though my brother and I had been installed in it for two years. In order to make sure, he walked from the end of the street, rang at the door, and asked who lived there. Mrs. Powell had happened to answer the bell herself, and albeit he would not give his name, and she had never seen him, she immediately guessed who he was, and in reply to his inquiries, improvised brilliantly a hostess of her own name — a Mrs. Powell, to whom the house belonged, and with whom Sacheverell and I were staying. Mrs. Powell was away for the day, it appeared, and had left word that no one was to be let in. . . . On this occasion, my father retired, no wiser than he had arrived: and she said to me about him, "He's the finest gentleman I ever saw, but he has a thin voice: I don't like thin voices." It was a long time before he found out that the house was rented by my brother and me, and when, still ignorant of this fact, he later succeeded in making good an entry, he remarked to me wistfully, as he looked at the pictures hanging on the walls, "I had no idea what an interesting woman, your hostess, Mrs. Powell, must be."

At thirteen years of age, she had been taken away from the school she attended, and sent out from the remote farm to earn her living in service. In later years, though she was so uncensorious, this fact a little rankled; and I recall how after returning from a summer holiday, she told me of this visit to her father. He still lived in the same ancient, square stone house, so remote from the life of towns, standing in a dark stretch of country among the peaty airs and bilberries native to the stony uplands bordering Wales. All day long she

would be out, for she still loved all young animals and birds and plants: and in the evening she would sit in the kitchen, opposite her handsome old father in his high-backed chair.

"When I die," he used to observe to her in his lordly way — for he always talked, and unfortunately acted, in a spacious manner — "I intend to be buried in the city of Hereford."

And Mrs. Powell would always reply, "Well, I'm sure *I* don't know who's going to pay for it. I'm not, this time: that's certain. I've had to pay often enough for you while you're alive!"

This repetitive, rather gloomy fragment of evening conversation was founded on her resentment at having been sold into slavery, and was out of key with her character: which was on a grand scale. But she had been still a child, and had suffered greatly from homesickness, crying herself to sleep every night in an attic at Castle Howard, above the painted cupids and allegorical figures, and under the beams of the great house in which she had been given her first situation. All her money had to be sent to her parents, and when she began to earn more, indeed, for most of her life, if anything was wanted at her home, Mrs. Powell was obliged to find the money for it.

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AFTER she had left Castle Howard, at seventeen or eighteen, she had become stillroom maid, under the authority of the redoubtable Mrs. Selby, at Londesborough, in my grandmother's time. So she had known many members of my mother's family, and revered them, and she loved Londesborough and the country round it. In London, she liked to get out of the hot kitchen — a rather old-fashioned basement, hung with modern pictures — into the air as much as she could, and so sometimes, of a rich autumn evening, I would see her sitting at the open window, her face glowing, her dress assuming classical folds, both taking on part of the glory of the setting sun. Her expression, on these occasions, as she gazed over the treetops at the sky, was one of puzzled but genial melancholy, if such a slight contradiction may be allowed, and her hands would be hidden in the large muff I had given her, which would rest on the sill.

In the morning, again, when she went out shopping, she would issue forth with her muff on her arm. She liked to do her own buying, and just as, herself an artist in her own profession, she had, as I have said, aesthetic feelings, so that in later years, she was the only person who warned me not to sell my magnificent picture of Modigliani's which hung in my London house, and she could understand also the full scope of the masterpiece Arthur Waley had created in his great translation of Lady Murasaki's novel, *The Tale of Genji*, so, too, she found a pleasure, comparable to the gratification that can be

provided by pictures or books, in the material of food, greeting one, when she came in, with such words as, "I saw the loveliest piece of turbot in the King's Road: a really *lovely* thing," or "They've a beautiful saddle of lamb at Bowen's, sir, I wish you'd go and see it." And the phrases she used, after this style, were perfectly sincere, the meaning to be accepted literally.

She loved her art and was expert at it. In illustration of this, it is no less indicative of Mrs. Greville's special understanding of character than of Mrs. Powell's nature that towards the end of her life, when she had made a transient recovery from a severe illness and operation, and when Mrs. Greville wished, because of what my housekeeper had been through, to show her kindness of a sort that would really appeal to her, suddenly the inspiration came; would Mrs. Powell, she asked, care to spend the evening of the following day in the kitchen at 16 Charles Street, watching the celebrated French chef who was in charge there cook and dish up for a dinner party of some forty people? Mrs. Powell accepted the invitation with rapture, and it was my opinion that the enjoyment she derived from, and interest she took in, all she saw on that occasion benefited her health more than would have a whole month spent by the seaside. She returned at midnight, in an entranced condition at the splendor of the batteries, the china, the service: though she told me, with the confidence that a perfect knowledge of her own great gifts inspired, that she knew she could have turned out a finer, better dinner herself, had she possessed a kitchen equally well equipped, and similar aid and accessories.

Sometimes Mrs. Powell's enthusiasm, no less than the inherent profusion so evident in all she did or said, carried with it consequences unusual, and always to herself, unexpected. Thus when, for example, she purchased cranberries, in order to make a sauce to accompany a turkey, there might arrive — admittedly because calculation was not her strongest point, but also, no doubt because this lavishness fitted in with her whole temperament — a whole scarlet mountain of these bitter berries. After the fashion of goats on the hills we would be obliged to feed on them for whole weeks, and even then, many would in the end have to be given away. But her aesthetic perception seldom led her astray, she never bought any food that was not perfect in its own fashion, nor did she ever purchase an ugly object for use in the house.

Once, however, it is true, I returned from abroad to find that in my absence she had made for me a cushion of black satin, and had embroidered upon it an ice-cream-pink rose, with a few leaves of an arsenical green, and had placed it in the drawing room: but she quickly saw her mistake, and before I had been home two days, and though I had thanked her most gratefully for her present, and I believe had shown no signs of my real feelings, it was

withdrawn. It just disappeared, and was never seen or mentioned again. But to pictures, for example, she brought an eye, unafraid, observant, receptive, and unaffected by the current trends of respectability and condemnation.

Almost the only time I saw traces of her having been annoyed was when a contemporary chat-spinner had contributed the following item to an evening journal: "The Sitwell brothers have achieved the impossible, and persuaded their cook to work in a kitchen hung with pictures of the modern school." I came in late the night that this had appeared, and found on the table a piece of paper, addressed to myself. On it, scrawled in Mrs. Powell's straggling hand, was written:—

SIR

Please tell the young gentleman who wrote about the kitchen that servants are individuals like other people, and not a separate race. I happen to like modern pictures.

Your obedient servant

E. POWELL

But she liked old masters, too, and, shortly before her death, spent a holiday in Spain, with a friend, Mercedes, a niece of the Grand Penitentiary of Seville. She stayed for a happy day or two in Madrid, to see the El Grecos there and at Toledo, and then moved to Seville for Holy Week. She appreciated and understood the people and the works of art and the dances and music, even flamenco, and her power of enjoyment, her generosity, which a little resembled that of a Spanish woman, and the lovely amplitude of her flesh, won her many friends among the Spaniards.

I like to think of her, in an embroidered shawl, in a mantilla and high comb, sitting in the garden, or the patio, full of orange blossom and of violets, so much finer and more scented at Seville than in any other region, taking the air, so delicately fragrant, full of light as a crystal, even in the shade, but when I write of her, it is in London, again, that I see her, going out, finding a pleasure in the frosty morning (for frost seems to carry you back to the country and its life), having to be careful not to slip on the pavement, and so moving at a leisurely, stately pace, with the muff on her arm. At her side would accompany her my enormous, tawny mastiff, Semiramis, lifting her paws and prancing with the joy of the morning, and having some of the same steadfast and beautiful attributes.

The bearskin, indeed, had made a most successful muff, and its adaptation was less wasteful than

the way in which I had disposed of the other portions of my uniform. But this casting of it upon the waters had been symbolic and necessary to me. By means of it, I vainly sought to be rid of my own past. Yet, though perhaps less diffident than formerly, I was still doubtful of my own capacities, dissatisfied with them as every young artist should be (otherwise what causes would impel him towards new experiments?).

In particular, therefore, I remember one long walk with Sacheverell by the lion-voiced waves of the Atlantic. Here, though the air was soft, in spite of its strength, the ocean had the force of a winter's gale in Scarborough, thundering upon the rocks, beyond the dry, powdery sands into which the feet sank so that walking was difficult: but we went on and on, while Sacheverell rallied my spirits—for I was still ill, weak, and angry after the cruelty and folly of a long war, and distressed, too, by new and more grave difficulties with my father, many of them arising from my own fault, and harassed by the slowness with which I worked—and adumbrated a sketch of the future, telling me in what direction I should evolve, and what would be my standing in twenty-five years' time, if my writing developed as he hoped it would. Even then he already exercised the curious power—which, contrary to the usual process, has grown, with the passing years—of being able to inspire other artists, whether older or younger than himself, with a new creative force. . . . But the diffidence I have mentioned was not, I believe, the attitude that I adopted in the world: it was a part, only, of my character, and not to be viewed by the public—least of all, by that section which had read of, but had not read, my work. I possessed my share of vanity and conceit as well, a quick mind, a quick tongue—which often spoke before I was ready—and I hope a sharp pen.

To many, therefore, who were led to adopt this view of me by angry critics, I seemed—for the great public of the newspapers has no sense of background or of category—an arrogant *arriviste*, who indulged in what could, most kindly, be considered as automatic writing; who had no sense of the past, no care for tradition or for the future. And in the course of the next ten years, many caricatures of me appeared, and showed me as an elderly dwarf, obviously of Middle Eastern origin. This was of considerable help to me, for my unknown enemies were surprised and baffled when they saw me, large, fair and, I suppose, of a very English style.

(To be continued)

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Advice to the well-digging Chairman of the American Institute of Physics (page 87): enjoy your well, drink freely, and don't build a house there.

A summer cottage at the edge of the sea, with plenty of privacy and no near neighbors, ought to be a boon to the city dweller. As he sizes up its simple furnishings, aware that most of his waking hours will be spent on a beach or tennis court or lounging in the sun, the cottage promises an easement of all that has burdened him in town. Shorts and sneakers, a nap when he feels like it, pickup meals with a minimum of fuss, the dawdling over breakfast coffee, and bed around ten of an evening — these are the costless yet profound satisfactions of seashore life which the cottage offers. No doorbell, no dinner parties, no forays into the week-end traffic. He will have nothing to do with — or for — anybody, in his cottage life, except those of his own choice. He feels almost guilty in the selfishness of the prospect.

Nonsense. Unless the cottage is located on Easter Island or unless the summer resident, Doakes, is living under an assumed name, his dream of idle pleasure is wrecked even before he has relearned the oil stove and its ways. In about the same numbers as those visiting the Statue of Liberty or Radio City on a fine day, guests of all kinds begin dropping in on him at all hours.

Aside from certain predatory characteristics, the guests are perfectly normal people, healthy and with powerful appetites and just as tired as Doakes of town life and household chores. Some of them are friends of his. Some of them he has even invited. But most of the guests come simply because word has spread, like the grapevine of the underworld or the mysterious pulsation which speeds news through the wilds of Africa, that Doakes is now open until Labor Day, there for the taking and at their service. Short of working without pay in the field of organized public welfare, Doakes could sweat no more

altruistically for people in general than he will in his pleasure-dome by the sea.

Doakes has no defenses against visitors simply because he is trying to spend his holidays in genuine idleness. If he were conducting bird walks or running a charter boat, he could at least plead engagements. But his basic plan for a sunny noon places him under an awning in a long chair, a frosted drink (page 86) within reach, a light lunch and nap next on the docket. He is doing nothing, going nowhere and looks it, when the first carload of visitors pulls up.

Doakes tells himself it's a mistake, wrong road, lost the way. But no, a spokesman, vaguely familiar to Doakes, approaches him and hails him by name. The spokesman is either the man who thought up the party or one skilled in negotiations for the uninvited. His opening is brisk: "We just thought

we'd come down and have a swim and picnic, what with all the room you have around here. I don't want you to do anything. Don't take any trouble for us. We don't need a thing."

It is all put in such a way that Doakes is being asked only for the loan of his ocean and a few rocks. Thus he is unable to reply, "Unless you and your party leave these premises forthwith, I shall have you ejected by the police." He is, in fact, like the luckless character in the mystery story, whose misadventures run to book length because he decided *not* to call in the police.

"I've got some people here from Wilkes-Barre who want very much to meet you anyhow," the spokesman goes on, "and my wife's uncle and aunt came along — they're staying with us. I can't tell you how much the kids have been looking forward to this."

Within the next hour, Doakes has served a couple of rounds of frosted drinks, ginger ale for the children, taken the visitors and their beach bags to various bedrooms to change, and made up their deficiency of



towels. The spokesman borrows Doakes's dressing gown; he's afraid of sunburn. Off they go to the beach while Doakes washes up the glasses and collects cigarette stubs, gum wrappers, and debris from his terrace.

He is through just as the beach party returns. They are all ravenous after their swim, and to save time fiddling with a fire outside on the rocks, would Doakes mind if they boiled up a few lobsters on his stove? It begins to look showery. Probably the wise thing would be to go ahead with the meal in the cottage and give up the picnic plan. Eh, Doakes?

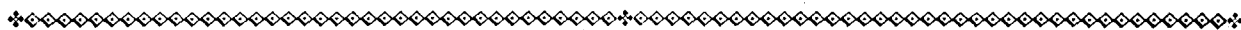
Doakes is allowed to join the feast, but the visitors hadn't counted on an extra "guest" and he comes off rather leanly with a couple of lobster claws and a dot of potato salad. "Anyone want coffee?" the spokesman demands, and sure enough, they all do. Thanks a lot, Doakes.

By the end of the meal, it's raining steadily. The visitors sit with Doakes for a while in his living

room. The children are fractious; bored with Doakes's poker chips and record albums, they begin pelting each other with pieces of the Monopoly game. Eventually, the visitors manage to let Doakes see that he is not proving himself any great shakes as a host. Even his weather is a disappointment. Back to town, the spokesman suggests. They pack up in a hurry and depart.

A careful reading of *Walden* will show that all Thoreau was trying for was a guest-proof base. "Two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon" — that was the most Thoreau had to risk in dishwashing. As to food and refreshment, he'd stand for one guest, "But if twenty came and sat in my house, there was nothing said about dinner."

Unless Doakes seeks to become a virtuoso of inhospitality, he will get out of the cottage game and bone up on *Hotels and Resorts*. Those long rows of rocking chairs on the veranda of the Cliff House may be just the thing after all. C. W. M.



Besides goats, the main products of RIXFORD KNIGHT's farm, at Jamaica, Vermont, are asparagus, raspberries, and maple syrup.

DUBIOUS PANEGYRIC

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

THE poor man's cow is a sensitive index to business conditions because, when things get tough, lots of people begin to think about getting a goat. Correlation is inverse, of course — the more goats the less business.

Possession of a goat may also be an indication of intellectuality. Even in dire circumstances, only a person of considerable originality would think of getting a goat. Several of my friends have goats and they are all originals.

We may have something here, and I hope so because I have been rationalizing for years trying to justify my keeping a goat. I have hitched her to a wagon, taught her tricks, eaten her progeny, and milked her, and have not yet found a reasonable basis on which to excuse my ownership of her.

Whatever it indicates, the goat population in Vermont is on the increase. People are becoming "goat conscious." I have this from the lady who sold me my goat and who wished me to understand that the expression meant that the demand for goats was increasing, and that her price was not unreasonable.



Another goat dealer whom I interviewed assured me that once I had kept a goat I would never be without one. I can appreciate this too, because once you have a goat it is very hard to get rid of her. There are sound economic reasons why it is hard to dispose of a goat, but there are other reasons also. It is hard to love a cow, who has no personality and does nothing but give milk, but a goat abounds in personality and becomes as much a part of the family as a mischievous dog — even more than a dog, because a goat's capacity for mischief far exceeds a dog's.

Legend has it that goats will eat tin cans, but this is not so. They will eat only the labels from tin cans, and even here they are fastidious and will not eat the labels from corned-beef cans. This is not out of sympathy for a sister ruminant, because they will eat dried beef scraps if the scraps are salted.

A goat likes apples but will not accept one from which you have first taken a bite. She will accept it, however, after the offending portion has been cut off with a knife, provided the knife has not previously been used to slice plug tobacco. A goat does not dislike tobacco, because she will eat cigarettes. I know one poor woman who denied herself a package of cigarettes a day in order to feed them to her goat who loved them so. The goat is dead and the poor woman is still alive — but this does not mean that cigarettes were bad for the goat or that her deprivation of them

was good for the woman because the woman is in better health now than when the goat was alive.

It is said that goat meat tastes like mutton, but this has not been our experience. We could not eat it, and neither would the dog or the cat. On the other hand, some mutton that we bought tasted just like goat and yet we ate it, and so did the cat, but not the dog. Once we were given meat which was said to be goat and tasted like beef. We ate it gratefully and said nothing to anyone about the bullet we found in it. The dog and cat watched reproachfully while we ate.

People who keep goats are even more interesting than the goats themselves. Not all peculiar people keep goats, but all people who keep goats are peculiar. This does not apply to foreigners, but it applies without fail to Americans not brought up in the goat tradition.

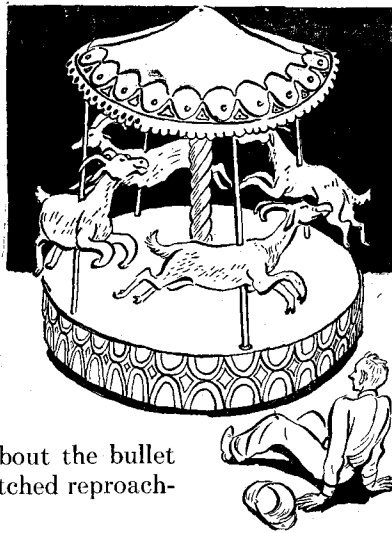
People keep goats believing them to be a cheap source of milk. They need a cheap source of milk because they do not fit into the present established American way of life, and they do not fit this life because they are peculiar. Yet they are peculiar only if the American way of life is unpeculiar, which is not established.

This makes a hard problem. If a person does not like singing commercials, baker's bread, working for a boss, or keeping up with the Joneses, he can avoid these things by moving to the country and keeping a goat. But keeping a goat involves many hardships. The person must decide whether he is inherently antipathetic to singing commercials and the like, or merely allergic to them from environmental causes. If the latter, it might be easier for him to train himself to like them — say in ten years — than to keep a goat and avoid them.

Of course it is possible to graduate from a goat to a cow. I have a cow but still retain the goat. A friend was more fortunate. He didn't like his goat and got rid of her. "You can't keep one behind a fence," he said. "So you have to tether her out — by a chain, not a rope. A goat is not like a pole bean that always runs anticlockwise. And whichever way she runs, she will stick to it and will immediately wind herself up on the stake and then tie a knot in the chain. She will stand still until you have got the knot nearly untied, and then will give a jump and catch your thumb in the loop. I'd walk a mile to kick a goat."

But a cow is not the solution either. A cow gives lots of milk but she also eats lots. There is a saying that you should keep a number of cows or none at all.

The man with one or two cows can't afford



expensive haying equipment and will have to work by hand. A cow lives on pasture for six months and on hay for six months. While on pasture, she operates by wrapping her tongue around a tuft of grass, pulling it into her mouth, seizing it between her lower teeth and upper lip, and tearing it off. She does this steadily and stows away grass at about the rate at which a subsistence farmer, armed with a scythe, can cut hay, turn it, and lug it into the barn.

Now get the mathematics of this: six months pasture, six months barn. Farmer cuts hay at same rate as cow in pasture eats

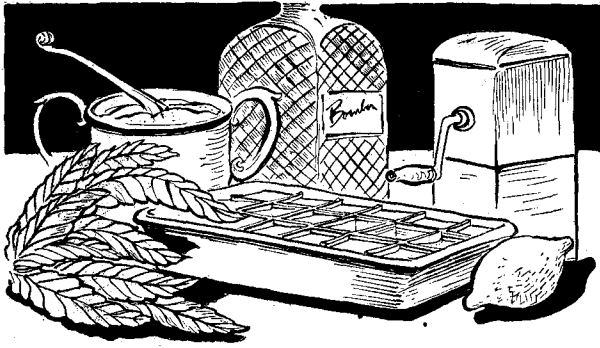
grass. Of course the cow must rest at times, and when she does, the farmer may feel free to drop his scythe and relax with his wife. But he must watch out. The minute the cow gets up from her nap he must go back to his scythe or he will be short of hay next winter and will have to buy some — which is fatal to the man who has been hoping to get away from Wall Street and the American way of life.

My goat has kidded three times, the first time giving us one buck which, by a shrewd business maneuver, I succeeded in giving away. The next time she gave us two bucks, and the third time three bucks which didn't live for the christening. I am now holding my breath and wondering how the goat population manages to maintain itself, to say nothing of increasing.

Two lusty kids will take about all the milk an average doe can provide, and before being weaned may need more. It seems illogical to keep a goat in order to save the expense of a cow and then have to get a cow to feed the goats, but that is what one goat raiser had to do. He had two goats he wanted to sell. One, for \$20, gave three quarts of milk a day. The other, for \$40, gave three and one-half quarts a day. I detected an interesting, possibly formidable, mathematical progression here and, after several moments' thought, asked if a four-quart goat would cost \$60 or \$80. My efforts to discover the combination of his pricing system finally irritated the man and I left him and bought my goat from a woman who had only one for sale and whose pricing system therefore, as I have explained, was based on the immutable law of supply and goat consciousness.

My doe gives a little under three quarts a day when she freshens, but keeps this up for only a couple of months. For a family with children it is necessary to have two goats and stagger their breeding dates six months.

Five or six goats will eat as much as one cow but



powered 151 proof type is too heavy to use by itself. Combinations of the 90 and 151 proof rums are worth experiment, and three parts 90 proof Demerara joined with one part 151 Jamaica make an impeccable punch.

Mint. — The small, bright green leaves of spearmint are preferable to other varieties.

Sweetening. — Rather than become involved with sugar syrups and their water content, which tends to dilute the drink, I use granulated sugar — in the proportion of one scant teaspoonful to a glass for juleps.

The argument as to whether or not the mint should be “bruised” is still heard from time to time, usually from people who have no idea of what they are talking about. The issue is one of taste versus bouquet. For those who like the taste of mint in a julep, the leaves must indeed be “bruised” or muddled or macerated. The non-bruise school uses its mint only for olfactory and visual purposes, by topping the glass with a thick bunch of sprigs, and one burrows through these without a straw for a potion that is substantially nothing but plain whiskey sweetened. There is no sense in putting mint leaves *in* a julep and not bruising them, if one expects to impart any significant flavor of mint to the drink.

It is this same issue which causes some experts to disdain the straw. If you make the drink for mint taste and bruise the mint, you would naturally use a straw to avoid showering yourself with crushed ice. If the mint is to be sniffed rather than tasted, the straw is useless.

The prime necessity in making a drink frost and stay that way is to keep the glass tightly packed with crushed ice from bottom to brim. There should be no floating ice area at the top, — the ice is even bulging slightly above the glass when it is first issued. Packing the glass is easy enough, the drink comes out at the correct bulk and strength, and no subsequent stirring is needed, if one proceeds as follows: —

Fill the glass with ice to about the halfway mark, tamp it lightly with a spoon or glass rod, pour in a splash of liquor and tamp the ice again. More ice, more liquor, more tamping, to the three-quarter mark. Repeat for the final quarter. For this pack-

ing and pouring method, then, here are three summer recipes:—

Mint julep.—Muddle a dozen or fifteen mint leaves with sugar and a tablespoon of ice in bottom of the glass; add a little ice and stir till sugar is dissolved; pack the glass and pour in the 100 proof bourbon as above; at the three-quarter mark decorate with two or three good sprigs of mint and complete packing and pouring. The final touch on this drink is a spoonful of ice tapped in on top.

Frosted sour. — Use the julep recipe with bourbon, substituting two tablespoons of lemon juice for the mint.

Frosted punch. — Ditto, with two tablespoons of fresh lime juice (lemon will do, but limes are better) and Jamaica or Demerara rum instead of bourbon.

A hot-weather drink that will not frost but is reasonably to be included in this presentation is iced coffee, provided one has sufficiently powerful drip coffee as a base. To that end I suggest a re-reading of "Strong Coffee" in the June, 1945, *Atlantic*. Chill the finished beverage in a jar or milk bottle in the refrigerator and serve it, three parts coffee to one part whipping cream, sugar to suit, in tall glasses with ice cubes. Pouring hot coffee on ice does nothing but ruin the drink.

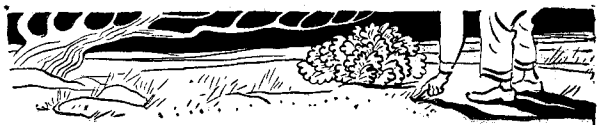
Distinguished for his teaching, research, and wartime work in the field of optics, **GEORGE R. HARRISON** is Dean of Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Chairman of the American Institute of Physics.

THE SINKING OF THE WELL

by GEORGE R. HARRISON

SEVERAL years ago my family and I, while roaming on the northern or less sophisticated side of Cape Cod, came upon a gentle slope that looked out over the bay in so interesting a fashion that we decided here would be the place for the summer home we hoped to build when the war was over. At the top, broad wind-swept pines stood hardly twice as high as my head, and under these the needles were clean and cool; while lower down, the wild cranberry spread a smooth carpet among the beach-plum bushes and bayberries. Here we would put in a well, so that water would be immediately available when the time for building arrived, and in the meantime we could pump our tin cups full and picnic on our own domain.

Once the papers had been passed and the hillside



was securely ours, I inquired at the nearest Cape Cod village as to the possibility of a well. Mr. Billingsley, the plumber, proved elusive for our first three visits, and after that evasive. Finally, by dint of great cunning, we got his promise to sink the well "right after Christmas." But Christmas passed, and all the months of snow; and when June brought the bayberry blossoms again and we went down to pump gushing water from our lot, there was still no well in sight.

It was our distant neighbor Mr. Purvis who eventually resolved the situation. He had sunk his own well with the aid of a brother-in-law, and he honored me by supposing that if he could do this, perhaps I could also. To be sure, I had no readily available brother-in-law, but I had David, my sixteen-year-old son.

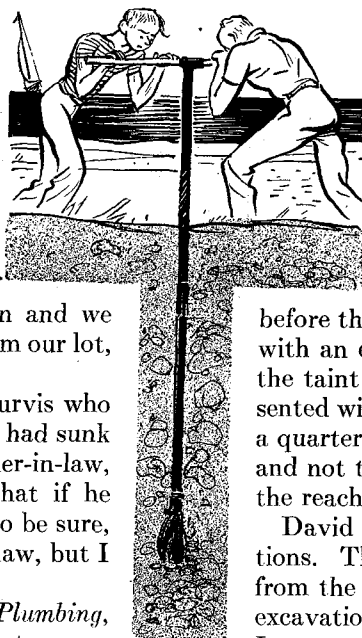
According to the *Handbook of Plumbing*, which, though slated for the past twenty years to be thrown out, now proved itself to be a jewel of the fairest water, wells can be dug, bored, or driven.

Digging was out of the question, I could tell from experiences in clearing the walk after a six-inch fall of snow. Boring rigs, it developed, are complicated structures which require large engines for their transportation, and even larger ones for their operation. But if between the bayberry bush that marked the spot where we decided the well should be, and the clear stream that we envisioned as coursing far below, there lay only sand and clay, and no gravel, granite boulders, or other massive glacial debris, it might be possible to bore a well by hand with an elongated post-hole digger. Or one could, said the book, screw a rigid pointed strainer to the end of a piece of pipe and, by well-directed blows of a heavy sledge, force this "well-point" into the earth.

All through the winter I laid my plans. The water probably lay not more than thirty feet beneath the surface, for wells on either side not half a mile away contained water that had been struck at that depth. In the basement at home I assembled and checked over all the necessary tools, and provided for every contingency except the fatal ones of striking a rock or reaching salt water instead of fresh.

On a Saturday early in July all was to be ready, and we would have the entire day to sink our well. According to my calculations this should take not more than five hours, which left seven hours for rest, recreation, and unforeseen emergencies. Yet I knew in my heart that no matter how carefully I planned, the well would take much longer than seven hours or even twelve, and that the setting sun would see me driving homeward well-less and with an aching back.

There was only a faint glow in the east when we



made a last check of our load. Grub hoe, shovels, well-point, pipe — everything was there. It was still early morning when we pulled up at a Cape neighbor's and started filling an old oil drum with water to be used in priming the pump when the well was ready to produce. Fifty gallons should be enough. I assured our friends that this was only a loan;

before the day had passed it would be replaced with an equal quantity of water untouched by the taint of professional plumbing. I was presented with an empty bottle and the promise of a quarter if I could return it filled with potable and not too saline fluid obtained from beneath the reaches of our "sandpile."

David and I were soon at the scene of operations. The roots of bushes which we pulled from the dry sand at the planned point of the excavation seemed discouraged: and never had I seen a spot which showed less likelihood of slaking thirst. But we inserted the post-hole digger, took a dozen tentative turns on the handle, and pulled it up. Our well was eight inches deep.

Soon we found that ten turns were sufficient to fill the curved maw of the digger, then eight, then seven. We were proceeding with efficiency and dispatch. Turn, turn, turn — then up to dump the load; do it again, and another foot of depth is added. The sand seemed to come cleaner and cleaner, but on the next insertion we heard a sound which sent a quiver up my spinal cord. The borer would not turn. We had struck a rock.

I looked at David, and David looked at me. Was this, then, to be a barren spot, predestined to eternal aridity? I hauled up the digger, emptied the small handful of sand it contained, and banged it back into the hole. David gave it a great heave, and it moved! Turn, turn, turn again, both holding our breaths, and it came up full. Before half an hour had elapsed we had pushed the hole down as far as two added lengths of pipe would take us — sixteen feet — and the sand grew yellower and more compact as we proceeded. Eventually the sand became intermingled with clay, and the clay was definitely wet!

Then progress began to be slower — we found that we were even losing ground. The handle would be turned its seven times and would go down its eight inches, and the load would be painfully raised and dumped, but when the borer had fallen again to the bottom of the hole, the handle would be higher than it had been before. This, I came to realize later, was a good sign, for the clay was now so wet that it would not stand alone, and the lower sides of the hole were collapsing faster than we could remove the debris.

Now I was glad that I had provided for both a driven and a bored well. We joisted out the digger

and assembled enough lengths of two-inch pipe to lower the well-point to the bottom of the hole. Then we screwed a cap on the topmost pipe, and backed up the station wagon so that its tail gate would serve as a platform on which to stand. David took a well-aimed blow at the cap with a sledge hammer. I expected to see the pipe drop a foot into the ground. Instead the cap shattered, and the top of the pipe was so bent that another cap could not be screwed on.

Fortunately we had enough pipe, so the top length was replaced and covered with another cap. Again David aimed the blow; again the sledge descended, and again the cap shattered. This time the pipe remained undamaged, but we had no more caps. Ten minutes elapsed while we contemplated our defeat. Then I cut a stubby branch from a pine, trimmed it to a plug, and hammered it into the top of the pipe. Soon regular gentle blows from the sledge were forcing the pipe slowly down, down, down. Forty blows by me, and the top of the pipe would be three inches closer to the ground. Eighty blows by David, and it would be down six inches more. So we took turns, forty and eighty, father and son, until we had gone down five feet with the sledge and it was necessary to screw on another length of pipe.

The sun by now was very high; we had been some four hours at the well, and I knew that the hardest work was still ahead. To justify a few extra minutes of rest I said, "Let's man the pump," and before inserting a new plug into the added length of pipe we screwed the little red hand-pump into place. In addition to the fifty-gallon drum of water, we had brought a sprinkling can full, and this I poured into the pump, pushing the handle vigorously as I poured. Nothing happened.

Then suddenly there was a catch; no more water would go in, and a few strokes later a flood of creamy liquid came pouring from the spout of the pump. With loud shouts we pumped energetically by turns, and there was no slackening of the smooth and viscid flow. Gradually, however, the clay was washed out of the well-point, and by the end of an hour of pumping the water emerging was definitely limpid. As David pumped I measured the flow with a bucket: six gallons a minute of sweet and clear water. Darwin, Columbus, and Einstein were our companions in the joys of discovery.



The more we pumped, the clearer came the water, and there was no lessening in the flow. Late in the afternoon my wife and daughters, returning from an excursion of their own, came to see how we were progressing. When we saw them in the distance we assumed the proper disconsolate attitudes. How did it go? The pipe broke. Oh, too bad. Then David pumping violently, and the gushing stream, and the delighted ejaculations of surprise and congratulation.

Later we dug down a few feet around the well, so that it could be capped and covered for the winter, and found the stone we had struck. It was about the size of a golf ball, and had obligingly permitted itself to be pushed aside. Not two inches from it we found a boulder bigger than my head.

The fifty gallons of water we returned gratefully and untouched to the friends who had provided it, and we presented them, using appropriate ceremony, with their bottle filled with nectar. The well now lies snug beneath the sand, secure after several bleak winters and foggy springs. When summer came again, and the sun was hot on the dunes, I pumped from it a cooling draught. Then I looked with pride at the well that David and I had sunk, and I said to myself, "I am a successful man."



HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and is now living in New York.

THE GENTLEMAN

by HOWARD HAYES

A CHAIN of New York barbershops (twenty-one stores) advertises in the papers that a gentleman "never needs a haircut." The ad goes on to say that this perfect fellow, the American gentleman, has his hair trimmed before it needs cutting.

This undoubtedly explains why a lot of businessmen are to be seen so much in barbershops. They are not sure whether they need a haircut or not, so they have stepped into the shop to have an expert pass an opinion on the situation. The verdict generally, it would seem, is that they had better stay and have a little work done.

But wait. *What* should be done? The mystery remains, for the ad also says a gentleman "never looks as though he just had a haircut." Thus the perfect gentleman, it would seem, looks exactly the same when he comes out of the barbershop as when he went in.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not against this. I like the idea. What I'm trying to get at is the theory and practice of being a gentleman. To prove the barbershop theory, let us transpose it to another field, say from the barbershop to the

saloon. ("Saloon" is a good word, as good as "barbershop.")

This would give us the phrase: A gentleman "never needs a drink. He never looks as though he'd just had one." All very sound. The gentleman who didn't need the haircut is also the well-barbered fellow at the bar who doesn't need the whiskey-and-soda. He had the haircut a couple of days before he needed it, so he has the drink a couple of hours before he needs it.

This is logical because it would be fully as ungentlemanly to allow himself to get into a state where he badly needed a drink as it would be to show that he'd just had one (or several, since although it is impossible, with haircuts, to pour one on top of another, it is the easiest thing in the world to do with whiskey-and-sodas).

To be a gentleman, then, requires not only unnoticeable barbering but unnoticeable drinking. And we must not forget the steaks. Obviously, no gentleman would ever allow himself to look hungry.



To prevent this, the fellow is always eating a thick steak several hours before he feels like it. This gentlemanly anticipation of need is no doubt responsible for his pink, well-fed, slightly porcine look.

But these are not the only fields in which this wonderful fellow anticipates. He has anticipated every kind of calamity, or even minor unpleasantness, by means of insurance. He is insured against his own dog, in case the unruly creature should snap at a neighbor's child. His life is insured, of course, for all it's worth, and this fact is reflected in the smiles of his wife. In other portrayals we see him genially borrowing money at the bank, no doubt before he needs it, which accounts for the smiles on the part of the friendly vice-president.

The gentleman is the fellow who never needs anything. But why doesn't he need anything? Because he already has everything.

Simple, isn't it?

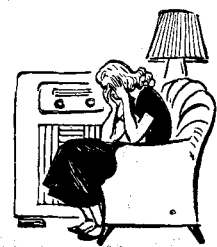
RADIO PLUGGER'S WIFE

by GELETT BURGESS

UNHAPPY husband mine! Sane folk are saying,
A public pimp, hired hypocrite. So, sighing,
I hear his hooey. When I was simpler, seeing
My lightsome, luckless lover surely soaring,
I never feared he'd fail, and fall to boring —
Geyser of gush, a bosh-besotted being,
Selling his soul to bellow into buying,
With sponsor-strident ballyhooing baying.

If, with a wink, he'd grin and call it guying,
Mayhap I might be grudgingly agreeing
That, at the price they pay, 'tis golden going;
Haply my hair would not so soon go graying,
No; relishing the rubbish he's relaying,
The clamant cow of trade he leads a-lowing
Chorused by crude commercial tra-la-leeing.
He calls his cackle life; I call it lying.

He fails to feel that my caress is cooling;
That when he mouths his mike I sit a-scowling,
Perplexed that he is proud of his crass calling,
And never knows his cheap career is coiling,
Strangling all striving, all his future foiling.
Would he might ween what fate is him befalling!
Or that his petty plugging, fact-befouling,
Were talked tongue-cheeked, fantastically fooling!





Books and Men



Navigator, historian, and teacher,

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON has been

instructor, lecturer, and Professor of History at Harvard since 1915. In 1942, he was appointed historian of the United States naval operations in the Second World War with the rank of Lieutenant Commander, and in the years following, he was a participant in and witness of many of the great operations. His access to men and documents and his close study of that crucial period mark him as one well qualified to challenge Charles A. Beard's accusation that President Roosevelt was responsible for the Second World War.

DID ROOSEVELT START THE WAR?

History Through a Beard

by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

I

ABOUT twenty years ago, Oliver Wendell Holmes in a letter to his friend Sir Frederick Pollock had something to say about Charles A. Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. Beard, said Holmes, argued that "the Constitution primarily represents the triumph of the money power over democratic agrarianism and individualism. Beard . . . went into rather ignoble though most painstaking investigation of the investments of the leaders, with an innuendo even if disclaimed. . . . Belittling arguments always have a force of their own, but you and I believe that high-mindedness is not impossible to man."

That famous book came out in 1913. The "innuendo" that Holmes alluded to has been disclaimed by the author more than once, and his penultimate work, *The Enduring Federalist* (1948), might have pleased Alexander Hamilton. But his latest, *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War* (1948), may also be characterized as a "rather ignoble though most painstaking investigation." It is a coldly passionate argument, posing as objective history, to prove that Franklin D. Roosevelt planned to pull his country into World War II shortly after it commenced, deceived the American people into re-electing him a second time by swearing to keep them out, plotted with Winston Churchill to provoke some incident which he could call an "attack" by Germany; and, when Hitler refused to fall into the trap, "maneuvered" Japan into hitting the Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor.

Nobody can laugh Beard off. He is, by any standards, an important historian and a fine man. Born in Indiana seventy-three years ago, he went through the regular mill for professional historians, rose to be full professor at Columbia, and taught students effectively for several years. His *Rise of American Civilization*, which appeared twenty-odd years ago,

is still, in my opinion, the most brilliant historical survey of the American scene ever written; a delight to read, so clear, stimulating, witty, and revealing. He has been president of the American Historical Association. His *American Government and Politics* has been a standard text for almost forty years.

As a man, Beard is and should be an object of admiration. His resignation from Columbia University in 1917, as a protest against the dismissal of Professors Cattell and Dana, was a noble and a courageous gesture. No American since John Fiske had been able to earn a living by writing history, apart from an academic milch cow. But Charles and Mary Beard, the forthright lady whom he had married in 1900, preferred four-legged cows to the academic variety. They established themselves on a hilltop farm in New Milford, Connecticut, created a successful dairy farm, and continued to write books which have been no less profitable. Farmer Beard has been a good neighbor and a power in his community, while Dr. Beard has performed countless acts of kindness and encouragement to younger students, including myself. I won't pretend that I hate to write what follows, for I enjoy controversy quite as much as does the Sage of New Milford; but my esteem for Beard the man far outweighs my indignation with Beard the historian.

No more rugged individualist exists than Charles Austin Beard. Since his salad days he has belonged to no party and joined no sect. He takes a puckish delight in shocking the smug and the complacent; but he also enjoys letting down with a thump any group of liberals who claim him as their own. At the present moment he is the darling of the McCormick-Patterson Axis, but I doubt whether he enjoys their patronage. Beard is no joiner, his name never appears on those long letterheads that spill down the margins, and he is always one jump

ahead of the professional patrioteers. On rare occasions when a Legionnaire goes after Charles, or a D.A.R. after Mary, the assailant retires howling from the scene, like a jackal that attacks a lion; for Beard keeps a blunderbuss loaded with facts and figures at his barn door.

2

ONE of the amusing if unamiable devices of Beard's historical method is an effective use of innuendo. A typical one, in *The Rise of American Civilization* (II, 83), describes how "on one occasion" during the American Civil War, "Gladstone, whose family fortune contained profits from the slave trade . . . virtually acknowledged southern Independence." Admiral Mahan, anathema to Beard, makes his bow in *A Foreign Policy for America* (p. 39) as "the son of a professor and swivel-chair tactician at West Point," who "served respectably, but without distinction, for a time in the navy," and "found an easy berth at the Naval War College." In the Roosevelt book (p. 254), referring to a constitutional opinion that he dislikes, written by the Assistant Solicitor General, Beard remarks, "Mr. Cox, with a B.A. acquired at Christ Church, Oxford, England, whose knowledge of the American Constitution may have been slighter than his knowledge of the English Constitution. . . ." Mr. Cox spent three years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, after graduating from the University of Nebraska, and for several years before his government appointment, practiced law in New York. With equal unfairness I might write, "Mr. Beard, whose favorable reception in Japan many years ago predisposed him to favor that country rather than his own in 1941."

Another trait that runs through Beard's writings is a disbelief in the Great Man. One looks in vain for any appreciation of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Lee, or Cleveland as men. Their intellectual qualities may be praised, not their moral stature. Some are treated with subtle disparagement; others appear as wan products of economic forces. In all his work I can remember but three clear, well-rounded pictures of eminent personalities: Lincoln in the *Basic History*, Theodore Roosevelt and Jonathan Edwards in the *Rise*; and even T.R. is described as a natural product of a bourgeois background. Jonathan Edwards appears to be one of Beard's few objects of admiration — an instructive parallel might be drawn between his theology and Beard's historiography. If Charles could only have moved to Connecticut two centuries earlier, how he and Jonathan would have lambasted each other from rival pulpits!

A third constant in Beard's work is his attitude toward war and those who fight and direct wars. Since his youth, when he tried to get into the summer frolic of 1898, Beard has detested war and has

done his best to ignore war, to minimize its results and to deride military men. Now, one may share Beard's detestation of war as a barbarous survival; but one must admit that American liberty, union, and civilization would never have been unless men had been willing to fight for them. Whether well directed or not, an immense amount of American effort has gone into preparation for war, making war, and paying for war; and to leave war out of any general history of the United States, whether it be called Basic, Political, Constitutional, or Cultural, is an evasion of essential truth. Beard, aloof on his Connecticut hilltop, was unofficial high priest for the thousands of churchmen, teachers, and publicists who promoted disarmament in a world where adventurers of various countries were substituting guns for butter, and who prepared the younger generation for everything but the war that they had to fight.

The clue to Beard's inconsistencies and tergiversations is furnished by the historical method he has consciously adopted and consistently preached. This method, spread at large in several articles and books,¹ is well known to the profession but hardly to the public, who have no reason to suspect that his standards of truth and objectivity differ from those of any other professional historian. He starts with a negative, the denial of Ranke's classic dictum to write history "as it actually happened" (*wie es eigentlich gewesen ist*). Nobody, says Beard, can do that, since history, conceived as the sum total of human activity, is so multifarious and multitudinous that nobody could possibly put it all down in writing; and if he did, nobody would read it. (Of course that is not what Ranke meant, but never mind.) The historian therefore tries to make sense out of the totality of history by selecting facts that to him are significant. Consciously or not, he selects and arranges these facts according to some "frame of reference" as to what is socially desirable for the time, place, and circumstances in which he writes. "The historian who writes history . . . performs an act of faith, as to order and movement. . . . He is thus in the position of a statesman dealing with public affairs; in writing he acts and in acting he makes choices, large or small, timid or bold, with respect to some conception of the nature of things, and the degree of his influence and immortality will depend upon the length and correctness of his forecast" (*American Historical Review*, XXXIX, 226).

G. M. Trevelyan reminds us that "the object of history is to know and understand the past on all its sides"; but Beard will not have it so. The object of history, according to him, is to influence the present and future, in a direction that the historian considers socially desirable. The ordinary, dumb, as-it-really-happened historian admits he has some

¹ "Written History as an Act of Faith," *American Historical Review*, XXXIX (1934), 226. *The Nature of the Social Sciences* (1934) and *The Discussion of Human Affairs* (1936).

frame of reference; but he does not consciously go about polishing one up before he starts writing, or reject facts that do not fit the frame. He believes that he has an obligation to keep himself on the alert for facts that will alter any tentative conclusions with which he starts. Moreover, an historian conceives it to be his main business to illuminate the past in the light of his acquired knowledge and skill; not to use the past to project the future. He may wish to influence the future, but that should not be his main preoccupation. I naturally hope, through my naval history, to help persuade the American people not to scrap their navy; but that is incidental. My real task is to tell what the navy did in World War II, mistakes and all.

History fitted to a consciously set frame, with the historian's sights set for the future, not the past, is really a kind of preaching. However noble or generous the objective set by such a writer, his product could only by exception be history in any modern or reputable meaning of that word. It would ordinarily be in a class with the violent sectarian histories of past centuries, or with those in which Communist historians throw the "party line" into the past.

When Beard set himself up as preacher and prophet, he was lost as an historian. One may quote against him the lines that James Russell Lowell wrote on himself: —

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;

His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.

Beard's last new Jerusalem is a socialized, collectivist state in isolation. "Does the world move, and if so, in what direction?" he asked in 1933, after both Hitler and Roosevelt were in power. "Does it move forward to some other arrangement which can be only dimly divined — a capitalist dictatorship, a proletarian dictatorship, or a collectivist democracy? The last of these is my own guess. . . ." And in an article, "The World as I Want It," which he wrote for the *Forum* in June, 1934, he showed clearly that by "collectivist democracy" he meant a "workers' republic" without poverty or luxury; "a beautiful country . . . labor requited and carried on in conditions conducive to virtue." A fair vision indeed, such as his Fabian friends had dreamed of at the turn of the century.

Within two years, however, there appeared a disturbing shadow, the threat of war. While Beard was not a pacifist in the strict meaning of the term, he felt he had been sold by Woodrow Wilson and the Treaty of Versailles. Although he had time and again urged students to get behind the documents and discover the reality, he swallowed the famous Nye Report complete, without believing it was the

whole truth. He supported disarmament and cast ridicule on the generals and admirals who opposed stripping the national defense.

3

BEARD realized, however, that mere criticism was not enough. Hating war, yet faced with a world where Japan and Germany were arming feverishly, he conscientiously sought a way out. And in a series of publications he presented a positive program which he believed would let America live in peace and prosperity even if the rest of the world went to hell.² The United States should evacuate the Philippines, renounce all "engines of war and diplomacy," and apply its entire political thought and energy to a super New Deal directed by a super TVA, the "Standard of Life Authority." Foreign trade would be controlled by a National Trade Authority with an eventual purpose of attaining complete economic isolation. Immigration must cease, except for students and tourists; the merchant marine must be allowed to sink, and the navy be reduced to a submarine or coast-defense force.

"Continental Americanism," as Beard called this blueprint for the future, made no headway. It looked too much like that which the Chinese Empire had followed for some five hundred years, the end product of which was not alluring. It also had a disquieting resemblance to the economic autarchy practiced by Hitler. His friends wondered how a scholar of Beard's knowledge and experience could propose anything so extravagant. Perhaps the answer is that isolation breeds isolationism. In a university there is an intellectual rough-and-tumble that one lacks on a hilltop. You get more back talk even from freshmen than from milch cows.

This pacifistic super-isolationism has apparently become Beard's frame of reference for recent history. In a thoughtful letter to the *Saturday Review of Literature* (August 17, 1935), answering an article by Julian Huxley, he declared that there was an objective test for every system of economics or sociology; namely, "its continuing appropriateness for life and thought amid the remorseless changes of human affairs in time — which is the subject of historical inquiry." In other words, did the prophet make good? One would suppose that if Hitler and Hirohito had not convinced Beard that a Chinese policy was inappropriate for America, the atomic bomb would. On the contrary, the whole Roosevelt book falls within that same frame. Beard is trying to show that Roosevelt dragged the nation into an unnecessary war. He is trying to revive the same masochistic state of public opinion into which he

² Especially *The Open Door at Home, a Trial Philosophy of National Interest* (1934). My quotations from Samuel F. Bemis's review in *American Historical Review*, XL, 541-543; *Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels* (1939); *A Foreign Policy for America* (1940).

and most of the American people fell at the end of World War I. Wilson then, Roosevelt again, sold us down the river; watch out that Truman does not try it a third time.

Indeed, Beard is so firmly and emotionally enmeshed in this new frame of reference that he has smashed his earlier ones. Time was when history through a Beard moved with the sweep of relentless, dynamic forces. The American Revolution and the Civil War were foreordained by economics; the concept of the former as a quarrel caused by George III and his ministers "shrinks into a trifling joke"; the latter "was merely the culmination of the deep-running transformation that shifted the center of gravity in American Society. . . ." In a little book of 1936, entitled *The Devil Theory of War*, he again stressed dynamic economic-social forces, and reserved his most devastating sarcasm for the "childish" theory that "wicked politicians, perhaps shoved along by wicked bankers," marshaled innocent people into war; that the politician "is a kind of *deus ex machina*, . . . making the people do things they would never think of doing otherwise."

Yet, note how the *deus* (or rather *diabolus*) *ex machina* emerges ten years later. Franklin D. Roosevelt, personally, without any dynamic forces or interests behind him, completely changes the orientation of his country in *American Foreign Policy in the Making, 1932-1940* (1946); and now appears in full diabolic array, with Stimson, Hull, Knox, Stark, and Marshall as attendant imps.

The premise of both books is stated in the opening sentence of the second: "President Roosevelt entered the year 1941 carrying moral responsibility for his covenants with the American people to keep this nation out of war — so to conduct foreign affairs as to avoid war. Those covenants, made in the election campaign of 1940, were of two kinds. The first were the pledges of the Democratic Party. . . . The second were his personal promises. . . ."

"The anti-war covenants of the Democratic Party . . . were clear-cut: 'We will not participate in foreign wars, and we will not send our Army, naval or air forces to fight in foreign lands outside the Americas, except in case of attack. . . . The direction and aim of our foreign policy has been, and will continue to be, the security and defense of our own land and the maintenance of its peace.'"

This is the first time, to the writer's knowledge, that any historian has honored a party platform with the old Puritan name of "covenant." As Beard is a great stickler for semantics, the use of so solemn a word for flimsies like party platforms and campaign promises is astonishing. Yet, even if we concede that a party platform is a promise binding the candidate, all promises have implied predicates. If Farmer Beard promises to sell twenty heifers on a certain date for a certain price, it is understood that if in the meantime the heifers die or the other

party goes bankrupt, or if he dies and his widow needs the heifers for her support, the promise no longer binds. So, political promises imply no important change of conditions that will make their implementation contrary to the public interest. A party platform is a party platform, not the supreme law of the land. The presidential oath of office — that the President will, to the best of his ability, "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States" — must override any campaign promise. Moreover, that platform had a saving clause, "except in case of attack." Not that that daunts Beard! Off he goes, like Don Quixote, to prove that the Japanese did not attack us at Pearl Harbor; F.D.R. attacked them.

4

THE main object of foreign policy is not peace at any price, but the defense of the freedom and security of the nation. It is clear that Beard still firmly believes that nothing that the European Axis or Japan did or could do endangered the freedom or security of the United States, which he holds no less dear than does any citizen. His argument for the faithlessness of President Roosevelt to his "covenant" is carried out in a sort of dialectic isolationism, as if the issue of peace or war, the most momentous the nation had to face since 1861, was merely a matter of debate and negotiation between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., with Charles A. Beard of New Milford, Connecticut, in the role of God Almighty delivering the last judgment. If all books on the war before 1942 but Beard's should perish from the earth, the curious reader in the far future would have to infer that a dim figure named Hitler was engaged in a limited sort of war to redress the lost balance of Versailles; that Japan was a virtuous nation pursuing its legitimate interests in Asia; and that neither threatened or even wished to interfere with any legitimate American interest.

Beard would answer, maybe the Nazis and Japs were devils too, but what the hell? Adopt my Chinese foreign policy and America is safe. Those responsible for American foreign policy naturally did not see it that way. Unlike the Sage of New Milford they lacked the imagination to suppose that American freedom could be defended if Japan was allowed to bring half the world's population under her hegemony, and Hitler controlled most of the other half.

Even his stoutest supporters will not deny that President Roosevelt failed to take the American people into his complete confidence or that he attempted to build up national defense without clearly indicating what the dangers were. Mr. Stimson was evidently troubled by this and still believes that Theodore Roosevelt by sounding the trumpet earlier and more frequently would better have pre-

pared the people psychologically for war. Mr. Sherwood in his articles based on the Harry Hopkins papers regrets that the President had to utter soothing phrases in 1940 in order to be re-elected. No one can be certain whether they are right or not. Let the reader, however, cast his mind back to 1940, or read a few newspapers or magazines of that year, and he will recall or ascertain a climate of opinion which compelled the President to do good by stealth. The American people were still bogged down in the most pacifistic or anti-war phase of their history since 1806. Disillusionment as to the results of World War I, the Nye Report, the appeasement of Hitler by Neville Chamberlain, the Communist propaganda against an "imperialist war," and the speeches and writings of hundreds of able men, of whom Beard was one of the best, had brought about a state of opinion that regarded American entry into World War II as unthinkable. During the first half of 1940 men of good will, leaders in business and the professions, journalists and crossroads philosophers, were virtually united in the belief that the European war was "no concern of ours," that to stop Hitler was not worth the life of one American, that the oceans were a sure defense of the United States, and that if Hitler tried any monkey business in South America, the American nations could stop him without aid from anyone. The fall of France and of the Low Countries and the expected attack on Britain shook this complacency but failed to break it.

Thus, the essential problem of the Administration was to support Great Britain (and after June, 1941, Russia) as much and as far as Congress and public opinion would permit, to build up American armed strength, and to keep Japan quiet by diplomacy; hoping by measures "short of war" to prevent an Axis victory or, if that did not suffice, to come into the war prepared to win it. There is no distinction of kind, in a world at war, between measures that a neutral takes to prevent being involved, and measures taken to win if finally involved; only a difference of degree. As James Madison once wrote: "The means of security can only be regulated by the means and the danger of attack. They will, in fact, be ever determined by these rules and by no others."

Exactly when President Roosevelt and his advisers decided that "short of war" would not suffice may never be known. It is improbable that they knew, themselves. As the fortunes of war fluctuated in Europe, it seemed one day that with Lend-Lease and indirect aid Britain and Russia would win; then would come a sudden blitz in North Africa or Crete or elsewhere that dashed Allied hopes. Under those circumstances, inconsistency appeared between the Administration's words and its deeds. It is an easy matter to draw a brief of Rooseveltian "hypocrisy." Other great men under similar circumstances, puzzled and baffled under myriad pressures, have been subject to the same accusation. James Monroe pub-

lished in 1797 a furious diatribe against Washington's inconsistent conduct of foreign affairs; Lincoln was accused of vacillating over the issue of secession; Sir Edward Grey lay under the same charge in 1914; even Winston Churchill was not quite so consistent as he makes out in his *Memoirs*.

5

Now for a few sordid details on *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, a book so full of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* that it would take one of almost equal length to expose every error, innuendo, or misconception. The book is divided into three parts, "Appearances," "Unveiling Realities," and "Realities as Described by the Pearl Harbor Documents"; but there is a rather confusing interplay of the three.

Beard taunts Roosevelt with doing nothing to help Britain until he got re-elected; but the destroyer-naval bases deal, the first "short of war" aid, was consummated on September 2, 1940.³ An entire chapter, "Patrols as Appearances," is vitiated by Beard's confusion of the Neutrality Patrol, set up as early as September 5, 1939, and approved by the Act of Panama on October 2, with escort-of-convoy operations; nor does he distinguish between escorting ships to occupied Iceland and escorting ships to belligerent Britain. The first Lend-Lease Act was passed by Congress March 11, 1941; Iceland was occupied by United States forces on July 7; and the navy was ordered to escort convoys to Iceland only a few days later. The first transatlantic convoy to be assisted by the U.S. Navy sailed from Halifax September 16; and until war was formally declared, the American escort dropped such convoys at a mid-ocean meeting point. The President's denials in April that the navy was escorting British ships to Britain were true and not false, as Beard contends; and the reference Beard gives on page 98, note 16, to prove the contrary only shows that the Atlantic Patrol was being augmented at the expense of the Pacific Fleet.

Part II, "Unveiling Realities," affords Beard a marvelous opportunity, by quoting all manner of gossip, slander, Congressional snipings, and the like, to build up in the reader's mind an impression of frightful iniquity on the part of the Administration. For instance, David Lawrence is quoted on pages 289-290 as asking a number of rhetorical questions, such as: "Why were all our battleships in harbor in Hawaii on December 7, 1941, instead of out at sea, and who in Washington gave the orders to keep them there?" But Beard never gives the answer: that they were there by Admiral Kimmel's order, in accordance with normal peacetime routine,

³ See my *Battle of the Atlantic*, pp. 33-36. Statements of fact hereinafter made may largely be verified from that book and *The Rising Sun in the Pacific*, Vols. I and III of my *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*.

after he had received the "war warning" message of November 27.

Again, Lawrence is quoted to the effect that Admiral Richardson protested in 1940 against concentration of ships in Pearl Harbor on the ground that it "was dangerous and offered the Japanese a chance to destroy much of the Navy at a single blow." But Beard, after combing through the Richardson testimony, is not candid enough to state that the Admiral expressly disclaimed danger as motive for his protest, which was based entirely on logistic grounds — the difficulty of supply and the deprivation of leave and liberty to naval personnel.

The "Realities as Described by the Pearl Harbor Documents" are of course "realities" only in the Beardian sense; namely, such selections from the multitude of available facts as fit his conscious frame of reference, to the effect that President Roosevelt was a villain and the war was unnecessary. Unfortunately the average reader, unacquainted with Beard's private conception of reality, does not know this, and expects an objective exposition, which he does not get.

An important insinuation against "the management of the Congressional Committee" (probably meaning its counsel, Mr. Seth Richardson) appears in a note on page 420. The "management" is accused of leaving out of the printed record, "for reasons of its own," a letter of Admiral Stark, dated April 3, 1941, to the commanders in chief of the three fleets, in which Stark says, "The question of our entry into the war now seems to be *when* and not *whether*." "Students of history" are pompously warned by Beard to be "on guard" against such omissions. Now, it should be obvious to anyone who has combed through the records, that the Committee omitted this letter because it contained nothing important that was not in other letters which it did print. For instance, the Committee printed Stark's private letter to Kimmel of April 4, in which he says, "Something may be forced on us at any moment which would precipitate action, though I don't look for it as I can see no advantage to Mr. Hitler in forcing us into the war, . . . On the surface, at least, the Japanese situation looks a trifle easier, but just what the Oriental *really* plans, none of us can be sure." This does not, of course, fit the Beard frame of reference.

Beard concludes his handling of Stark with another unjustified sneer. "Perhaps it was for this 'indiscretion,'" he says — said indiscretion being the generous submission of his private correspondence file to the Congressional Committee — "that Admiral Stark, after services in the war for which he was awarded high honors, was cashiered by Secretary Forrestal, . . ." (p. 585). Admiral Stark was never "cashiered," and the reproof by Admiral King and Secretary Forrestal, to which Beard refers, is dated over a year before the Admiral gave his testimony.

By harping on a rather unfortunate use of the word *maneuver* in the diary of Secretary Stimson, who, unlike Beard, is no expert in semantics, the author tries to prove that Japan was prodded and pushed into the attack on Pearl Harbor. Mr. Stimson, recording the so-called war cabinet meeting of November 25, 1941, noted (p. 516) that the President predicted "we were likely to be attacked perhaps next Monday. . . . The question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves." Why should this caution be regarded as iniquitous? Throughout modern history Western nations in danger of war choose to await the first blow rather than give it. If Beard is right, American history will have to be rewritten; Captain Parker who at Lexington Green said, "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war let it begin here," was a warmonger.

6

ALTHOUGH Beard gives the chronology of the approach of war well enough, and makes accurate summaries of the voluminous notes that were exchanged, he gives so little of what the Japanese were doing as to provide a distorted picture. And it is strange that an historian so identified with economic influences should almost wholly ignore the significance of oil. The assets-freezing order of July 26, 1941, which included complete stoppage of oil exports to Japan, is mentioned as a provocation without observing that it was an answer to the Japanese occupation of French Indo-China. Roosevelt is criticized for not publishing his next warning, of August 17, 1941, that if Japan took any further steps against "neighboring countries," America would adopt all measures "necessary" to safeguard "legitimate rights and interests of the United States" (p. 488). But anyone who knows Japan would realize that the publication of this stern warning would infuriate the Japanese government and defeat the object of the note.

Again (p. 496), Roosevelt is attacked for his secrecy as to Prince Konoye's proposed personal conference in September; but Beard fails to inform his readers that the secrecy was urgently requested by the prince premier, because he knew that if the proposal leaked, the Tojo crowd would throw him out — which is exactly what happened. We now know from Japanese sources, published by the Joint Committee, that Konoye promised us one thing and Tojo another, which is exactly what Hull suspected.

Beard gives the Japanese a break by describing their proposals of November 20 as a *modus vivendi* (pp. 506 ff.). They were not that, but (as the Japanese foreign minister said) an ultimatum; Japan's last alternative to making war on us and the British and the Dutch. They required the United

States to cease reinforcing the Philippines and sending naval vessels into the South Pacific; but Japan was to be free to pour more troops into French Indo-China. The United States must unfreeze Japanese assets, restore the flow of oil and other strategic materials, and stop all aid to Chiang Kai-shek. The only thing Japan promised to do in return for these concessions, appropriate for a nation defeated in war, was to move troops from southern Indo-China into northern Indo-China (whence she was planning to cut the Burma Road) and to evacuate that French colony after forcing China to conclude peace. Such is the proposed Japanese settlement which Beard considers fair and equitable, and the rejection of which by Hull and Roosevelt "proves" that they were bent on war at any price.

As for Pearl Harbor, Beard carries over from the minority report of the Joint Congressional Committee the insinuation that Washington knew all along that the Japs were going to strike, and where. What Washington knew, as early as November 25, was that Japanese forces were moving southward and that something was going to happen soon, without a declaration of war. But everyone made two grave errors in evaluating the information at hand. They believed the Japanese to be incapable of more than one major operation at a time; and they assumed Tojo's government had more sense than to arouse America by a sneak attack. No fact was more conclusively brought out by the Joint Congressional Committee than that nobody in authority at Washington, civil or military, anticipated Pearl.

Perhaps the most indecent of Beard's numerous innuendoes in this book are those respecting the Roberts Commission. Mr. Stimson suggested Justice Roberts to head the Pearl Harbor Commission not only because of his personal integrity but as a Republican appointed to the Court by President Hoover, and as an experienced lawyer who had investigated the Teapot Dome scandal. Nevertheless, Beard insinuates (p. 380) that Justice Roberts's appointment was part of a triple play to put Kimmel and Short "out," and conceal the iniquities of F.D.R. and Stimson in a cloud of dust. He creates suspicion by declaring (p. 378) that the appointment of a Justice of the Supreme Court to head an investigating commission was improper, unprecedented, and unconstitutional. That is pure nonsense. In *Hayburn's Case*, to which Beard refers, the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Jay refused as a Court to accept the additional duty of passing on pension claims, but at the same time declared that individual Justices might do it. Chief Justice Hughes served as chairman of President Taft's com-

mittee to determine postal rates to be paid by newspapers; Justice Reed and others have recently served on civil service commissions. Even if Justice Roberts were the man to accept the dishonorable role imputed to him, how could he have played it, with two generals and two admirals, one a former commander in chief of the fleet, as colleagues?

Since the discrediting of the Roberts Report is necessary for Beard's case, the Justice is pursued into the Congressional investigation with clubs and brickbats. Beard's three charges against him on page 362 — that he had been uninformed on vital matters, that Senator Brewster forced him to concede error on a "crucial point," and "unbecoming levity" — are not supported by the Justice's testimony to which he refers. The point was not crucial, the matter was not relevant to the scope of his inquiry; and why criticize the Justice for keeping his sense of humor under the badgering to which he was subjected by Senators Ferguson and Brewster? The Roberts Commission was only concerned with the question whether American military authorities had shown "derelictions of duty or errors of judgment" on the basis of the information they then had; and the Commission's findings as to the shortcomings of Admiral Kimmel were amply sustained both by the Navy Court of Inquiry and the Joint Congressional Investigating Committee. Beard's statement (p. 604) that Kimmel was "exonerated by the Navy Board" is incorrect. Admiral King's endorsement on the report of that board, dated November 6, 1944, and without which the report is incomplete, brackets Stark with Kimmel as committing "derelictions" which were "faults of omission rather than faults of commission," indicating a lack of "superior judgment." The "official thesis," as Beard calls the Roberts Report, never has been "undermined," except by partisan Congressmen or so-called historians who are unwilling to face the facts fairly.

In concluding, I wish long life and much happiness to Charles the Prophet and to Mary his wife, who have done so much in the past to illuminate American history. May they rise above the bitterness that has come from brooding over their lost horizon of a happy, peaceful, collectivist democracy insulated from a bad world. May Dr. Beard recast his frame of reference once again, raise his sights a little higher than the Connecticut hills, and apply his erudition, wit, and craftsmanship to writing history without innuendo, history tolerant of mistakes that men make under great stress; may he try to understand rather than to blame and to sneer, and even discover before he dies "that high-mindedness is not impossible to man."

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THERE never was any doubt what we were in for when a northeaster hit our little seaside village. This was totally unlike the rain in a city; this was wind, fog, and spindrift which closed us in for three days. The rain as you looked out through the mosquito netting was driven slantwise like a million arrows, and the dampness invaded the cottage: every door, drawer, and window swelled and stuck. Things were laid out to dry before the open fire, and even indoors you were always aware of the rising roar of the breakers. The red flag had gone up at the bathhouses but you needed no storm warning to tell you what the ocean was doing: the great combers were pounding and ripping and sucking away at the beach, and as high tide piled them inshore, the surge swept underneath the boardwalk and swirled angrily against the jetties. You knew how strong the sea was when the Lifesavers roped off sections of the boardwalk as unsafe!

We never called them Coast Guards. They were Lifesavers and their Lifesaving Stations were landmarks straight down the coast. They were big men to us, and their taciturn air of competence won our respect. In a storm we always congregated for fun at the Nimicks', where there would be ping-pong, Up Jenkins, or maybe fudge, cooking. But a northeaster made you restless, and as the afternoon thickened, there was an urgency in us to see what was going on at the Station. Reports might be coming in of a wreck somewhere.

The big doors were open, and as you stepped in out of the wet wind you were met by that blend no boy will ever forget, the odor of tar and cordage, oilskins and varnished wood. On this side was the New Boat (the self-bailer) mounted on its wheels and ready to be run out at a word from the Captain: over there was the Old Boat; you looked for the breeches buoy and that little brass cannon you'd have given a year's allowance to own; rockets had

been taken out of the locker — the whole place had a quiet tension. Never touching a thing, you walked to the stairs and began to climb — up to the second landing, up to the third, and then up a ship's ladder, steadying yourself by the hand rope, up to the lookout tower, where a man and a telescope were scanning seaward. (This was before the days of radio.) Windows gave to the four quarters, and a little wooden bench ran all the way around the lookout. You sat down taking care to draw your feet in from the open hatch.

"Any trouble?" you asked after a decent silence.

The answer was always slow in coming and parsimonious. Generally, a flat negative. Rarely, a lumber schooner or a fisherman might be making heavy weather of it. Once an oil tanker — with a tug standing by — was forced to open its petcocks (the oil slick made bathing impossible for a month afterwards, and the stink of those dead fish!). Once we went down the coast to see a yawl, mahogany and white hull, caught in the surf and being pounded to death. Owner and a woman (some said it wasn't his wife) had been pulled in by the breeches buoy — they were shot with luck. But the little yacht looked so helpless battering there, her soggy furnishings strewn up the beach. We were disgusted. Lifesavers weren't for damfools like that.

We never did see our Crew pull off a big rescue. But they would have been equal to it: we knew — we'd trained with them. When the storm blew itself out and duty steadied down to the usual nightly patrols, then would come a day for the drills. Breeches buoy drill came first. It was held on a sandy lot back of the dunes. Here stood a stunted mast at a crazy angle (as if the ship were already half foundered and reeling); it had a yardarm, an abbreviated crow's-nest, and a rope ladder. The Captain picked out one of the bigger boys and up he went. The adorable cannon was aimed and fired, the cord shot over the yardarm, and after it came the stout rope which Bud made fast. The Crew meantime implanted the receiving end firmly in the sand, and as the buoy swept across the raging water (you must use your imagination in this) the rest of us, like Israelites scampering through the Red Sea, piled up at the base of the mast, awaiting our turn to be rescued. Two of us weighed about as much as a sailor; and two at a time, clutching each other and trying not to fall through those voluminous pant legs, we crossed the sand in dead earnest.

After that we escorted the Lifeboat on its carriage to the beach. A wooden ramp was lowered from the



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Dixon Wecter, one of the most brilliant of today's younger historians, the author of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, is associated with the Huntington Library in California. His book is a triumph of factual history-writing combined with colorful human-interest. History Book Club selection for July \$5.00

Dixon Wecter's The Age of THE GREAT DEPRESSION

shore road and down its rollers went the New Boat, the boat which would bail herself. The bow was eased into the gentle surf, men clambered aboard, and as she bucked the first wave the Captain stood up in the stern. They rowed out a couple of hundred yards in deep water well over their heads, then they stowed the oars, and Captain and Crew fully clothed and in life belts rolled the boat over and swamped her. To us there was something incongruous in all this, — these strong silent men ducking each other, — perfection bottom side up. We lost interest in the slower job of righting her and getting the survivors aboard. We began looking for shingles or flat driftwood, and when we found them we waxed the smoother side with a bit of candle. Seated on that square of waxed wood you could go down the boat ramp like a bat out of Coney Island. Well, Jiminy, a volunteer had to do something!

Road to survival

It was inevitable in the aftermath of the Second World War that the time would come when conscientious Americans the country over would want to take stock of our national resources. What is our bank deposit for the future of iron and oil, timber and arable soil? If we are in for a long period of armed truce in which our system will be tested against the system emanating from Moscow, this question of national assets is of vigilant concern.

That is why the campaign for Conservation has become nation-wide almost overnight; that is why small, valiant groups working to control the pollution of our streams, working to preserve our great rain forests, our national monuments and our public lands, are now banding together into larger groups of Vigilantes. That is why we have had in the first half of this year two books of transcending interest in this field: *Our Plundered Planet* by Fairfield Osborn, and now *Road to Survival* by William Vogt (Sloane Associates, \$4.00), the August selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Road to Survival is the case history of how fast man has worked on this continent, in Latin America, in Russia, and in Asia to consume his rich heritage. It is the indignant record of a trained scientist who has traveled the globe. Mr. Vogt scans a wide horizon. He writes with color and with statistics that tell a devastating story. When he describes the cause of drought in the Santa Clara Valley; when he tells of what the Mexicans have done in the despoliation of their once magnificent forests, and of what the introduction of rabbits meant to the fertility of Australia; when he describes the shrinkage of the water table in Baltimore, or the costly mistakes of TVA, or why the Russians are alarmed by the drying up of their great rivers, he rouses the layman to the action point. He reminds us, in some of the most powerful prose I have read this year, that the destruction of the earth's surface and the waste of its

products, as Bernard Baruch says in the Introduction, "have a cogent meaning that touches the life, today and tomorrow, of every human being."

By a strange coincidence, as Mr. Osborn and Mr. Vogt point out, the United States and Russia have in relation to their populations almost identically the same amount of land suitable for agriculture. Both countries are facing the future on approximately equal terms as far as the basic assets are concerned. Which will be the more successful in using and conserving those assets?

Research for life

Dr. A. J. Cronin turned novelist in mid-career. His medical education at the University of Glasgow was accelerated by the First World War. For two years, he served as a surgeon in the British Navy. Then came four years of practice in the colliery district of South Wales and a special year of study of the pulmonary disabilities resulting from the mines. After which he moved to London to build up a successful practice in the West End. Not until 1930 — in his thirty-fifth year — did he begin his first novel. When Dr. Cronin writes about doctoring as he did in *The Citadel* and as he does still more trenchantly in his new novel, *Shannon's Way* (Little, Brown, \$3.00), he blends the knowledge of a practitioner and the skill of a dramatist. I rate *Shannon's Way* as the best book of his career because in it those forces which have formed his writing — his church, his dedication to medicine, and his humble Scotch upbringing — combine to give deep feeling and authenticity to his story of a struggling young biologist.

The odds are against Robert Shannon (as perhaps they were against young Cronin too). An orphan with just enough patrimony to squeak through Medical School, Robert won an honors degree, the Lister Gold Medal, and the sometimes jealous respect of his seniors. As the story begins, we find him chafing as an assistant to Hugo Usher, the leading pathologist at the University. Usher keeps Robert's nose to the grindstone and forbids him the opportunity to research for the cause of the virulent flu which is then sweeping through the neighboring villages. Robert is a poor compromiser and when he deliberately shelves his work for Usher in order to carry on his own experiment out of hours he is detected and, in the flare-up of tempers, dismissed.

Robert's temper is one of the most likable things about him — the quick, candid explosion of real integrity. It ruins his chances again and again in his efforts to support himself as a medico and still pursue his original inquiry in biology. His temper also gets him into hot water with one of his pupils, Miss Jean Law, who is training as a medical missionary and who in her evangelism is as dedicated as he to his biology. It takes Robert some time, in his callow self-absorption, to realize that Miss Law is of more than classroom interest to him; and his

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poverty, his pride, his temper (and the fact that he was born a Catholic) are fences which have to be broken down before they can come together.

Shannon's Way is full of scenes as Scotch and as warm as a buttered scone. Robert's visit to the stricken village of Dreem, where he used to go as a boy on trout fishing trips and where he is now collecting specimens; Robert's feud with the hospital matron, Miss Trudgeon; Robert's and Jean's motorcycle ride to Loch Lomond; Robert's emergency operation on young Sim and his touching reconciliation with Alex Duthie; the ruthless system which wears him down at Eastershaws, the asylum — these are but a handful of the episodes which I marked in my mind as I read. Dr. Cronin writes with the sure touch of sympathy. Injustice and intolerance, man-made and enforced by profession or church — these are the themes which find such human expression in his story.

Galahad of the Everglades

For his adventure novel, *The Flames of Time* (Scribners, \$3.00), **Baynard Kendrick** has chosen an untamed and exotic Florida in the early 1800's when Spain, Britain, and the United States were striving for possession. His hero is the golden-haired and wonderfully physical Artillery Armes, the only son of Tory settlers murdered by the Indians. Artillery Armes takes his name from the metal emblem, bearing the arms of His Majesty's Field Artillery, which was found beside his father's body. The boy is brought up by Dan McKetch and Dr. Buckhart, border desperadoes who have carved out a little principality by stealing cattle, slaves, women — in fact anything that can be moved. Considering the violence and temptation which surround him, Artillery is peculiarly chaste. At the first sight of a naked woman he runs off to live with the Seminoles; and when fate restores him to his tough guardians, the groping hand of authority is at last closing in on them.

Artillery's love story is the exact opposite of Amber's; for, thanks to Dr. Buckhart's teaching, he will not succumb to the ever recurring attempts of seduction. In other respects he is equally Galahad — "a man," says the U.S. Marshal, "who holds his head, and tongue, and liquor, and can play at cards with unchanging face; who fights only when provoked to fight, and who then can kill, but doesn't." I might add that his favorite weapon is a tomahawk he hurls with hair-splitting accuracy.

No one can question that the historian has helped to trace the doings of some of these desperadoes. Mr. Kendrick has a gusty appetite for Florida past and present; he catches the violence in the extremes of that almost tropical country, and heaps the page with swift episode and braggadocio. His dialogue is apt to be melodramatic, but so fast does he keep the story moving that I found myself reading with quite as much curiosity as incredulity.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

IN THIS month's showing, there are two exceptional novels *The Plague* (Knopf, \$3.00) by **Albert Camus** and *The Heart of the Matter* (Viking, \$3.00) — a midsummer Book-of-the-Month Club selection — by the gifted English writer, **Graham Greene**.

Mr. Greene is something of a dual personality. He writes serious novels whose mainspring is religious — the last being *The Power and the Glory* (first published as *The Labyrinthine Ways*) — and thriller "entertainments" which are classics of their kind: *Orient Express*, *This Gun for Hire*, *The Ministry of Fear*. Greene spent two of the war years as a confidential agent in British West Africa, which provides the setting for his present novel: a Maughamesque outpost of empire with stewing climate, giant rats discovered in the bathtub, and vultures clanking on the roof. At the center of the story are the immense motives of love and piety, and encircling them dualisms of sardonic contrast: the wily Syrian diamond-smugglers and the British bureaucracy; the unfortunate, exasperating natives and the supercilious, empty-headed club society.

Theological thriller

Greene's hero, Major Scobie — a veteran of the colonial police — is, like all his heroes, a man hunted and haunted. He is haunted not by passion but compassion and, because of it, hunted by fate. Compassion for the blacks has sparked enmities which balk his promotion and humiliate his wife, whom Scobie, after fifteen years of marriage, loves for "the pathos of her unattractiveness." Compassion drives him to borrow from a diamond-smuggler to finance a trip for her; and the debt puts a confidential agent on his trail. Compassion for a young girl, widowed in a sinking off the coast, insensibly leads Scobie into a love affair. Eventually — trapped by a chain of circumstances forged with flawless logic — Scobie, a Catholic, has to choose between mortal hurt to human beings and sin which his church does not forgive. Out of this conflict between the highest human motive and a higher imperative, Greene wrenches "the heart of the matter," which, judging from his priest's verdict on Scobie, has more to do with love than with dogma.

This story is tinged with the sustained expectancy, the nervy atmosphere of Greene's thrillers;

the book might, in fact, be described as a theological thriller. It is also a tragedy of modern love. Novelists seem to find it increasingly difficult to render persuasively the old high-flown romantic ideal. Greene has recognized the importance and the paradoxical nuances of a different kind of love: a mature and binding tenderness, clear-eyed and sad-eyed, in which there are community and deep solicitude, habit and boredom and pity and a latent heroism — a love which rings truer to the modern sensibility.

Despite the special circumstances, Greene creates the feeling that this tragedy is rooted in the commonplace complications of life, that his main characters are quite ordinary people. They are wonderfully well drawn — Scobie, his wife, and the young girl — and imbued with a terrible pathos. As a Catholic novel, this book is an altogether warmer and more generous work than *Brideshead Revisited*. From any standpoint it is an exciting and intensely moving story, the finest that Graham Greene has written.

"No man is an Iland"

The most vigorous personality, alongside of Sartre, among the new French writers is the 35-year-old novelist, playwright, and philosopher, Albert Camus. Known in America only by a remarkable short novel, *The Stranger* (1946), Camus has been labeled an existentialist, which he is not, though his views have some affinity with Sartre's. Incidentally, existentialism, marvelously garbled in the journalistic accounts, is expertly discussed in two new books: *Existentialism* (Harvard University Press, \$3.00) by **Ralph Harper**, a Harvard instructor and an existentialist himself; and *Dreadful Freedom* (University of Chicago Press, \$2.75), a perceptive exposition and critique by **Marjorie Grene**.

To return to Camus, we are now offered two books of his: *Two Plays* (New Directions, \$3.00) — of which *Caligula* has been purchased for U.S. production — and *The Plague*, which calls for some reference to Camus's philosophical ideas. An atheist like Sartre, he holds that the world is "irrational" and that life has no "ultimate" purpose. What he calls the "absurdity" of the human condition stems from man's "deep desire" for meaning, which life cannot satisfy. War and pestilence are dramatic illustrations of this "absurdity"; we may know their causes but their ravages do not make sense. The man who sees life with unblinking lucidity will live with "a total absence of hope," which, however, "has nothing to do with despair." He will seek to live as intensely as possible, and to that end will practice "continual refusal," an ambiguous phrase in which Camus's moral code seems to be rooted. As expounded in *The Plague*, it means refusal to capitulate to an absurd fate; and, surprisingly, the resulting affirmation is one of human solidarity and communal responsibility. Camus might have prefaced *The Plague* with the lines of Donne quoted by Hemingway: "No man is an Iland . . . ; never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

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The warning is neglected. Then bubonic plague strikes. The authorities and the press remain fatuously complacent. When the first countermeasures are imposed, the inhabitants protest them as restrictive. They feel about the plague as men have felt about war: "It can't last. It's too stupid." But fate's absurdity knows no rules. Soon, the entire life of Oran becomes synonymous with pestilence, which rages on for months, decimates the population, then mysteriously subsides. This visitation is chronicled in the tone of a curious and ironic *moraliste* who, as he reviews the behavior of "our city," seems to be elaborating Nietzsche's dictum, "The great problems are in the streets." For *The Plague* (while sharply symbolic of what happened to France) is a parable about the *condition humaine*. Plague, one character remarks, is "just life." And each of Camus's characters represents a certain attitude in the face of fate.

Father Paneloux preaches resignation to God's punishment. A visiting journalist says he does not "belong there" and plots escape. Detachment is comically travestied in Grand, who spends his leisure endlessly rewriting the first sentence of a novel; and in a zany asthmatic, who for years has risen from his bed only to spit at passing cats, and who keeps track of the time by counting peas. All these, according to the philosophic Tarrou, belong in the human category of "victims." Cottard, a criminal who profits from the plague — "a lonely and therefore an ignorant heart" — belongs in the category of "scourges."

Tarrou and Dr. Rieux devote all their energy to fighting the plague, because it is "everybody's business" — death and suffering are enemies of life. In exposing themselves to exceptional risks, they are not heroic, "merely logical." But Tarrou has learned, from once being a revolutionary, that without "the intensest clear-sightedness," even well-meaning action can turn men into murderers — that is, "scourges" no different from plague. Flawless lucidity is the hallmark of the remaining human category, the small company of "healers" like Rieux. Tarrou is striving to become one by cleaving, with unfaltering vigilance, to "the path of sympathy."

Gilbert Stuart's skillful translation comes as close as can be expected to retaining the flavor of Camus's style. *The Plague* is a superlative piece of writing — crisp, vivid, punctuated with doomsday effects and oddly humorous "bits of business," and veined throughout with a wonderfully intense irony. Arthur Koestler speaks of the book as "almost a masterpiece." It is certainly a novel of the first rank — one that will bear comparison with the work of such writers as Koestler, Silone, and Malraux.

The big money

Some time back Somerset Maugham remarked to Robert Van Gelder, then editor of the *New York*

Times Book Review, that the poor and the Babbitts seemed to monopolize our better novelists' attention. Why, said Mr. Maugham, didn't someone give the rich a literary shakedown? Mr. Van Gelder, acting on the hint, devoted the next two years to writing *Important People* (Doubleday, \$3.00). During the interval, the market has been flooded with glib and glamour-struck "satires" — the term is a fetish with blurb men — of the big-money milieu. One uneasy novelist this season even made a character exclaim, "I'm so sick of satiric novels about the rich. . . . Juicy exposés of their rotten way of life, rich men's sons flacking off and molding like Roquefort cheese." Well, *Important People* (subtitled "A Satire of Tycoon Society") smacks somewhat of the juicy exposé and the familiar flacking and molding of the overprivileged ego. But Van Gelder's is a more honest, more thoughtful treatment of gilt-edged society than its recent predecessors. It is entertaining and it has a keen edge.

Important People is set in New York and neighboring points. A series of sharply etched social tableaux succeed each other as though on a revolving stage: Liza Grimm's party, studded with "messenger lions" from places in the news, enough of them "to suit all tastes"; the witching hour, 10 A.M., in a Third Avenue saloon, when the dirty-collared barfly, "with his coat buttoned all the way up to be sure it will stay on as he twitches," sucks his beer through the gaps in his teeth to make it last, and wishes that he were dead; Harlem in a period of race riots; the Graustarkian estate of Carter West, aged founder of a magazine empire; West's leading magazine, *Cover*, which selects for thirty million readers "what thought and what accent is most meaningful . . . in understanding the world," and does it with a staff which includes show-offs, Communists, bullies, migraine malingerers, a millionaire's drunken son, and a man who wanted to be a priest and became a press agent and plans suicide every noon; Dr. Pride's school, "dedicated to the proposition that the rich could constitute a separate class in America."

Against this shifting background we watch the growing pains of a fledgling tycoon, West's grandson, Dixon — lately Army lieutenant, now magazine baron — whose Boy Scout idealism, formidable heritage, and sudden itch for a wife launch him on a singularly muddled if well-intentioned course. He becomes dangerously involved in the tensions of Harlem. He worries about Oswald Boykin, whose editing makes *Cover* what it is, which is not what Dixon thinks it ought to be. And he attaches to himself Mig Holmes, a slightly tarnished and tortured beauty who finds Dixon's millions and virility a comfort, but finds toping with his father more *gemütlich*.

The teen-age bracket is represented by Ike Grimm, a repulsive sadist with a precocious fond-

ness for brothels, whose conduct, in school and out, keeps a shyster lawyer on the Grimm payroll. Two other hirelings of the great ones are neatly profiled in acerb miniature: the Grimms' hoodlum chauffeur and Dixon's private Pinkerton. Van Gelder also throws in one devastating glimpse of a woman psychoanalyst, who observes "the reality principle" until evening, then breaks the dam — "Cocktails, perhaps a sexual adventure, brandy, a full pack of Pall Malls."

Hoover through the looking glass

Our Unknown Ex-President (Doubleday, \$2.50) by Eugene Lyons rates attention as a museum piece in modern idolatry. Its portrayal of a controversial figure as a flawless amalgam of saint and seer savors of the ritualism of the totalitarian mythmakers. Like them, the author writes with a catch in his prose which gives it the rhythm of a cracked record repeating the same passage. His hero-worship of the "warm, whimsical, tender" Hoover frequently backfires into caricature, such as: Hoover tenderly (or whimsically?) describing Harding as "a man of noble instincts"; championing "revolutionary" economic ideas; sacrificially refusing "even the symbolic dollar a year" (*sic*).

It's an invitation to ridicule (of the author, not the subject) to compare Hoover to "the classic prophet," and draw the portentous parallel of "crucifixion and a day of resurrection"; to suggest that "Divine intention" placed Hoover in the White House in time to meet, with "essential success," the economic debacle; to stuff a book for adults with such sanctimonious cant as (this in reference to shunning the 1920 Presidency) "his experience and intuitions . . . weighed on his spirits like a public trust . . . he felt almost as if he were deserting in the hour of danger." It's murder to credit the ex-President with "the golden gift of laughter and the silver gift of satire," when his humorless prose is there for all to read.

Mr. Lyons contradicts himself time and again. He vaunts Hoover's executive acumen, yet proclaims his naïveté, quoting the remark, "Why, the Chief even trusted the stock-exchange boys . . . to reform their practices." As Secretary of Commerce Hoover was "consulting engineer to the nation," "most influential." Later it is stressed he had nothing to do with the unfortunate course of the nation's economy. Whom to believe — Lyons or Lyons?

Mr. Lyons's account of the Bonus March is a travesty of the facts recorded by independent chroniclers, Frederick Lewis Allen for one. He flatly declares there was no trace of economic recovery until 1940. The Index of Industrial Production — 58 in 1932, 121 in 1936 — gives him the lie. The British Government, he avers, shared Hoover's conviction (in 1940-1941) that "the danger of collapse was remote." Churchill has many times af-

firmed the contrary. Dissenting opinion is labeled Communist or is reviled *ad nauseam*. Nowhere is there a hint of Mr. Hoover's fallibility.

Dixon Wecter — a Fellow of the Society of American Historians and author of several books on America — does not confine himself to politics in *The Age of the Great Depression, 1929-1941* (Macmillan, \$5.00). With somewhat vertiginous speed, the second half of his informal history touches on the nation's changing mores, amusements, and fads; catalogues the high points in the arts, medicine, and science; ranges, in effect, throughout the American scene, pausing to batten on significant fact. Between 1930 and 1941, we learn, 48 per cent of U.S. newspaper managements went out of business, leaving only 120 cities with competing newspapers. Immigration in the thirties — Hitler notwithstanding — was the smallest since 1820-1830; during 1931-1936 there were more emigrants than immigrants for the first time in U.S. history. The increase in book readers in the early years of the depression was estimated at three to four million. The churches lost roughly three million members during the decade. (The author does not suggest that reading took the place of prayer.) Americans, in 1936, were spending eight times as much on automobiles as on education.

Toward the political record, Mr. Wecter's attitude is roughly that of the British economist quoted as saying: "Mr. Roosevelt may have given the wrong answers to many of his problems but he is at least the first president of modern America who has asked the right questions." Wecter gives critical opinion a hearing throughout, and he does not side-step New Deal failures and mistakes. Though its accomplishments "were impressive," it did not and could not, he states, solve the basic problem of unemployment, and some of its works, notably the NRA, seem actually to have retarded recovery.

The Age of the Great Depression is temperate, soundly documented, and liberally illustrated. But it is hardly lively reading, the more so since it retraces familiar ground. However, Mr. Wecter's compact reassessment of New Deal agencies and policies contains a great many facts in danger of being forgotten: the immensely valuable projects among the 34,000 completed by the PWA; the extent of slum clearance by the U.S. Housing Authority; the various advances made by the South — to cite just a few.

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